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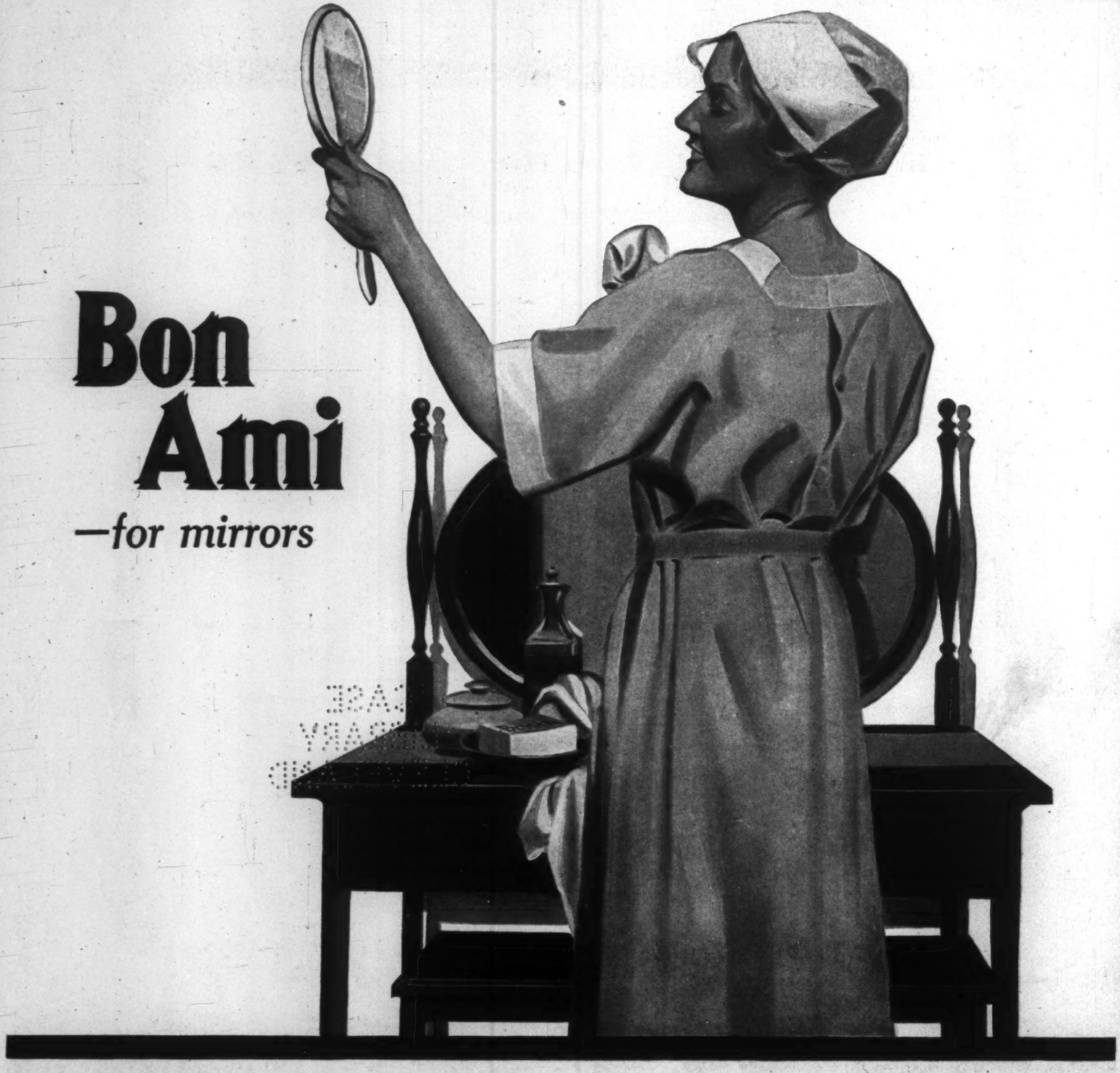

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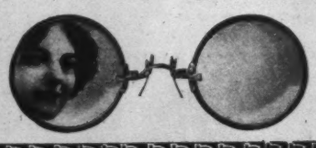

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Volume 51 — Number 8

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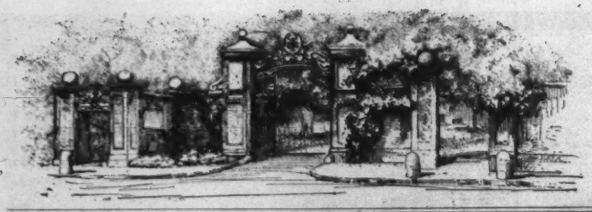

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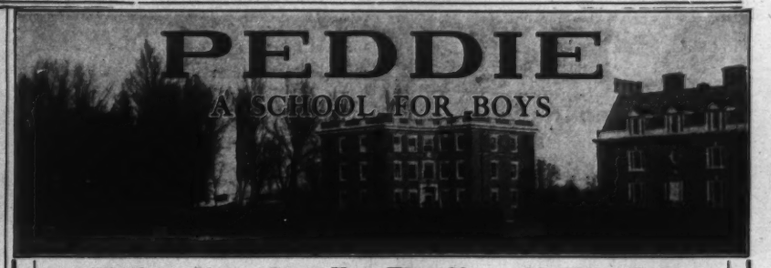

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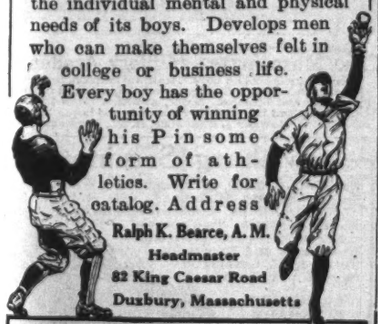

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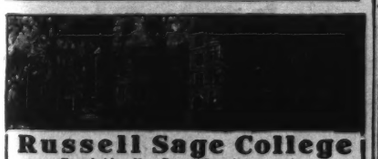

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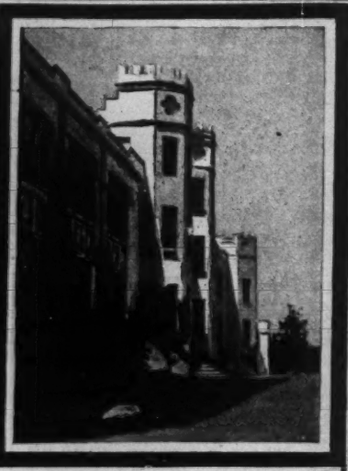

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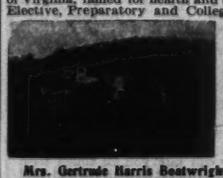

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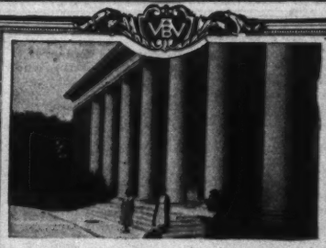

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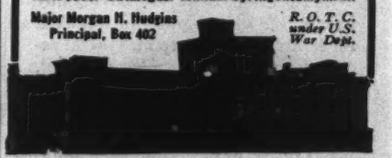

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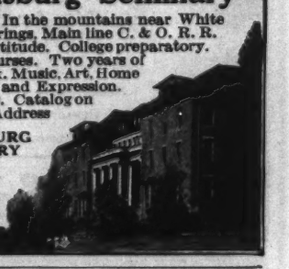

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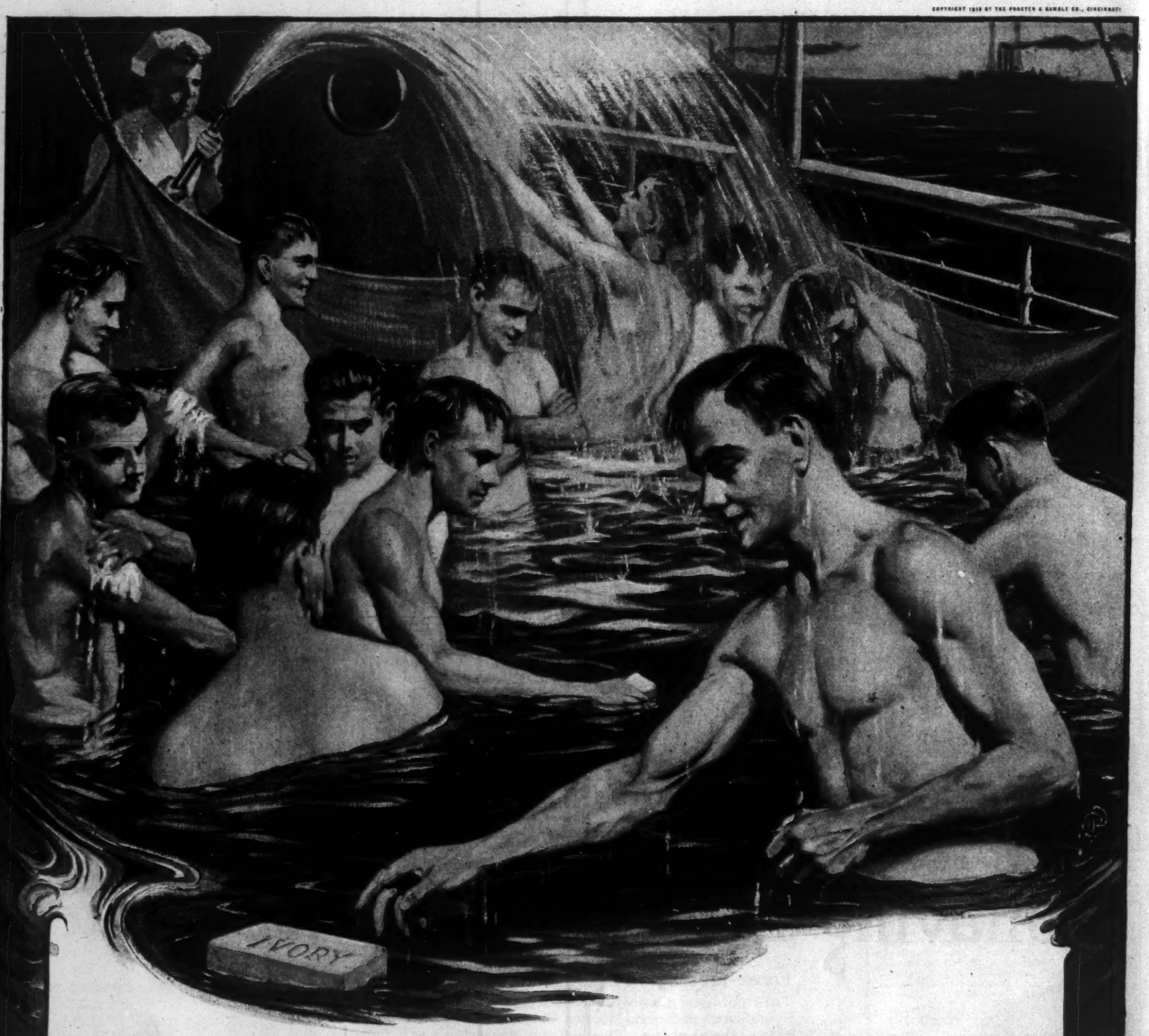

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"We all had a bath in a large canvas arranged for the purpose a few days ago, about 25 being under the hose at one time. Best of all, we had Ivory Soap. It certainly seemed like home to rub in the mild Ivory lather from head to foot and then feel the delightful exhilaration following a brisk rub down."

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Volume 51
Number 8

McCLURE'S

AUGUST
1919

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

She cuddled toward him; Henry chose the word as he watched the action. "One more for Daisy, please," she begged. "Just a weeny, teeny——"

The Six Best Cellars

A Hilarious Prohibition Story in Two Courses

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Part I

AS he entered the stream of commuters pinching into slow Indian file at the gates of the 5.15 Oakmont Local Express, Henry cramped his arm a little more possessively around his awkward brown-paper bundle and, at the same moment, yielded to the dual irritation of which this bundle was the focus.

Up to the end of the War, of course, you could carry home as many parcels as you liked, and even feel patriotic about it; but now that the War was over, and the shops continued to charge extra for suburban deliveries, it was socially almost imperative to pay the charge. The present lapse from propriety, however, Henry might have minimized in view of the acute emergency. It was for dinner — dinner with important guests. Millicent hadn't telephoned him until nearly noon, and any married man would understand.

But the second reason for his irritation was more profound. Thirty-eight dollars was what the burden had cost him, and thirty-eight dollars, at this stage of Henry's career, and for the purpose to which it had been consecrated, was serious. Indeed, if it hadn't been for Millicent's imperiousness, he would have said to the clerk who told him the price: "Keep it!"

As he entered the forward smoker, he was momentarily regretful that he hadn't elected, for once, to ride in a different car. He persuaded himself that he wasn't ashamed to explain what he was carrying—he just didn't want to; and when his first sweeping glance showed him no place in the forward smoker unoccupied, his heart bounded at the excuse for retreat. But before he could turn, he identified the highly-tailored back of Tommy Blair, sharing a seat with a monumental parallelopiped of brown paper. Henry wavered. If Blair could afford the luxury of carrying home his own wet goods, why, anybody could! And, as a matter of fact, there seemed to be really an astonishing number of packages in that car; there were neat, oblong packages, and round, lumpy ones; there were agglomerations of packages connected by intricate harness; packages on the floor, in seats, in the overhead racks. Henry's own burden lightened suddenly by contrast. Then, as he smiled at A. Sturtevant Jordan, who was nodding amiably over a clump of bundles equipped with a wood-and-wire handle, Henry's mouth lost its downward slant.

"Getting off light, eh?" Jordan motioned toward Henry's modest armful. "Well, that's your percentage for being forehanded. I wish *I'd* had the sense to see this thing coming. Pay through the nose and cart it home yourself, now! Still, it's no time to think of prices, in *these* days." He wagged his head mournfully. "Well, see you to-night," he said.

Henry moved along the aisle. The multitude of parcels suddenly amused him; he realized that he wasn't alone in his misery. Even Jordan, the self-elected arbiter of Oakmont, was carrying his own freight without a quaver. But — "no time to think

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"Boxes and boxes of it!" gasped Miss Jasper. "Under my roof for fifteen years and I never dreamed of it!"

of prices!" Humph! If Jordan had been trying to get a living out of the bond business for the last three years he'd think of prices, fast enough.

Henry shifted his burden rather obtrusively as he found a vacant seat at the forward end of the car, the fixed and undersized seat which, reversed, was ordinarily regarded as No Man's Land. The two men opposite were courteous enough, and tried to move their feet out of his way, but Henry was apologetic until he observed that neither of them had any luggage. His investment of thirty-eight dollars gave him an agreeable sense of superiority. The previous ignominy of carrying a heavy bundle, that ignominy which had all but dissolved when it was shared by Blair and Jordan, became almost a distinction now. Therefore Henry spoke with much more warmth than usual to McIvor Tiffany and Ed Hammond.

Secretly he had always balked at the fine nuances of Oakmont's social subdivisions. He hated to consider himself better — whatever that means — than big, noisy, good-natured McIvor Tiffany; and he honestly doubted that his own bond business made him more valuable to the community than Ed Hammond, with his chain of groceries. Nevertheless, Henry was now pleasantly aware of a distinction, in his own mental processes, between the men opposite him and, say, Blair and Jordan. He knew that Jordan and Blair would draw exactly that same distinction between Henry and the pair he now confronted. Still more agreeably was he conscious of the line as Tiffany and Hammond would draw it. In the reserve with which they greeted his bland "*Good* evening, gentlemen," he detected the slight but unmistakable hostility of the Out for the In — the unconscious tribute to his In-ness which they rendered as a result of endeavoring not to render any at all.

McIvor Tiffany rolled a jocular eye toward Henry's parcel. It was a wholly comprehensive, good-natured eye, and it was disconcerting.

"Tough luck, Carpenter," he said. "They're squeezing you shorts pretty hard, aren't they? Every time I go down Broadway I want to shake hands with myself and pin on another rose. I was the early, early bird, all right."

Henry's satisfaction waned abruptly. Something told him that Tiffany wasn't bluffing. Indeed, now that the conversation had begun and the subject was chosen, there was almost a hint of patronage on Tiffany's face. Henry forced a casual chuckle. He confirmed, because he felt that he had to, one of his earlier and most regrettable exaggerations.

"Oh, I'm pretty well stocked up, of course. Always have been, in fact. This is just some odds and ends I picked up at a club auction. Somebody had to have it and I thought it might as well be me."

Tiffany nodded. He had caught the restraint in Henry's voice and he wasn't altogether deceived. There was a patent relish in his tone as he proceeded to recite his own possessions. It was evident that Tiffany cared little for the lighter, more exotic things, but what he had bought, he had bought in plenty. When spontaneous memory failed him he counted on his fingers. It was an avalanche of names which alone were fitted to command respect; but the arithmetic was numbing far beyond the power of the nomenclature.

Henry, restraining an impulse to glower, listened patiently to the end. His envy was chiefly financial; it was the same, self-reproachful feeling that he endured when people — people perhaps less deserving and certainly less suitable than himself — told him about huge commitments in Beth Steel, back in 1915. Tiffany wasn't compelled to limit himself to the needs of a month or a year — he was insured, provided only that he practised moderation, for at least a couple of decades.

Henry turned to Hammond with a half smile, as if in gentle deprecation. "Sounds almost like one of your catalogs, doesn't it?"

Hammond grinned. "Well, it *ought* to. That's practically what it *is*. I guess if it hadn't been for me he'd have been floundering like everybody else." He glanced sidewise at Tiffany, the grin broadening. "Mac certainly made an awful dent in what was left at the store, but he only got what I didn't need myself, at that." He chuckled. "'Minds me of a line of poetry I've read somewhere: 'I wonder what the brewers buy that's half as precious as the stuff they sell' — or something like that. Well, we're not selling any of it, any more. There isn't any of it left to sell. But Mac and I don't have to worry; do we, Mac?"

Henry's involuntary respect went, by prompt transfer, to Hammond. He had never really appraised the grocer — except as a grocer — until now. Of course, Hammond, like everybody else who could pay the dues, and a few who couldn't, belonged to the Country Club, and Henry had run into him at dances there, and sometimes on the golf course, but Ed Hammond, as man and brother, had been socially obscured behind Edward B. Hammond & Co., Fine Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, All Accounts Due and Payable on the First of Each Month. Henry recalled that Millicent was less equivocal about it.

Now, as Henry visualized the loot of a certain department at one of Hammond's big, shining, spice-smelling stores, he exchanged for the Beth-Steel kind of envy the kind which, as a boy, he had directed toward the offspring of the local confectioner. Hammond was in the place of the confectioner, and Tiffany was pinch-hitting for the offspring. It was almost unfair. Instinctively, Henry glanced down the aisle to A. Sturtevant Jordan.

For the first time he found himself comparing Hammond and Jordan as specimens of the same race. It occurred to him that Hammond was outwardly as good a specimen as A. Sturtevant himself. There was nothing wrong with either his clothes or his speech; he had a pink, smooth, cheerful face, with many little lines of humor at the corners of his mouth, and his steady blue eyes were certainly more intelligent than Jordan's. And furthermore . . . The thirty-eight-dollar investment on Henry's knees began to seem very trivial.

Henry unbent by easy gradations while the train spurted smoothly through its cañon, between miles of wash-decorated fire-escapes. It was natural enough to chat affably over the initial topic, and, after that was exhausted, to keep on chatting about other things. Hammond revealed an unexpectedly mordant wit and fund of anecdote; Tiffany, who proved to be a masterly audience, laughed without restraint; and Henry, who laughed with and not at Tiffany, perceived that the attention of A. Sturtevant Jordan was fixed upon him from below brows perceptibly arched. He had a defiant impulse to scowl back. And when they stopped at Oakmont, he went out of the forward door with Tiffany and Hammond, instead of deserting them for a word with his older friends.

HE knew in advance that Milly wouldn't meet him. She hadn't said so during their slightly heated telephone conversation, but it was obvious that she wouldn't dare to leave Olga to deal with dinner according to her simple, untrammeled Swedish fancies. Henry quickened his step as he discovered that it was raining lightly. There were never enough taxis to go around, in bad weather.

Tiffany's wife was waiting for her husband — a rather smart looking little woman, too, thought Henry, as she lifted a cheerful hand from the wheel of a small sedan. He raised his hat, smiling with just one degree more geniality than the occasion warranted. Tiffany paused with one foot on the running-board.

"What's the matter, Carpenter? Isn't your car here? Come on — jump in."

Henry hesitated only a fraction of a second. It was cold; it was wet; the taxi, if he were lucky enough to get one, would cost fifty cents. The road to the Tiffanys' house lay past his own. Blair and Jordan had already disappeared into the night.

"Why, that's mighty nice of you," he said.

"The idea!" protested Mrs. Tiffany. "Don't make Mr. Carpenter stand out there in the rain, McIvor, how slow you are — let him get in."

Accordingly, Henry slid into the rear seat and folded his legs in order that Tiffany might scramble past him into the forward cockpit. He heard, with approval, the Christian name of Tiffany's wife. Hope. Charming name, thought Henry. Charming woman, he thought again, as Hope Tiffany conversed with him while her husband drove. He distinctly liked her, on this improved acquaintance. A reference of Milly's to her seemed decidedly unjust. There wasn't the slightest reminiscence of a social climberess about this woman. Also, she had an inalienable dower right in the prodigious catalog. Henry made himself very pleasant indeed. And McIvor Tiffany, warmed by the consciousness of benefaction to some one who mattered considerably in Oakmont, was increasingly pleased. As he helped Henry and the thirty-eight dollars' worth of potential hospitality out of the car, he grinned, and unexpectedly offered to shake hands.

"Drop in, sometime, Carpenter, and we'll take an inventory together."

Henry had a curious belief that Mrs. Tiffany had momentarily suspended respiration.

"THANKS, I'll do that." He sincerely meant it, for, at rare intervals, even Henry had his intuitions. One of them whispered to him, as he slammed the door of the sedan after two reiterations of his gratitude, that the time had come to be ordinarily decent to McIvor Tiffany and his trim, pretty, utterly unobjectionable wife. Not that Henry had reasoned this out in cold blood. Not at all. It just came to him. Came in a flash — like that.

Millicent's voice came floating down-stairs to meet him.

"Yes, I got it," he answered, a shade sulkily.

Her next question caught him half-way up the flight. "How much did it cost?"

Henry foresaw the tendency of the conversation as clearly as a bedeviled witness detects the trend of the cross-examination, but he had made an excellent rule about lying to Millicent. It was the result of experience. He told her, without embroidery, and she suspended judgment long enough to kiss him. The reprieve, however, was brief.

"Oh, dear! If you'd only gone down and got some things at Hammond's when I wanted you to!" Millicent sighed heavily. "We might have bought bargains just as well as other people have, if you'd ever listened to me. Why, even last summer — "

"I know," acknowledged Henry, wearily. "I guessed wrong. It looked silly to me to sink a lot of money when prices were twice normal. *I* couldn't foresee that every state legislature in the country was going to get religion at the same time. I thought things were going to get better, instead of worse. Lots of other people did, too. I'm not the *only* bad guesser, you know. Let's forget it."

He discovered, at that moment, that Millicent had remembered to put out his pearl studs. She hardly ever forgot anything, but now and then she did mislay his studs. It would have been a tactical diversion, just now, to be able to ask her, very gently, where they were.

"I don't see what difference it makes, anyway," he said, affecting great unconcern. "I've gone to lots of dinners where there wasn't anything to drink, and so's everybody else. I guess it wouldn't have hurt the crowd to go without a cocktail, just for once, would it?"

Millicent confronted him. She was small and compact; to Henry she always suggested a woman carved out of a topaz or a fire-opal — a vivid creature, with a trick of glowing under animation.

"It wouldn't hurt *them*," she told him, with the intonation of one who deals with innocent stupidity. "It would hurt *us*."

"Maybe I could live it down in time," he objected, with humor which wasn't as infectious as he had hoped. Millicent shook her head.

"Why, don't you *see-eee?*" She prolonged the vowel with telling emphasis. "When *any*body could have things to drink, it didn't matter much whether we did or we didn't. Nobody cared. And if you hadn't tried to pretend to everybody, up at the Jordans', that we *had* stocked up, it wouldn't matter so much, even now."

"*Oh* — " The sound stopped, but Henry's shoulders were saying, "Damn!"

"I'm not blaming you, Henry. The way Sturtevant talked was simply maddening. But you *did* let everybody suppose we had a regular wine-cellar; you know you did. And I couldn't come out and say you were fibbing, could I? And now everybody's sure we've got a whole lot of things. We *had* to do this to-night, unless you were willing to come right out and admit . . . don't you see?"

Henry saw. Not that he had ever been really astigmatic; he merely liked to pretend that he could recall those unfounded vauntings of his at will. Piker! The word was fascinating. It also suggested its blood-brother word—four-flusher. He made peace at once.

"All right, Milly. We've got to carry the thing through now, and we will, too. I'll get busy, the first thing to-morrow. There must be good bargains yet, if you know where to look for 'em. I'll ask Ed Hammond. We'll get enough to get by on, somehow. Hammond'll help me out; I know he will. You leave it to me."

Millicent's doubts yielded to treatment. She presently descended to guard the temperamental Olga during the final, delicate moments, and, half an hour later, Henry followed her. He arranged on the shelf of the butler's pantry his thirty-eight dollars' worth of ingredients and surveyed them, calculating. For twelve people he required fourteen cocktails; eleven for the first round (Daisy Jordan didn't like the taste) and three for the second. Henry, measuring out the gin, paused guiltily. H'm . . . conservation might be in order, about now . . . a *leetle* drop of water wouldn't do much harm. He dallied with temptation, resolved to fall, and fell hard. Chill 'em a trifle more than usual and you'd hardly know the difference. He tasted the mixture approvingly, and hurried into the living-room as the Blairs arrived, Tommy in his habitual state of exuberance, and his wife in her equally habitual state of deep-toned placidity.

From the unescapable commonplaces which hosts exchange with first arrivals, they drifted helplessly to the burning topic of the period.

"I thought the question of the army vote might hold this thing off for a few years, anyway," observed Blair. "And I didn't believe the legislatures would dare to slip it over on us. I've been pretty active ever since, but it's about as economical as collecting old furniture. You certainly had a long head on you to get yours early, Henry. My hat's off to you."

"Leave it to Henry," rumbled Mrs. Blair from beyond the synthetic-stone fireplace. "I've been reminding myself all day that he was the first one of us to admit how much he's got." To Henry, her laugh held a peculiarly ominous note. The memory of his braggadocio, and of the cost of to-day's purchase, set him uneasy.

"Hold on," he objected. "You don't want to get the idea that I've got a sort of champagne swimming-pool under the house. I didn't mean to — "

Mrs. Blair's deep merriment interrupted him. "Danger signals already? Cheer up, Henry, we're not going to drink you out of house and home in *one* night. We're reasonable."

Others arrived; the Harrises and the Holsappels, the McAllisters, and, after just the right interval to be impressive, the A. Sturtevant Jordans. The party was complete. Millicent's eyebrows fluttered. Henry, with a lingering twinge of conscience for the dilution, poured eleven cocktails into eleven glasses on the big tray. The rule was to help oneself informally. Naturally, Henry waited till his guests were provided. His glance strayed from the tray. Then, as the hush descended, he reached toward the place where his own cocktail should have been. His fingers wandered and found nothing. He looked down. The tray was empty.

His first reaction was in response to the thought that he had miscounted the guests. Impossible! Then, as his eye traveled around the group, it came to a halt on Daisy Jordan in the act of lowering an empty glass. He was also in time to see an unmistakably medicinal grimace contort her face. [*Continued on page 46*]

Henry, measuring out the gin, paused guiltily . . . a leetle drop of water wouldn't do much harm

Spared by a too-generous conqueror, they deck themselves in garlands and walk home as though they'd won the War

The New War

It's Already Upon Us
As Any Good Business Man Can Tell You!

by Porter Emerson Browne

THERE is one fact that, though it has been staring everybody in the face for five years, nobody yet has seemed to recognize.

It is that the word "German" no longer describes merely a nation. It signifies a condition. It signifies a state of mind so different from that of other races that, if other countries are to be considered rational, then Germany can be deemed nothing short of insane, and criminally insane at that.

There can be absolutely no other explanation for the things that Germany has said, and done; and the things that she is saying and doing to-day.

From the day when the Germans began the most brutal war the world has ever seen, to the day when their defeated armies walked home, all decorated with lilies of the valley like a June bride, they have been so amazingly and so unconsciously wrong that it would be laughable were it not so tragic.

They say they are attacked. And yet they overrun Belgium and a part of France before those unhappy countries can get ready to oppose them.

They commit atrocities that would make old Nero sick at his stomach; and excuse them on the ground that by raping the women and slaughtering the children they're going to frighten the men so they won't dare to fight and thereby mercifully shorten the War!

They advance into stricken countries behind shields of old men and women and children. So that the defenders must shoot down their own loved ones before they can face their foe.

They use poison gas, liquid fire, and every known fiendish device without shame, without compunction, without, apparently, the slightest idea that they're doing anything that they shouldn't.

They slaughter with their submarines innocent non-combatants on unarmed ships with a cold-blooded brutality that would bring to shame the lowest pirate that ever sailed the seven seas.

From the air, they murder and maim thousands of helpless innocents unable to defend, or even to protect, themselves from this hideous form of uncontrolled death.

They rob and steal, taking even such articles as underwear and pictures and lace collars and books and boots and shoes and cooking utensils and furniture, to send back to their families. The wife of a German officer, stationed in Poland, writes to a friend that they have to take a larger château because of the many gifts received from their friends on the western front! Loot!

A whole mess of college professors and clergymen come forth with a signed statement of such absurd and childish prevarication that they couldn't even believe it themselves; and goodness knows that's going some!

THE admiral of the German fleet, safely immured about nine miles up a creek, issues a querulous complaint asking why the British navy is hiding; and why they don't come out and fight like men?

They slaughter the wounded; they starve and abuse their prisoners; they show themselves to be without ethics, morals, or the bowels of compassion. And they cry because other nations call them Huns.

Hopelessly overmatched, thoroughly outmanoeuvered, they at the last minute hold up their hands and cry "Kamerad!" and, spared by the mistaken charity of a too-generous conqueror, they deck themselves in garlands and walk home as though they'd won the War.

And once back home, they, who have sent millions of tons of food to the bottom of the sea, ask us to feed them, and get sore because we don't rustle the groceries around fast enough to suit 'em.

Such a mind as this is hopelessly wrong. Just what type of insanity it represents, remains for some better alienist than I am to say. But it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be conceived as sane.

The life of a nation, like that of an individual, is influenced by three things; birth, breeding and environment.

Regardless of the first, and whatever may or may not lie behind the heredity of the Hun, the breeding and environment are plain. The Germans of to-day have been bred to a belief of perfect egotism in an environment of vainglorious cupidity and remorseless cruelty. They have been trained to murder and rapine in war, and to unscrupulousness and treachery in peace. From childhood they have been taught that they were the greatest little fellows on earth, that whatever they wanted was theirs for the getting, that other countries and other peoples had no rights that a German should respect, that might was right, and life was only the survival of the fattest, which was themselves.

Their lives laid down for them under a broadcast scheme of autocratic paternalism, they have had no chance to learn anything except what their government taught 'em and consequently developed into the greatest collection of Butterick pattern [*Continued on page 48*]

My Hold on the Public —Clashes with the Kaiser— Making Up with Taft

Here Are More of the Famous Conversations with Roosevelt

by **John J. Leary, Jr.**

My Hold on the Public

MANY have asked the secret of Roosevelt's wonderful hold on the public, and his ability to carry a crowd with him. Presumably the question will be discussed long after those who heard him have crossed the Great Divide, and with as wide, if not as great, a difference of opinion as when he was in the flesh.

His own explanation may be given in one word: "Sincerity."

This, he maintained, was the real secret, though he admitted that other qualities in his speeches were contributing factors.

The discussion in which the Colonel declared himself on this point came one night when he and a party of three were returning to New York from a red-hot Roosevelt meeting — two meetings, in fact, one in a hall, the other outside.

It was precipitated by a remark by A. Leonard Smith of the New York *Times* to the effect that the Colonel "certainly had that crowd."

"What seemed to get them?" asked the Colonel.

It was a question none in the party could answer, for the crowd, like most Roosevelt crowds, was enthusiastic from the start and one could not say that this, that or the other point had been the most effective. Smith ended this phase of the discussion by declaring the Colonel "always got the crowd."

"My observation," said he, "has been that the result is the same whatever you talk upon — you get the crowd just the same."

"What," asked the Colonel, "is the explanation? It certainly is not because I am an orator — for I am not. I haven't the voice to be an orator. What is it?"

Smith submitted, "Probably because your words always carry a punch," as his answer. Another in the group thought it might be because the Colonel "always had something to say."

"Isn't it because the crowd always knows I am sincere?" asked the Colonel. "I think it is. Otherwise — bah!" (this with a wave of his hand) "it surely must be that in the years I have been in public life, folks have always found me sincere. Men do not always agree with me; in fact" (this whimsically) "many have been known to differ with me very seriously; but my worst enemies do not, I believe, question my sincerity. Men who do not know me may doubt my sincerity, but no one who knows me does. At bottom, I do not believe any of the Old Guard, Bill Barnes included, would question my sincerity. They know better.

"What you say about my having the punch is, perhaps, a factor; but my speeches would never get over if people did not believe I was sincere. An orator, which I am not, would get a crowd, perhaps, but he could not hold them if he lacked sincerity, or if the people thought he did.

"We have all seen orators come and go, but none ever retained a hold on any perceptible part of the public who at least did not carry the impression of sincerity.

"I have never hesitated to say a thing because it might be unpopular any more than I have ever found it at all necessary to say things I did not believe merely because they might be popular. In the end, as Emerson says, truth, however unpleasant, is the safest traveling companion. I have never found it at all necessary to pussyfoot or indulge in pleasing sophistries to hold any crowd.

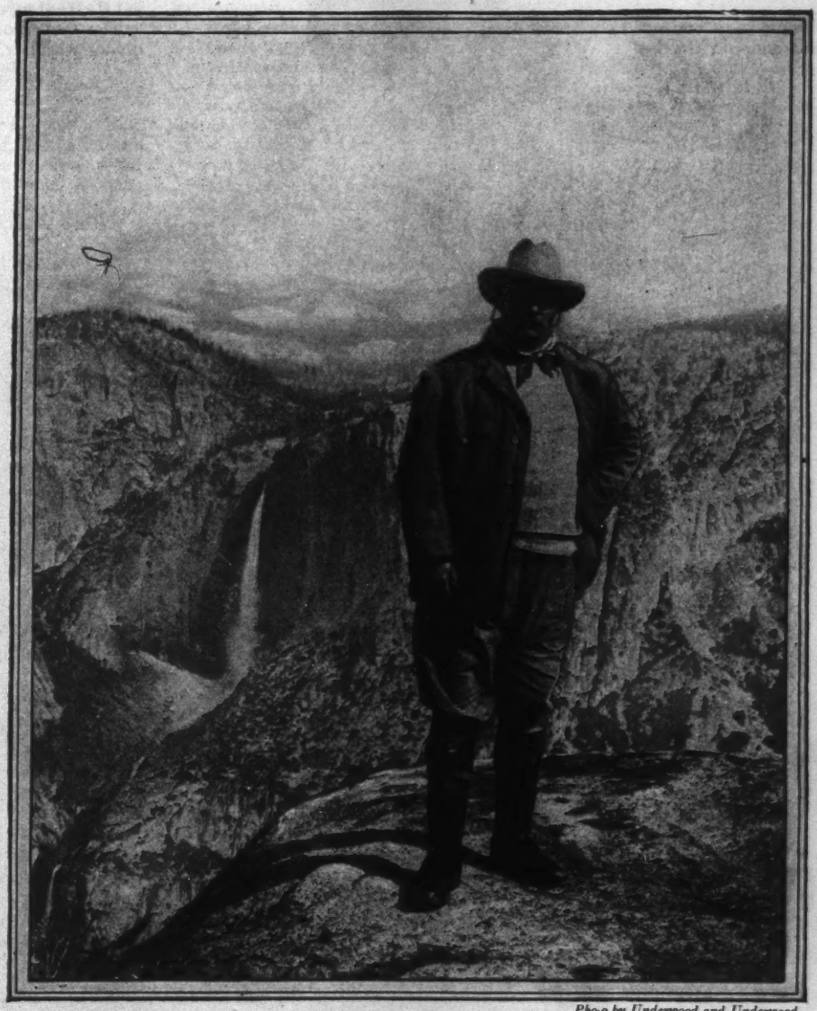


Photo by Underwood and Underwood

This picture of the Great American was taken in the West that he loved

"On the other hand, I have never hesitated to tell folks unpleasant things I thought they should be told, any more than I have been afraid of 'hecklers.'"

Far from being afraid of hecklers, Colonel Roosevelt rejoiced in them. Again and again in the 1916 campaign, local leaders, fearful he might offend somebody, would ask that he go slow, lest hecklers disturb him.

Once, a United States Senator asked that he confine his talk to the tariff.

"My dear Senator," said he, "you will pardon me for saying I will do nothing of the kind. I did not come here to talk tariff, the crowd did not come here to hear me talk tariff, and I'll be hanged if I do talk tariff. I'll talk what is in me."

"But, Colonel," persisted the local man, "we know that there is an organized plan to heckle you if you talk war and preparedness."

"So!" said the Colonel, "so?"

"Yes, Colonel, there will be many hecklers there."

Roosevelt, annoyed for an instant, suddenly broke into a grin.

"Jack," he called to me in much the same manner that a small boy would announce ice-cream would be served at dinner, "did you hear that? The Senator here promises us that we'll have some hecklers tonight! Isn't that bully?"

There were hecklers that night — just two of them. Their efforts served to emphasize the Colonel's points, both giving him openings he was quick to take advantage of to the delight of his audience. On the way to the train I remarked that the dreaded questioners had not made much progress.

"Of course they did not," he replied. "They seldom if ever do. A man with an honest question has no terrors for a speaker who is honest himself. A dishonest heckler has no chance with an honest speaker.

"But if a man is sincere — he has nothing to fear. If he isn't sincere — he has no business speaking. In the long run, sincerity must be the test of any public man."

Clashes with the Kaiser

IT is not generally known that on at least three occasions — twice before the Great War and once since — Colonel Roosevelt and the Kaiser clashed. The Venezuela incident is more or less widely known, largely through Mr. Thayer's excellent book. But the clash of wills at the time of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to Berlin, and his refusal to take the Kaiser's part in 1914, are not at all well known.

The Colonel told of the clash in Berlin en route for Boston one Sunday in 1916.

"It is," said he, "not generally known that I had a little friction with the Kaiser when I visited Germany.

"When I reached Berlin I found an invitation for Mr. Roosevelt to be the Kaiser's guest at Potsdam. Mrs. Roosevelt was traveling with me. I asked at the Embassy what the invitation meant — if it included her. When I found it did not, I declined, and said I was stopping at the Embassy.

"The invitation was repeated. My answer was that Mrs. Roosevelt and I were to be the guests of the Embassy. I was traveling as any American gentleman might travel with his wife and I did not propose to go any place where she would not be welcomed or could not go. The next day Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt were invited. By maintaining my point I had made it.

"While I was his guest, Wilhelm, a delightful host, was very frank in telling what he thought of other Americans who had visited him — Andrew Carnegie and others. Later he sent me photographs he had taken of some of them with bits of his opinions of them written on the backs. They were not opinions calculated to please the subjects of the pictures.

"I suppose he was advised that he should not have done this, for the return of the photographs was requested. I said, 'Oh, no, His Majesty, the Kaiser, gave the photographs to me and I propose to retain them.' I suppose I was the one man in the Empire at the time who could refuse to obey his wishes.

"Anyway, I kept the photographs. They have been mounted on glass so one can read the inscriptions.

"I clashed with the Kaiser directly the War broke out," the Colonel went on.

"Then I was called upon by a young member of the German Embassy staff in Washington — a count — I cannot recall his name now.

"'I am instructed by His Majesty, the Kaiser,' said he, 'to present his compliments to Colonel Roosevelt, to say to him that he has very pleasant recollections of his visit to Berlin and Potsdam and to say that he hopes Colonel Roosevelt will appreciate Germany's position and can be relied upon to see the justice of it.'

"'You will please present my compliments to His Majesty, the Kaiser,' I answered; 'say to him that I, too, have very pleasant recollections of my stay in Berlin and Potsdam, and his many courtesies, to me, his guest, but that I also have a very lively recollection of courtesies extended to me by His Majesty, the King of Belgium, whose guest I also was.'

"He clicked his heels together, saluted and left. I have not heard from him or the Kaiser since."

Making Up with Taft

JACK, I've seen old Taft, and we're in perfect harmony on everything."

Colonel Roosevelt fairly beamed the words — if one may be said to beam a word — in his rooms in the Blackstone Hotel one Sunday in May. He had just come in from his first real meeting with Judge Taft since the break in 1912, and he was happy as the proverbial lark.

"We're in perfect harmony on everything," he repeated. "Now hurry, for we've got to make a train."

I say "real meeting" advisedly, for, while it is true that Mr. Taft and the Colonel met during the 1916 campaign in the Union League Club, at the request of Mr. Hughes' managers, the "reconciliation meeting" was anything but cordial or friendly.

"It was," as the Colonel remarked at one time, "one of those friendly affairs, where each side, before entering the meeting place, made sure its hardware was in good working order."

The Union League meeting was arranged solely for the effect it might have on the country; it was as much a staged affair as though Belasco had planned it, though it lacked the Belasco touch. Because it was so poorly (or so palpably) staged, its only effect on the public was to provoke a rather large grin.

The Chicago meeting, on the other hand, was as satisfying as it was unexpected; there were hearts in the hand-clasps. For this reason, the effect on the country, and more particularly the Republican part of the country, was all the Union League meeting was not.

Colonel Roosevelt's serious illness in the early part of 1918 opened the door to the real reconciliation. Mr. Taft took advantage of the Colonel's recovery to write him a warm-hearted letter of congratulation. On his part, the Colonel reciprocated in kind, saying, among other things, in his note to Mr. Taft, that his was the first letter he was answering. This paved the way to other letters, and when, soon after, the Colonel delivered his Key-note speech, to Maine Republicans, the manuscript was submitted to Mr. Taft for his opinion. Mr. Taft suggested a few changes in its wording, changes the Colonel gladly made.

From this point mutual friends helped the situation along by repeating to Colonel Roosevelt kindly things Mr. Taft had said about the Colonel. The Colonel was particularly appreciative of a story told by Governor W. R. Harding of Iowa.

The Governor, it appeared, had been a guest at dinner with Mr. Taft, where, [*Continued on page 57*]

"Oh, dear," she wrinkled her brow at the au gratin, "I don't know what half these things are"

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

The Other Person

by Harris Dickson

JABE, I just *can't* turn out that girl. What would I think of myself — first day after getting home to be turning a girl into the street?"

"No, Sergeant; I reckon it hadn't oughter be did."

The tall, sandy-haired ex-sergeant, wearing two wound stripes, and the ex-private, wearing one stripe and with a hospital pallor, sat side by side on the church steps groping vaguely to re-mold their minds in harmony with their new surroundings. Home! During their dazing nightmare of blood and fire at the front, when men lived for ages in the flash of a single shell, the homeland idea had become a myth, had almost ceased to be a hope. Yet here they were at home again, in the peaceful little city of Hamilton, with no draggled troops stumbling rearward to billets, and no reliefs marching forward to take over the flaming battle lines. It all seemed so incredible that Sergeant Ventress halted their aimless ramble, and settled himself on the church steps to think it over.

"But, Jabe, if I *don't* claim my old position, and turn out the girl, then I've got to hunt another job."

"Plenty jobs for men like you."

"Maybe so; but I'm scared sick, and nervous as a kitten."

"Scared? *You?*" Jabe Morson laughed outright. "Gee! that tickles me. Wonder what the bullies of Company B would say about *that?*"

Hereafter and forever there was no Company B. Will Ventress and Jabe Morson had stacked arms at the end of their soldiering, and they couldn't believe it. They couldn't believe that they were sitting on the outside of a church, whose inside hadn't been gutted and blown up. It wasn't natural to be watching these unstarved children who skated so merrily along the pavements; to see row after row of houses with every roof intact. Instead of endless trucks and camions and ambulances, the pleasure motors went rolling past, filled with women whose faces showed no scars of suffering.

An aggressively shiny limousine dashed from the alley to their left, hesitated for an instant, then sped on, and vanished. But in that instant a middle-aged man had stepped to the curb, a wiry and active man who glanced at the soldier boys with shrewd suspicion, for they had posted themselves directly opposite the house that he meant to enter.

While Ventress was a comparative stranger in Hamilton, everybody knew Ed Storrocks, boss of the invisible government which manipulated politics. So Ventress observed him. Anybody would have noted his lithe and competent figure, his hair, gray before its time, and the peremptory tread of a leader who drives himself with even less of mercy than he drives others. Storrocks sized them up as he passed, then evidently discarded the notion that they might be spying upon him. Hamilton was full of home-coming soldiers, and most of them didn't even have a vote. As disfranchised persons they could be of no possible value to Ed Storrocks, who dealt in votes. He crossed the street diagonally and entered the second house from the corner, without knocking.

There was no motive for Ventress to watch him, none except the popular legend that whenever Ed Storrocks went gum-shoeing, some trickery must be afoot. During these pre-election weeks many eyes were following Storrocks, which gave him additional reasons for secrecy.

One of these additional reasons immediately showed up, a crippled young man with intensely black hair, who carried his head at rather a downward tilt as if abstractedly contemplating the sidewalk. Yet, as he drew nearer, Ventress saw that his dark eyes searched the street in all directions. Lawyer Hayward Buck must be camping on somebody's trail.

The Sergeant sprang up smilingly. "Glad to see you, Mr. Buck."

"How are you, sir?" Buck shook hands, but without the cordiality which welcomes a well-remembered friend; instead, he lowered his voice to a whisper:

"Did you notice a limousine — a slim, gray-haired man, well dressed?"

"You mean Mr. Ed Storrocks?"

"Yes; did he pass here?"

"Not five minutes ago, went into ——"

"No, don't point —" with a gesture of caution.

"He went into that second house from the corner — white columns."

"As I thought — they're at Jerry Whitcomb's, farming out the county offices. Thank you ever so much."

The preoccupied lawyer was about to limp on again, when Ventress remarked:

"Mr. Buck, I'm afraid you have forgotten me? My name is Will Ventress."

"Will Ventress?" apparently the name signified nothing.

"Yes, sir; don't you remember calling me — as a witness — in your viaduct case?"

"Ventress? Oh! Oh! *Sergeant* Ventress!" The lawyer's face beamed with enthusiasm; he gripped his cane under one arm, and caught both the Sergeant's hands; "I'm delighted to see you back, but you don't look like the same man!"

"No, sir; a fellow gets older — over there."

"You've grown broader, stronger and bigger."

"Gained twenty-two pounds. Office work had pulled me down."

"But Ventress, why did you sneak home like this, a day in advance? We were expecting you on the noon train to-morrow."

"Expecting *me*?"

"Certainly. The boys planned a welcome at the station."

"What for?"

"Little blow-out; parade and jollification."

"Mr. Buck," the Sergeant begged; "please, sir, don't let 'em do it."

"Why not? Our town wants to show how proud it is. When the despatches came, telling of that affair at Belleau Wood, every man-jack who could invent the fable of having spoken to you, at once became a vicarious hero."

"Mr. Buck, can't you stop it? Any kind o' way?"

"Too late! You're in for it."

Plainly the Sergeant was bluffed, and looked around for a shell-hole, then yanked Jabe Morson to his feet.

"Get up, Jabe. Mr. Buck, this is Jabe Morson. He stuck right beside me every minute. Ain't *he* in for it, too?"

"Sure! Front seat, leading automobile."

"Not me!" The country boy tried to withdraw his hand, but Mr. Buck laughingly held to it.

"Aren't you a son of Mr. Moloch Morson? Walnut Ridge neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I know your father well; fine old man."

"Dad's *all* right."

"Please tell him for me that we are still trying to bring out some good citizen and elect him sheriff."

"Huh! Mr. Buck, dad ain't no politician."

"That's exactly why Ed Storrocks is in that house, right now, with the dive-keepers and the gamblers, electing your sheriff. But don't get me started on *that* subject. Sergeant, where will our Committee find you to-morrow morning — ten o'clock?"

"At the Carroll Park Hotel — unless I beat it during the night."

THE lawyer limped away as Sergeant Ventress made a ghastly mess of smiling. "Tough luck, Jabe," he grumbled, "I don't want a hullabaloo; I want a job. Come on; let's hike down-town."

"No; wait. I've been itchin' to tell you somethin' for a month — three months — longer 'an that. I'm goin' to get married."

"Married?"

"Sure! Next Wednesday. An' I'm figgerin' on you for best man. Will you come?"

"*Will* I come? That's my front name, *Will*."

"Then put your peepers on this."

Mantling beneath its sickish tint of weakness, the boy's pale face glowed happily as he took out a long slim pasteboard box, and displayed an oval watch of blue enamel, set with diamond chips, on a bracelet of golden links.

"For my girl! Ain't that a *beaut*?"

"It certainly is."

"Ought to be — cost four months' pay in Besançon. General Holbrook picked it out himself. And listen, Sergeant, listen!" He spoke in a rush, as if afraid he might not tell it all: "That ain't the best of it; Esther's comin' here to-night, on the 7.45 train. We've got it all doped out, to have supper, by *our lonesome* — at the *hotel*. Nothin's too good for Esther. Then we'll take in the movies — she's crazy about movies. After that she'll stay all night at Mrs. Billings', then dress-parade home with me in the mornin'. Gee! I can't wait to see what Esther'll do when I snap that watch on her wrist at supper. I say, Sergeant, what did you bring your girl?"

"Nothing."

"You oughtn't to forgot. Girls love for us men to bring 'em somethin' when we travels."

"There's nobody for me to remember."

"But your ma? Your kin folks?"

"I have no kin folks, only an uncle, and some cousins living near Exeter."

"No kin folks? Huh! That's lonesome! See here, Sergeant," the boy's face illumined with generous impulse, "come to supper with me and Esther."

A wonderful tenderness expressed itself in the hand which Ventress laid upon his weaker comrade's shoulder.

"You love me, Jabe, and I love you. That's little enough to say when two men have staggered through hell together. But this first evening is sacred to your sweetheart. She has a right to have you, all for herself. Clasp that watch around Esther's wrist, and tell her a thousand times that you love her. Anybody else would spoil that. Boy! You don't realize how rich you are."

"Rich? I guess *yes*," slapping his breeches pocket; "I've got a hundred and sixty-three good hard dollars right here in my flank."

"Keep it for Esther. Come along."

Together they strolled townward, the limber-tongued private, and the silent Sergeant. Jabe had struggled through the Great Adventure, and come out unseared, his heart remaining always with Esther, and the rugged hills upon which they would live together after the simple fashion of their forebears. The farmer boy could lay aside his khaki, and step from the trenches into the furrow, with Esther waiting for him at the end. For Ventress, life would mean a boarding-house; amongst strangers, and the dreaded search for a job.

Jabe chattered like a flutter-mill, and halted at every shop window, after they had turned into Commerce Street, where clustering lamp-globes lighted up the Great White Way — for three full city blocks.

"Hold on, Sergeant! Look at that breast-pin. Eighteen dollars! I'll sure buy *that*." And, boylike, Jabe flashed his roll.

"Put that money back in your pocket," Ventress intercepted his manœuver toward the jeweler's door; "Esther will know how to spend it." [*Continued on page 59*]

"Drop the knife, Jabe; nobody wants to hurt your Sergeant; we simply want to make him Sheriff — that's all"

It's a Great Life—

A Reflection Provoked by Warm

by Anna Steese

Illustrations by

"The son of another mistook me for a Winter Garden chorus girl!"

THE lure of Lilla's letter made me forget Ito's irreproachable omelet and coffee. The delicate orchid tint of her paper, with its diminutive emblems of railway, postal, telephone and telegraph facilities, embossed in self-tone, proclaimed the leisure at the command of Lilla and her kind.

And I realized poignantly that I had had a week of grilling work under intolerable heat.

Crime is no respecter of weather. Courts may adjourn, but the offices of the district attorney never close. Judges may cast their lines in cool pellucid streams, but the state prosecutors have no relief from the hideous task of drawing their net around the criminal class of a sighing, sweltering city.

To-morrow at noon, the office force would rush off for its weekly half-holiday. The clatter of tongues and of typewriters would cease. I could switch off my telephone and be free to concentrate my attention on some extremely important papers, and to weigh carefully and deliberately certain evidence gathered by our staff.

And yet—there lay Lilla's letter!

I could close my hot eyes and see the green slope of her lawn from house to cove, and the shadows of the willows in the brook which cut through the grounds to the sea like the crooked but not unpleasant smile you see on some time-beaten faces. For I had gone down with the two of them on that memorable day when they had decided to buy the place. This was after Ramsey had succeeded in merging himself and the modest arms and munitions plant inherited from his father, into a nationally famous corporation, thereby attaining that financial position in which a country estate is almost essential to the maintenance of a man's credit.

More than a year had passed since then. I had meant to visit them, but an eligible bachelor must make his week-ends count in establishing those social connections invaluable to the modern politician. Then Lilla had actually urged me to wait until I could see her home in all the glory of its rehabilitation. For it seems that the first step after buying a place which apparently has appealed to your taste, is to employ an army of architects, artisans and landscape gardeners to make it look entirely different!

I propped Lilla's letter against a glass and skimmed through it a second time, while I finished my coffee and toast.

"I'll not be satisfied with any Saturday-to-Monday stay either! I need you Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Do you realize that Ramsey is in Washington slaving at cleaning up the tag-end of war work? I am awfully proud of him—but I wish he would come home oftener than once a month! . . . Seven girls, Billy — the kind Mr. Follies Ziegfeld would just eat up. . . . You must come and tell me how cleverly I've done over the house . . . There's to be a beach party at the Island Saturday night — bathing — just an excuse, don't you know, for chugging through a pathway of silver. For it's full moon, Billy — and even if you are callous about mere me and my new house, I know the moonlight will bring you. It always did at New Haven."

A bar of silver — luxury — leisure — and Lilla!

I had treated her shamefully. We had been great pals during those days when I had been making my way through Yale on what most fellows spent for clothes alone. Lilla had been the only sister of her brother, and both of them orphans. What ripping little suppers she had set up for the two of us — on next to nothing! She had always been a housewifely little soul, and I owed her this belated tribute to the new house. There would be other men, of course — we would pair off the girls with them, and Lilla and I would go over the place, loiter under those willows, read in the shadow of the biggest rocks on the cove. And after nightfall, the lap of water against a boat! As far as the eye could see, a bar of silver rising and falling rhythmically!

I told Ito what to pack, then hurried to the office and drove my staff relentlessly until a relieved stenographer announced that Ito, my luggage and a taxi were waiting.

At the train, the crush of commuters was appalling. The club car was full. I shared a seat with a matron of generous curves, her four year old boy and a Boston bag which exuded the odor of coffee in the bean. I cursed the professional conscience which had made me decline Lilla's invitation to run down in her machine at noon.

But when the small boy on my right laid a smudgy hand on my clean panama, I sternly fixed my thoughts on tinkling fountains and lapping waves. When his mother shifted her position, thereby forcing me into closer relations with the unyielding arm of the seat, I concentrated on moonlight effects I had seen before, and wondered whether Lilla would remember to have one or two of the newest books under the reading lamp beside my bed. Surely she would not forget my old trick of reading myself to sleep!

And thus we came to Great Cliff, Lilla and her mulberry-colored machine.

Three of the seven charming girls were with her, — their harmoniously toned veils billowing in the breeze like a tissue rainbow. Also a chauffeur of the speed demon variety.

I am no coward. Sicilian curses and threats of gunmen leave me unmoved. As a cub reporter, I have risked my life on more than one assignment, and the combined weight of two 'varsity teams piled on me at the critical moment of a Thanksgiving Day game I have borne with a laugh. But I am not speed broke. The thrill I feel when the man at the wheel misses another car by a fraction of an inch is not pleasant, and I have a reactionary conviction that automobiles are built for the enjoyment of their owners rather than to satisfy the sporting proclivities of the men hired to drive them.

CONVERSATION was impossible. The girls watched the cars ahead. I watched hopefully for a bicycle constable. The scenery slid by with the rapidity of a motion picture when a nine o'clock audience is packing the lobby. This of itself was irritating, for the Great Cliff scenery is notoriously beautiful.

As we dashed past a huge car, honking disdainfully and raising a shower of oily gravel on a patch of rebuilt road, I had an unhappy

One of the Seven Charmers stood on the counter conducting the singing

If You Don't Week-End!

Weather and Seven Deadly Charmers

Richardson

R. M. Crosby

sense of being cheated. The rush and turmoil of the city which I had tried to escape had traveled with me. Then a sudden turn in the road—a glimpse at the setting sun, told me that we were going due south, and Lilla's place lay to the north.

"Detour?" I asked between honks.

"No — I forgot to tell you, — we're dining at Mrs. Paul's."

"Dining —" I gasped. "Without going to your place? Where am I going to change?"

"Oh, don't worry about *that*. None of the men will go home to dress, and everybody will be too tired to notice. She's having a Red Cross lawn *fête*, and the people from the hotels are mobbing her grounds. The dinner's just for her committees, don't you know — awf'ly informal."

To my amazement I found myself seated at the table with our hostess, her intimates and the notably wealthy. Dining and ball rooms had been thrown into one glittering salon, which, from my exalted position, seemed to stretch away in ivory, gold and cardinal waves dotted with beautiful women and brilliantly uniformed lackeys, like a glorified setting for musical comedy. Seventy men and women were dining thus, informally.

THE graciousness of my hostess was soon explained. It was the rarest good fortune, she cooed, to have me drop in like this and save the day for her. It seemed as if any man could auction off the perfectly adorable things that were left, but she had found to her sorrow that those whose voices carried, lacked humor, and those who were funny, could not be heard beyond the fourth row of seats. Dear Lilla had told her of my keen sense of humor, and every one knew I was frightfully clever as an orator. Did I realize what a load I had lifted from her shoulders by just coming!

Have you ever tried to auction off the remains of a charity bazaar? All the monstrosities on which not even the prettiest girl could sell a chance? All the riff-raff donated by those whose taste in bric-a-brac and needlework reverts to the mid-Victorian period?

Well, that was my two-hour task. Worse still, I followed two actors, one a famous comedian, the other a leading man whose melting eyes and velvet voice had wrecked more than one home. They had evaded the dinner and its penalty by claiming prior engagements in town. I was a helpless, hopeless week-end guest, who must make good or humiliate my hostess.

An endless chain of pretty girls brought me things to sell which were to me unknown. I devised descriptions to win laughs. I coaxed dollars from those who paid only to hear my next *bon mot*. My collar wilted. My head swam. The last wretched bit of be-laced and be-ribboned frippery went to a man who obviously took pity on my tortured body and mind.

Lilla rushed me to the machine in a borrowed overcoat.

"You must wear it," she whispered. "It's turned cool and you're dripping. I'm frightfully proud of you — You saved Jane Paul's silly old *fête*. She always wants to do things in such a big way. Nobody except you could have gotten rid of that trash. Everybody's talking about how clever you are!"

I wanted to say that the dinner must have cost more than I took in as auctioneer, but the great string of home-going machines was giving our chauffeur exceptional opportunities to jockey and take long chances with our lives. And so we streaked past the half-dismantled Midway, the booths of the fortune-tellers and most of the rival machines, toward Rosemere, Lilla's place.

Alone at last in my room, I did not stop to look for the new books under the reading lamp. Like an exhausted athlete, after my plunge, I stumbled into bed and dreamless sleep.

At nine the next morning, I stole through the silent halls, bent on finding the joyous brook. But on the veranda I paused, rubbing my eyes like Rip Van Winkle. Surely this was not the place that I had helped Lilla and Ramsey to choose! Instead of a lawn sloping gently to the shore, I looked down from an eminence reared by man upon terraces, and brick walks, gardens formal and informal, sunken and raised, Roman baths, façades and fountains, a marvel of landscape engineering. I crossed a terrace and glanced back. The old colonial house had been replaced by a French château in old-world grey.

I turned toward the sea, and one of the seven charmers popped into view. How adorable of me! She did love her game of tennis before breakfast. She had not expected any one to be up.

I played tennis with her, and after breakfast I rode with another of the seven. We joined Lilla and the remaining six at the Club where we had lunch and saw a dog show which is exploited annually in the Sunday papers. Those whose dogs had won ribbons toasted each other and then they toasted the gameness of those whose dogs had lost. Then we tore back to Rosemere to change for a dinner given by the mother of the girl engaged to the man whose boat was to take us to the Island for moonlight bathing.

At this dinner, I met twenty men and women I had never met before and probably never would meet again. They remembered me good-naturedly as the man who had unloaded all that rubbish on them the night before.

At nine-thirty, the worst was over. With the fourth and prettiest of the seven charmers I strolled toward the landing. As a man who would claim his due or die, I maneuvered my companion to the end of the wharf where I could swing her out to the bow of the boat. There we could watch the prow cut through the silver flecked water. My ingenuity went for naught. The entire deck was covered with a gay awning which cut off effectually every glimpse of the moonlit sky. The boat was crowded to the last inch of its seating capacity. The prettiest girl and I tried to talk of the few interests we had in common, but we were caught up in the stream of empty nonsense which flowed around us asking idle questions which no one answered, palming off as original the last joke picked up at vaudeville or in the current magazines. A smirking steward served the usual deck supper, sandwiches which were soggy, hard-boiled eggs, olives which nobody wanted, and precious highballs, cocktails and beer which no one should have had at all.

When the boat made the landing at the Island, I drew a deep breath. Now we should see the moonlit water. One could not bathe under cover. But it seemed that no one intended to bathe. Suits were left in the boat and everybody went up the beach to a second-class (very second-class) lunch room where shell-fish were served most untidily from smeary looking dishes, together with questionable brands of whiskey and beer. The place reeked of shells which should have been buried or towed out to sea days before. The electric light bulbs were encrusted with dust and fly specks. Yet the women in their exquisite summer finery climbed up on high stools before the counter, rested satin-shod feet on the brass rail and imagined this was a new phase of life. A Jazz band played stridently for dancing and a thick-lipped negro sang a ditty written especially for the occasion by our host. By the time he had repeated the chorus several times, the crowd took up the refrain. Leaving the musical member of the seven charmers standing on the shell-strewn counter to conduct the singing, I slipped out for a glimpse of the moonlit sea, for which eccentricity I endured the gibes of the entire party during the homeward sail.

THE next morning — Sunday — we all motored over to the Club with the golf enthusiasts. I play golf but I was not in the same class with my fellow guests, so I was soon drifting on the restless stream which jammed the broad veranda. Here I watched a hand at bridge played; there I was wedged between two ladies whose uncertain years were betrayed rather than hidden by the perfection of their makeup. We were all there to be seen — and talked over the next day.

It looked like a quiet afternoon at Rosemere. I had designs on a shadowy passageway, leading to my host's library. But I was discovered and dragged out to the veranda where everybody was dancing. Cars dashed up, erupting groups of exquisitely, fragilely gowned women and weary-eyed men. The veranda and terrace changed colors and shapes like a huge human kaleidoscope, giving me the strange feeling that I would never again see its gaily tinted human atoms thrown into the same positions.

At five o'clock I ran Lilla to earth and waved a skilfully twisted telegram, three days old and dug up from the depths of my motor coat. I was sorry, but something had gone wrong with an important case. One of my men needed my personal advice at once.

Lilla's chin quivered.

"Billy, you can't go, you simply can't. I've promised you for dinner to Margot Sanford, and she'll never forgive me if you don't show up." [*Continued on page 56*]

People gladly paid many dollars to hear my next bon mot!

In another moment Jurian would have taken her in his arms

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Something for Nothing

Jurian Discovers that This Is the Life

by Freeman Tilden

Part III

THE following six weeks rained a vast amount of amusement, instruction and surprise upon Frederick Jurian's head. Foremost in the matter of surprises was the overwhelming surprise that nothing he had learned at college had fitted him in the slightest degree to become the proprietor of one of Foxlake's general stores.

Of course, it was true that he had flunked and bamboozled his way through college. But he had been little worse than the average. He looked back wistfully at his course, and wondered why he hadn't taken the one subject which might have helped him now — psychology. Then he grinned as he recalled that he had had an aloofness from Prof. Jaemmer's Psychology I, because he was never sure how to spell the confounded word.

In spite of his professed humbleness of spirit, as expressed to Alfred Silver, his uncle's lawyer, that day in New York, Jurian had sufficient youthful vanity to suppose that he would readily "pick up" the general store business. At first glance there seemed to be nothing more complex about it than learning buying and selling prices, measuring dry and moist foods, selling size 44 overalls to size 44 buyers, and wrapping packages skilfully enough so that they would stay wrapped until the customer cleared the doorway.

It hadn't looked hard, that first day, when Jurian stood around and watched the nimble fingers of Dorothy Blair, and the clumsier but vigorous hands of Joe McKenzie. So, when Jurian had announced, with sincere purpose, to Dorothy, that he meant to carry on the Hesketh Store as Miss Hesketh had wished, he had presupposed, naturally, that he had the ability to do it.

Before the end of the sixth week, Jurian began to wonder whether running a country general store was particularly difficult, or whether he was particularly inept. At odd moments he was beginning to feel a bit gloomy about the prospects. He was slowly discovering that the conduct of a country store requires more knowledge of human nature than is required to run all the banking institutions in the lower end of New York. He was beginning to discern that a proprietor of a country store should be proficient, besides his knowledge of groceries and notions, in painting, paper-hanging, interior decoration, diagnosis of simple ailments, the best methods of feeding and quieting teething infants, recovering silver coins which have rolled into cracks in the floor, taming rebellious urchins, pawnbroking, the current prices of farm produce, testing the age of poultry by thumbing the breast-bone, and rudimentary horse-doctoring.

In short, it was an entirely new world into which Frederick Jurian had inserted himself.

At the club, Jurian had talked with whom he liked, dined with whom he chose. There were a hundred unpatented methods of avoiding bores and boobs. If he wanted anything, he pressed a button. At the theatre, if he didn't like the performance, he rose and walked out.

There was something deliciously comic to Jurian in the fact that he, Frederick Jurian, nephew of the eccentric millionaire, P. C. Jurian, should be standing behind a counter, in a little country store, soberly measuring out sugar, prunes, and ironing starch.

At first Jurian could not bear the thought of making small change. It seemed so picayune and trifling and miserly — he simply revolted at it. So, if a certain group of purchases amounted to one dollar and twelve cents, for instance, Jurian was inclined to say, lightly, "Oh, about a dollar!"

Joe McKenzie marked this frivolous disposition on the part of his employer, and writhed in silent pain for some time before he ventured to speak about it. Finally, on one occasion, when he heard the latter "estimate" an order worth two dollars and thirty cents, at "about two dollars," Joe burst out, as soon as the surprised customer left.

"Aw, Mr. Jurian, honest you shouldn't do that! That ain't business!"

"We don't want to be too close," replied Jurian. "Besides, it may attract customers."

"Attract customers!" blurted out the indignant youth, losing, in his earnestness, his usual timidity in addressing his employer, "I should think it *would* attract customers. I bet we've lost money on that whole order. You just wait till I figure."

"Oh, hang your figuring, Joe!" said Jurian, good-naturedly. But Joe was already making his pencil fly on a paper bag. "There, I knew it!" he exclaimed. "A net loss — *a net loss*, Mr. Jurian — of two cents!"

"Two cents!" drawled Jurian, good-humoredly imitating young McKenzie's tone of horror.

"Oh, you can laugh, Mr. Jurian," went on Joe. "It's your store. But it ain't right, and I hate to see it. It ain't business. You needn't think people appreciate it, either. They think you're a blamed — er — "

"Fool," supplied Jurian, with a whimsical laugh.

Joe caught his breath. It had suddenly occurred to him that there are things which an employee cannot say to his boss, even with the excuse of being excited in his behoof. "I — I didn't mean to say just that."

Jurian clapped his assistant on the shoulder gaily. "Why, bless your brick-red hair, Joe!" he gurgled delightedly, "you can call me anything you like. I know you're right, Joe. I am a fool to do like that. I'll watch these pennies after this, Joe."

And he meant what he said. He knew very clearly that Joe was right. Either he was in business to do business, or he was in the store as a pleasantry; and whenever he thought of the latter suggestion, he recalled the gaunt, determined figure of his benefactor, Lucy Hesketh, and remembered that he owed it to her to run the store that was hers in an honorable, business-like, self-respecting way.

The next day a little girl came into the store, bare-headed and bare-foot. She was wheeling a rickety carriage in which lay a doll with a fractured nose, and with only a yawning void where its brains should reside.

At the sight of the chubby arms and sun-browned legs, the yellow pig-tailed hair, and the blue eyes that were as pure and lovely as the sky, Jurian felt something throb in his breast.

"Well, missy, what can I do for you?" said he.

"Pound of sugar and can of peas," was the reply, as she fisted over a silver quarter. Jurian came out from behind the counter and put the bag and the can in the baby carriage. Then he looked at the quarter. He had given the child the cheapest canned peas in the store, which were eighteen cents. So there should be three cents more.

Wretchedly enough, Jurian, conscious that Joe was looking on, fought his desire to put the quarter in the cash register and say nothing. But he had promised to be businesslike. So, he struggeld out, "Er — missy — it'll be three cents more — "

The little rogue gave a reprimanding glance at Jurian, and then disclosed three more pennies from the other fist. The glance from the little face had smitten him cold. He stood frowning until the child reached the door. Then he rushed to the other side of the store, vaulted up on the counter, took down a box containing a doll left over from the preceding Christmas, and rushed from the store.

Jurian came back, after a few minutes, flushed and happy. "Darn you, Joe McKenzie!" he cried, gaily. "I got the best of you, that time. Oh, you ought to have seen that kid's eyes when I tucked the doll under her arm! And — what do you think she did? She — she kissed me. Yes, she did!"

JOE began to laugh. "Ain't you the great one, though!" he gasped, admiringly.

Dorothy Blair said nothing. She had seen it all. When Jurian entered the store, she had looked toward him with eyes full of some strange glow; when he said that the little girl had rewarded him with a kiss, Miss Blair turned quickly away. Whatever the feelings were, that showed forth from her, she concealed them as best she could.

But afterward, Joe McKenzie came over to Dorothy Blair and whispered, "Now, what do you think of that?"

"It was fine, Joe. Did you notice how happy it made *him*?"

Joe hesitated. Then he drawled, "Oh, he's the nicest kind of man. But — that's the way this store is going to bust."

Dorothy made no reply. With all her appreciation of the sympathetic generosity which had prompted Jurian's act, she too had her doubts about the advisability of running a store on that basis.

In other things Jurian was showing the same jumpy irresponsibility. Miss Hesketh had used a three-inch double-column space in the weekly newspaper, the Marion County *Intelligencer*. The old woman had firmly believed in publicity, and had used it to the extent she thought she could afford. Her "copy" had never been peppery or alluring, but it appeared regularly, at least.

Without knowing anything very definite about publicity, Jurian assumed that a full-page, or two-page "spread" in the *Intelligencer*, would be a bombshell in the Oldridge enemy-camp.

In a sense, it was. Jurian wrote the copy himself, with Joe's help, and it had a racy, outside viewpoint which made plenty of talk. It also made Samuel Oldridge fume and fret. Everybody perked up his ears, remarked, "Quite a noise!" and then proceeded to forget about it.

The net result of the plunge in publicity was that it made the editor of the *Intelligencer* happy (the Oldridge Store hectically doubled its own space) and lowered the visible assets of the Hesketh Store.

After the fourth week, Jurian wisely gave up seeing traveling salesmen, and deputed the job to Joe McKenzie and Dorothy. In that four weeks Jurian loaded the store up with a strange assortment of goods, in unheard-of quantities.

But the immediate damage had already been done. It doesn't take many weeks of riotous spending and stocking-up to put such a store as Jurian's in straits.

One day, Jurian discovered that he needed some ready money, and needed it at once.

It was Dorothy Blair, who, in her capacity of bookkeeper, finally convinced Jurian that the Hesketh Store was in dangerous financial waters.

Miss Hesketh had had a checking account at the East Marion National Bank. As a matter of course, Jurian had kept up the relations. Mr. Forsyth, president of the bank, had been blandly commercial. He said his bank would be glad to have Mr. Jurian's business, and would be glad to give him such accommodation as was proper, at any time.

Over Sunday, it had been the custom, in Miss Hesketh's time, to lock up the currency in the little black safe in the office, and then, on Monday morning, Joe McKenzie took all except what was necessary to do business with, to East Marion. The wholesalers' and other bills were then paid by check. And it had been the honest pride of the old woman, that her debts were paid promptly in full. Probably it was this fact which Dorothy Blair had in mind that Saturday night, when the front door had been closed. She came to Jurian rather shyly and said, "May we have just a few minutes' talk, after Joe goes? It's rather important."

"Well, rather," answered Jurian, lightly, "I've got something to ask, too."

When Joe had gone, they sat down in the little office. The girl was obviously undecided as to how to begin. But, without looking directly at her employer, she began:

"It's about the money matters, Mr. Jurian."

"Oh!" was the response. Evidently, from Jurian's tone he was thinking of something else.

"Yes," Miss Blair went on. "I — I really don't know just — how to say it, Mr. Jurian. I don't succeed very well in talking about money, to you. You — you don't half listen to me. Really I can't understand. You know, it *is* important. Our deposit at the bank is very low. Those two large orders of goods last week and the week before, reduced our balance dreadfully."

"Well, we'll have to deposit some more money," was Jurian's unperturbed reply. "Of course, we've got to pay our bills."

He said it just as carelessly and with as little sense of its financial import, as when he used to drop into a Fifth Avenue haberdasher's and order an assortment of Italian hand-woven scarfs sent to him at the Club.

To the Foxlake girl, who knew nothing of Jurian's life, it was incomprehensible. She could not bring herself to believe that Jurian had no sense of business honor. There was only one other explanation, and now, in her eagerness to set things right, Dorothy Blair blurted out what was in her mind.

"Mr. Jurian, did you ever have any business experience at all?"

As the words came, the girl

[*Continued on page 50*]

"I am perfectly serious, Joe. I am going to give you this store. That's all there is about it!"

The Dawn Patrol

The True Story of One of Our Flying Boys

by Robert A. Anderson

First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

I WAS called that morning at five-thirty. I dressed hurriedly and rushed out to my machine for the dawn show, stopping in at the mess on my way to the hangars only long enough to gulp down a cup of tea, a hard-boiled egg, and a sandwich.

There I found Tiny, Whit and Noble, and three other members of "C" Flight, already a sandwich and a cup of tea ahead of me. With an effort I overtook them, and the four of us, helmeted and weighted down under the load of our fur-lined "monkey suits" and heavy, rubber-soled, fleece-lined flying boots, trudged off together to the flight shed.

The hard-working mechanics had been on the job since long before our arrival on the scene, and now we found all four of our machines lined up into the wind, three of them, their "props" slowly ticking over, already warming up. The fourth, my own faithful bus was receiving the solicitous attentions of the flight sergeant and three men. "Flight" himself had the "dope can" and was priming the cylinders. Two of the men were standing by to swing the "prop," while the third was in the seat, ready to manipulate the switches and throttle lever.

"Contact," called Flight.

"Contact," answered the man in the seat.

"One, two, three, go!"

And, "burr - urr - urr - urr," purred the starting magneto, as the two men, with a quick swing, turned the propeller over compression. But the motor, which for days had been running perfectly, with never the slightest murmur of complaint, now took it into her head to be obstinate. In spite of all our coaxing and petting, she stubbornly preserved a most haughty and disdainful silence.

"Looks like you'll have to count me out of it, Tiny," I finally said to my flight commander. "She won't even give us a kick."

I hated the thought of being left behind. It is always an effort to drag yourself out of bed for the dawn patrol. Now that I was thoroughly awake, it would indeed be disappointing to let the others get off without me.

First Adventure

At this juncture Flight came running up.

"The new machine is all ready, sir, if you wish to take her," he announced.

He pointed, and I saw the one he meant being wheeled in from the range, where the gunnery sergeant had finished harmonizing the Aldiee telescopic sight with two guns we carried as armament. These guns both shot straight ahead, the Vickers timed to fire between the blades of the propeller, and the Lewis on top of the upper plane to fire over it. Both were aimed by turning the whole machine to point at the target.

The little craft, brand-new, had only just arrived at the squadron the evening before. All-night mechanics had been at work mounting the guns, replacing the metal undercarriage with the stronger wooden one, and attending to the hundred and one little details so essential to her most efficient performance as a battle plane. Now, just in time, she was ready for her maiden trip over the lines. All dressed in clean new coat of dark green, brightened by touches of red, white and blue, on rudder and marking circles, she was a beautiful creature. So, indeed, was each of the three others, as it sat there, motor purring contentedly, and lazily turning propeller glinting in the rosy rays of the early sun.

"How about it, Tiny, shall I take her?" I asked.

"Yes, sure; only hurry up and get started."

So, cheerfully, I climbed to the seat, and five minutes later, behind the deep, exultant roar of the powerful motor, I felt the rush of the cool morning air against my cheek and saw the earth fall quickly away. We were off on the dawn patrol.

East we headed, along the St. Pol-Bethune railway, and started our steady climb to the lines. One by one the familiar landmarks drifted by under us. The reservoir near Houdan, where, on the hot days, we often went by motor tender for a cooling plunge.

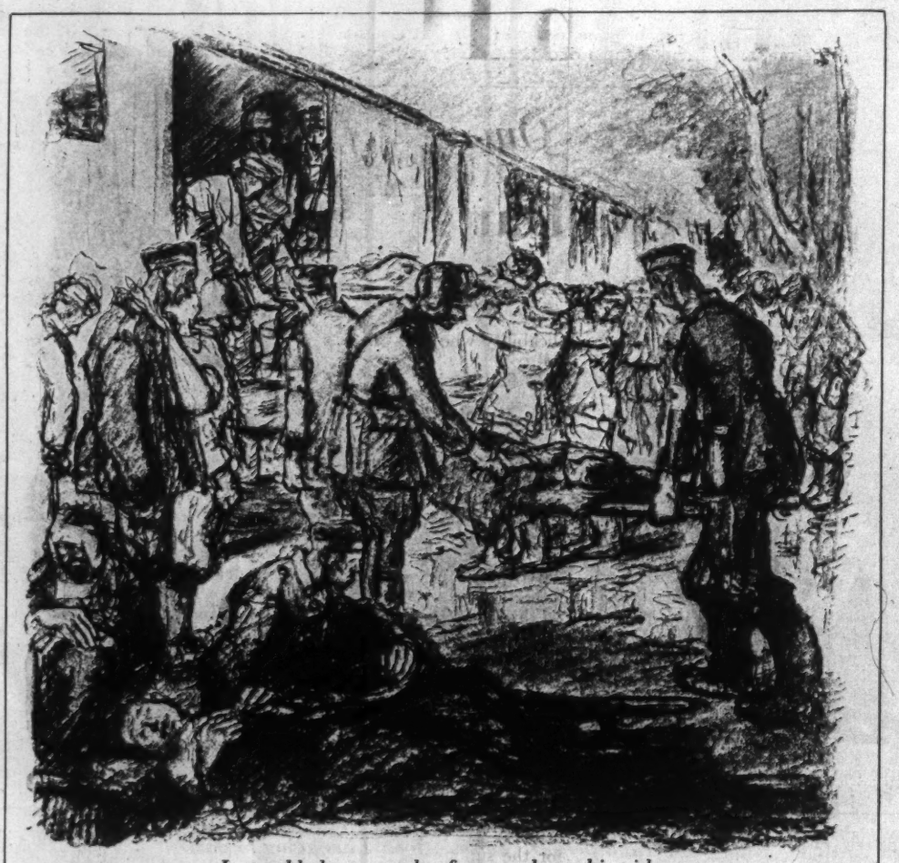
Red-roofed Bruay and the airdrome nearby, abandoned only two months before by our own squadron when the Hun had disturbed the tranquillity of things by indiscriminately scattering fifteen-inch shells over the countryside thereabout. A generous portion of these iron rations had one day been delivered through the roof of the mess and had narrowly missed the C. O. We had retired to new quarters at Bryas, where there was nothing to worry us except the nightly performances of the Boches over St. Pol. He was trying hard with his bombs for the railway station there, but always seemed to come much nearer to finding us.

Then Bethune, which could never be mistaken because of the sweeping bend in the canal around it and the rectangular reservoir just to the south. Here we swung south to Lens, that hideous scar on a once fair landscape, of which it is said that no brick remains standing upon another. On to the south over pock-marked Vimy Ridge, torn by shell holes, so close together that no machine could possibly land anywhere without crashing to pieces.

The Canadians were pushing that morning just south of Arras, along the Arras-Cambrai road. When we arrived over the scene the performance was already well under way. We were flying quite low, at about five thousand feet, for although it had been fairly clear to start with, it had now begun to cloud over. We could readily see the gun flashes and the spurts of dust and smoke where the shells were falling. So we could follow the clearly marked line of the intense barrage, behind which the infantry was advancing.

I fell to picturing some of the scenes I knew were being enacted there below, of which the ugly details were so mercifully spared us, and I felt sincerely grateful toward a kindly fate for permitting me to make war on the wing. I felt keen admiration for those who fought on the ground and underneath it. It was all so easy in the air. It was sport. There was the excitement, the thrill, the pure joy of flying, and above all, the knowledge that death would be so sudden, so sure, if it did come. There were no hardships in the life of the aviator. There was only one hideous possibility, which I rarely permitted myself to think of, and that—flames!

A savage "woof," a sudden violent lurch, and a puff of black smoke brought me quickly and completely out of my reverie. We were over



I stumbled across the few yards to his side

enemy "Archie" batteries. Apparently they found us, just under the clouds whose exact range they had, a splendid target, for during the next few seconds a dozen puffs appeared about us. With the first we had swerved, and now, since they seemed to have found our level accurately, we dived, twisting first one way then another, effectively dodging our way out of range.

It was not many moments after this that Whit left the formation. A green light, arcing back directly over me, announced that he had engine trouble. So, as he turned out and fell behind, I opened wide my throttle, gradually drawing up to take his place at the right hand corner of the triangle.

So far, we had sighted no Huns. Dozens of our own artillery observation machines were to be seen cruising back and forth. Most of them were well over the German side, where they appeared to be immune from the effects of the Archie bursts, of which each was almost invariably a center of attraction. To these machines is assigned the important business of directing our battery fire by telegraph, and they rely largely upon us for defense.

The farther we went over Hunland the farther they toddled along after us, placing implicit confidence in our ability to protect them from any Boche scouts who might be lurking about ready to pounce upon them. They seemed to us ridiculously clumsy and slow, as now and again one of them would roll over on her side to show us her marking circles. For they have a remarkably Hunnish appearance with their overhanging top planes, and wisely take precautions against being shot at by their own scouts.

My guardian was looking down at me, and I was extremely annoyed at having been so suddenly awakened

Huns! Tiny was wagging his wings to warn us. There they were, three of them, down low and to the south. Apparently they were intent upon ground strafing. Down went Tiny's nose. And down went Noble's and mine a second later, in a long, twisting dive.

But the Boches saw us coming. At the same time they caught sight of a flight of five of our Camels approaching from the other side. They wasted little time in a turn and made off to the east as fast as ever motor could pull them. We gave chase for a short way, then turned back. For it was not worth while to weather the storm of machine gun fire that was now being directed at us from the ground. Nor was it wise to trust our engines any further east, at such a low altitude. We turned west; then, twisting back and forth to shake off the machine guns, we climbed back to our lines.

The sky by now was completely overcast. An impenetrable canopy of dark, ominous looking clouds had settled down at five thousand feet. They were a dirty brown color, as though tinged by smoke and dust of the battle. They had a melancholy aspect, and seemed to be brooding over the worries of the old world beneath.

There was evil in the air that morning. No sooner had we got back to our lines and climbed until we were just under the clouds than Noble left us. His engine, too, had developed a fit of crankiness.

I glanced at my watch on the instrument board in front of me. Seven forty-five, it said. Fifteen more minutes for Tiny and me to carry on alone, then home to a good breakfast. I fell to thinking of hot porridge, bacon and eggs, toast in abundance with butter and jam, and a great cup of steaming coffee.

I was mentally dropping two lumps of sugar into my second cup of coffee when I spotted those five Huns. Scouts they were, like ourselves. Fokker biplanes, Germany's latest and most successful effort in the air. We were just southeast of Arras at the time and were headed south. They were approaching from east of us, about three thousand feet below. Tiny saw them about the same time I did, for he gave the signal and then began watching them. We continued south and they west for perhaps a minute, then, as they kept to their course, we swung east. I knew we were to circle around and swoop down on them from behind. [*Continued on page 62*]

Why Women Have Long Hair

A Story that Scatters One More Mystery to the Winds

by Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

ONCE very long ago a writer set down the first piece of romantic fiction, ending: "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." Many other writers have followed in his steps. Once a chronicle was written of Andy Benson, terminating with his wedding his Corinna. A popular conclusion; and one, perhaps, that readers would prefer to let lie; they may wish, in their fiction, at least, fondly to take for granted that the course of the mated hero and heroine flowed on smoothly forever after. But, believe me, this was not so. It never has been so — even in the days before Mr. Bernard Shaw started the printed discussion of marriage. And it was not so in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Benson.

Which is not to say that this narrative of certain post-nuptial experiences of Andy and Corinna is an unromantic tale. No, indeed! Never was a greater delusion than that the gamut of romantic possibilities is exhausted when the wedding-ring is added to the solitaire. Because a man wears a smoking-jacket, pays for a steam-heated flat, and looks inquiringly at an overdone steak, shall there be no more blind explorations, unsatisfied questings, bewildering tilts, and, ever and again, that peculiar ecstasy of reconciliation which closes the eyes to all logic? And, because a woman admits to waving her hair and a fondness for afternoon bridge, must the quivering winged soul within her lapse into unadulterated, quiescent domesticity?

Oh, no! Listen:

Andy had fallen in love with Corinna — and married her — because she had hair like a cloud at dusk; because she had eyelashes like the fringe of fir over a blue mountain lake; because she had a tender smile and a sense of humor — sometimes; but, most of all, because she had moments of baffling, bewildering, capricious inexplicability when he did not know what she really was at all.

He expected to find her all out after he had married her.

And Corinna had fallen in love with Andy — and married him — because his hair grew back from his forehead in a certain way and because he had a habit of rumpling it unconsciously; because he had kind, grave eyes and good taste in neckties; because he was so serious — the lack of a sense of humor can seem very lovable before marriage; but, most of all, she loved him because he was, in the face of all her moods and caprices, so patiently uncomplaining and comprehending — so thoroughly, steadfastly "dependable."

She expected this last trait to endure forever without a crack.

The Bensons had been married a year and a half. Andy had discovered that it is expedient to say at least once a day, "I love you" — though sometimes, of late, when pressed by weighty business matters, it seemed foolish to take the time, especially since she knew the fact so well. And Corinna had discovered the wisdom of saying at least once a day, "How wise you are!" — though sometimes, of late, it jarred her to utter so manifest an untruth.

It was a brilliant April morning — exactly the kind of morning for the sun to catch reflecting smiles from our own spirits and eyes. But Andy, sitting alone at breakfast in their little still new looking, Adam style dining-room, stared unresponsively at the strip of sunshine which fared from the window across the table, and irradiated the year-and-a-half-old wedding silver.

He was sleepy and tired. And he should not, this morning of all mornings, be sleepy and tired. He had an important business conference at eleven o'clock with some important business superiors. He had told Corinna this the evening before, when she reminded him they had an engagement to play poker.

And Corinna had lifted her eyebrows — thin, delicate arches which, in the beginning, had attracted her victim almost as much as the dark hedge of lashes fringing the mountain-lake eyes.

"You yourself agreed to the engagement, Andy. *You* talked to Mrs. Lynch over the telephone, I remember."

"That was a week ago. I didn't know about this conference then. Or that your uncle would be in town — the theatre last night and the night before."

"Well, social engagements have to be kept as well as business ones. We can't ruin Mrs. Lynch's game at the last minute."

"I don't like poker, anyway," mumbled Andy.

"Why, Andy Benson! Haven't I heard, time and time again, about the way you used to sit up all night with that club crowd?"

"That was different. Playing poker with *men* is playing poker. But when you try to play poker with *women* —"

His hiatus was an expressive finish. Corinna's lift of the eyebrow was an expressive answer, too. But Andy had gone and got into his dinner-jacket.

And, now, he was sleepy and tired. That was his first grievance against Corinna. The second was the pile of unopened mail beside his plate; though the grievance of bills was not expressly directed against

Corinna, he could not help being aware that matrimony does not decrease bills.

But the third grievance was aimed full and square at his wife. She was absent from the breakfast-table. He did not enjoy breakfasting alone. Ahn, the Chinese servant, always served a perfect breakfast, but that was not the point. Andy liked companionship at table; even when he felt disposed — and quite justly so — to a disapproving taciturnity, he felt it was a helpmeet's part to dispense cheer with the coffee. That was mere wifely duty. But Corinna seemed to have no sense of wifely duty. She seemed to revel in her entire lack of it. Irresponsibility may be all right in a care-free girl — may even hold a spurious sort of charm, in a way. But in a wife!

Andy was honest enough with himself to admit that it was not steady, domestic virtues in Corinna, nor even any promise of such, that had first captivated him. Perhaps, if driven to the bottom of candid confession, he must have admitted reluctance to seeing Corinna ever changed from the Corinna he had fallen in love with. But, just now, picturing her lying luxuriously in bed while he, tired out because of *her* senseless caprice, must breakfast alone and then rush off to toil for her anew, he was naturally irritated. Not that he wasn't glad to work for her, anxious to give her luxuries, but —

At this point in his cogitations a soft flurry of skirts was heard in the hall outside and Corinna, all a pinken, silken swirl, came breathlessly into the room.

"What! — so nearly done? It's a crime, that's all, that you had to pour your own coffee! Yours is cold, I know. Let me give you some fresh!"

At the sight of her, of her shining eyes and radiant smile, the sun streaming through the window seemed to take on added brightness. But, for some inexplicable reason, the manifestation of that wifely cheer the absence of which he'd just been resenting, served only to intensify the shadows on his own mood. He felt an impulse to respond: "It's a lot you really care about my coffee! If it all lay in *your* hands, I'd probably have no coffee at all. It's like you, supremely like you, to lie in bed while Ahn provides me with a perfect breakfast, and then to come bubbling in at the last minute with the assumption that, but for your saving presence, my breakfast would have gone to pot!"

He would have liked to tell her that the success of a meal does not depend upon a grand-stand play in the final five minutes. But he contented himself, and not without a sense of pride, in his wise forbearance, with silence and a bleak smile.

"What's the matter, dear — headache?"

Andy grunted negatively. Man, as well as woman, dislikes having his ill-humor attributed to ill-health.

"Just tired?" she persisted brightly.

"I *am* tired," he conceded, not too graciously.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have dragged you out last night."

Andy said nothing.

"I *am* sorry, dear," she went on contritely. "I know how hard you work — and I drag you out, anyway. You may call me a selfish, inconsiderate, conscienceless brute if you want to, Andy. I deserve it!"

ANDY, answering her with another bleak smile, thought to himself that she *was* conscienceless. There was something additionally conscienceless in the brazen way she flaunted the fault. For her admission did not betoken that she would in future try to correct the failing. No, indeed; far from it. To-morrow, likely as not, she'd repeat it, so that, once again, she might uselessly proclaim her penitence. Oh, women! Now a man, in the wrong, might balk at confessing it, but, by George, if he were sincerely sorry, he'd show it in his *actions!*

Andy drained his cup, lighted a cigarette, and walked round the table to give her the customary good-bye kiss. He tried to make the caress not too perfunctory, yet not too warm — a nicely adjusted compromise.

Corinna smiled up at him as if resolved to be dutiful and wifely and sweet and smiling to the last ditch.

"Try to take things a little easy to-day, dear."

"You know very well that I have that conference to-day, Corinna."

"Oh, that's so," she said meekly. (Oh, yes, she could *act* meek! — when it pleased her!)

"It's very important," added Andy, for good measure.

"Well, do try to get away as early as you can, dear," said Corinna, with sublime sweetness and simplicity.

"Perhaps I *can* get away a little early," and Andy swung concedingly on his heel at the door. "Suppose you bring the car down at five?"

Corinna frowned speculatively as she sipped her coffee.

"Five? — let me see. This is Thursday, isn't it? I'm to play bridge at Julia Leake's — they wouldn't like it if I broke away so early — they hate three-handed. But, of course —"

"Oh, never mind. I can come up in the subway. I'll be dog-tired, but —"

"You will *not* come in the subway!" she answered determinedly. "I'll let the girls *get* mad. Perhaps I can't make it *quite* by five, but I'll be there soon after. I won't have you coming home, all fagged out, in that crowded, stuffy, horrible subway!"

"Very well, then."

He told himself that his voice was calm and equable, even gracious. And heaven knew that, just then, he was not disposed to calm and equable graciousness. Naturally and quite justly not. Even this last caprice of hers — this sudden, vehement, seeming concern for his comfort and well-being — was basically insincere. But it was just like Corinna to play thus against his true conception of her character. And to do it so well as to have deceived any impartial beholder. She probably even deceived herself. But he was her husband, had been her husband for nineteen months, and had had nineteen months to study the hidden depths of her character. Not that he didn't still see her as a sweet, lovable girl. Of course not. But of course, being human, there were some weeds among the flowers of her nature. That is one fact a lover rarely discovers until after he's married. He shouldn't be surprised at it, for every girl, even one's own beloved, is necessarily a human being. No; he shouldn't be surprised, or disappointed, or downhearted; but he *should* face facts, and see the weeds for what they are. And, then, he should set himself patiently and lovingly, but firmly, to work at uprooting those weeds. Yes, that was the duty of a husband. Of every husband. Out in the

[*Continued on page 38*]

Meanwhile, the blithe, serene, unfeeling object of his thoughts had gone straight to her room and thrown herself upon her bed

"I am sorry, dear," she went on contritely. "You may call me a selfish, inconsiderate, conscienceless brute if you want to, Andy. I deserve it!"

Armies in the Skies

The Truth about Our Aircraft Strength in the War

Another Wonderful Article in the Why Germany Quit Series

by Cleveland Moffett

THANKS to the elaborate German spy system, the Kaiser's military advisers were fully posted in the fall of 1918 as to the American aircraft situation at that time, also as to our aircraft prospects for 1919. In fact, the German High Command realized, far better than the American people, what aircraft wonders had already been accomplished in the United States and how menacing the future was to Teutonic aspirations. The American people at this period were reacting in exasperation or discouragement from hopes raised by unfortunate promises (many newspaper exaggerations) as to what we were going to do with our airplanes and how soon we were going to do it. There was a feeling among many anxious citizens that we had fallen down in this aircraft job, or badly bungled it, and it was whispered about that the much-vaunted Liberty Motor was a failure.

The Germans knew better.

They understood the inevitable difficulties and delays (partly the delay of Congress from April 6, 1917, to July 24, 1917, in appropriating money for our air service) that had hampered us in starting quantity production in a field where everything was new. They had accurate information that these difficulties had now been overcome and that *it was practically a foregone conclusion that we would soon have in quantity production, aircraft, each in its own class of service, superior to any aircraft for corresponding classes of service that were being turned out in Europe.*

This statement is based on engineering performance tests recorded in Washington, and applies to the following classes of airplanes:

(1) THE MARTIN BOMBER for day and night bombing and long distance photography.

(2) THE LAPERE, a two-seater, fighting and observation plane.

(3) THE U. S. D-9A for reconnaissance and day bombing.

(4) THE LOENING MONOPLANE, a two-place fighting and observation machine.

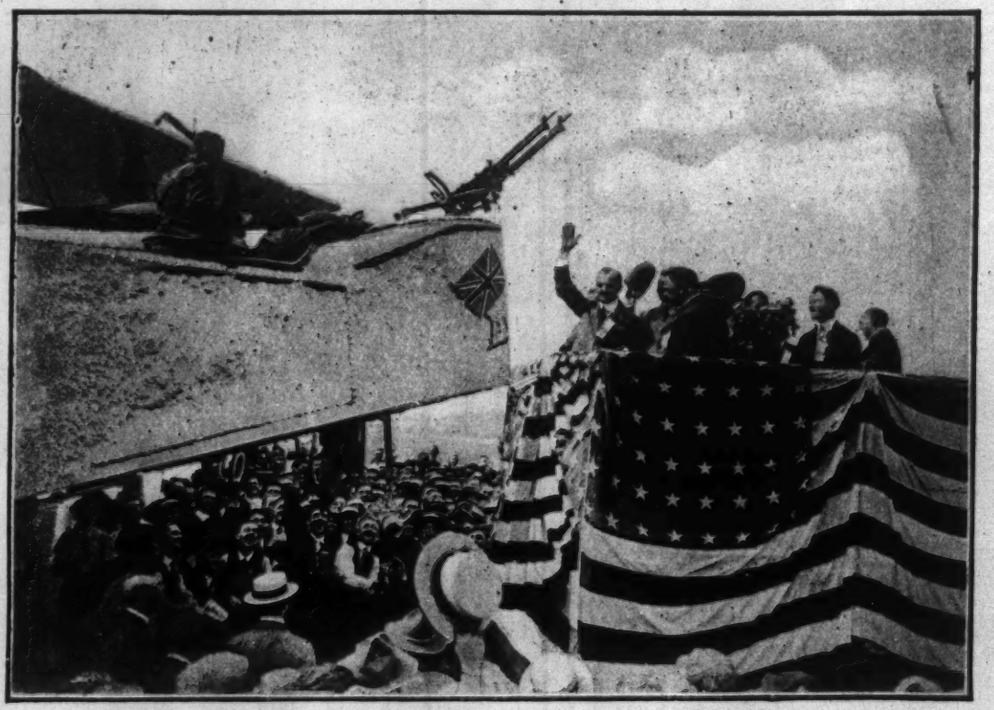
All these machines, excepting the Loening Monoplane, are driven by the Liberty Motor, regarding which Secretary Baker said, some months ago: "I know of what I speak, for I went to France and England and I talked to many ministers, and I want to say that those officials would have traded their guns or the Houses of Parliament for the Liberty Motor. Our conversations, no matter on what subject, always ended when they asked me how many Liberty Motors we could give them and how soon we could send them over."

The efficiency of this admirable engine is indicated by the fact that the Liberty Motor (twelve-cylinder model) has developed a general average of 400 horsepower, and one official test has shown a maximum of 470 horse-power. The Service Plane, De Haviland-4, produced in greatest quantities in the United States up to November 11th, equipped with Liberty 12 Motor and with full military load, weighs 3582 pounds. This plane with this motor climbs to 6500 feet in eight minutes; to 10,000 feet in fourteen minutes; and to 15,000 feet in twenty-four minutes; and on April 19, 1919, Captain E. F. White, an American aviator, made a non-stop flight from Chicago to New York, using a Liberty Motor, in six hours, fifty minutes; this being at an average speed of 106.38 miles an hour.

If the War had lasted until the middle of 1919, when we should have reached our peak of production, the world would have been overwhelmed with admiration (Germany with despair) at America's aircraft achievement.

Consider these figures:

In July, 1918, Germany and Austria together had a maximum of 3309 airplanes. After that Germany's total airplane supply decreased rapidly owing to her shortage of material and to her inability to build machines as fast as the Allies destroyed them. Shortly before the Armistice, Germany had only 2200 airplanes, and when the Armistice was signed she had only 1700 airplanes.



Ceremony of completion of first American-built night bomber at Elizabeth, N. J., Handley-Page design. Two Liberty Motors. Two Lewis flexible machine-guns in front cockpit. President Mingle giving the parting signal just before the christening

Against this the United States would have sent to the battle front by June 30, 1919 (General Pershing's program) 17,250 airplanes from the United States and 10,643 purchased from the Allies; much of the material for the latter was supplied by the United States; and *after that America would have continued to send 3000 airplanes a month.*

As showing the spirit in which the Pershing aircraft program was carried out, it may be mentioned that three months was the time originally allowed for the transportation of aircraft products from American factories to the battlefields in France. This included transportation to an Atlantic seaport, loading on ships, ocean crossing, unloading, transportation in France to the great airplane assembling station at Romorantin (a vast iron city covering miles that was built by America), assembling, testing, flight to the immense distributing station at Orly, then final assignment to one of the French training fields or to an air squadron at the Front.

Three months for all this was none too much, considering the congestion of traffic, *but it was accomplished in forty-five days*, as records prove, thanks to efficiency and patriotic team work. It is wonderful what our railroad men did. Other things might wait, but aircraft had to get through. Aircraft was going to win the War! And when they saw trainloads of crates bearing the circled star in red, white and blue, the aircraft symbol, the railroad men seemed to thrill as if they said: "Here! This is aircraft! Give it the right of way!"

And the trains went through!

It is a hateful thing to boast, but when one remembers that America, in her airplane effort, started from nothing in the summer of 1917, whereas the Allies had a start of three years, when one thinks of the harsh things that have been said about our airplane achievement, it is only right that these facts be made known. And, keeping to our actual performance, it is a fact that the United States produced more airplanes in its second year of the War than England produced in its third year!

Germany also knew the whole story of the Liberty Motor, which is more than most of us know. Who christened the Liberty Motor? Who built it? What manufacturing concerns deserve credit for its various excellencies? Can the average American answer these questions? No! Yet every American schoolboy ought to hold these thrilling details in his memory.

The Liberty Motor was christened by Rear Admiral D. W. Taylor, Chief Constructor, U. S. N., at a meeting of the Aircraft Production Board in the Summer of 1917. It was at first called the U. S. A. 8, or the U. S. A. 12, according to the number of cylinders in the engine. Original plans called also for Liberty 6's, but the need of engine power increased so rapidly that the 6's were entirely abandoned and the 8's to a large extent, the great preponderance of quantity production being of Liberty 12's.

Who built the Liberty Motor?

I will not discuss the conflicting meritoriousness of various crank shafts, piston rods, ignition devices and so forth that were used or combined in this engine. Now that victory is won, there will be arguments over these things, owing to understandable trade rivalries; the point is that there were no such arguments *before* victory was won.

What happened?

Many of the leading motor manufacturers in the United States, the Packard Motor Car Company, the Hall Scott Motor Company, the Lincoln Motor Company, the Ford Motor Company, the Nordyke and Marmon Company, the General Motors Corporation and others, including various makers of small parts, came forward in a spirit of splendid patriotism and unselfishness, in some instances at great cost to themselves, and offered to pool their resources, to give all that they had, their factory secrets, their best methods of construction, their best engineering and executive talent to be used as seemed most desirable for the common good. America needed an airplane engine to conquer Germany, the best airplane engine that could be made, and these gentlemen proposed to make it without re-

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

For those who like to go star gazing amongst the films, it is only kind to tell them that a new light is soon to appear. The name of the latest luminary is Miss Alice Mann, who will play the part of the heroine in "The Yellow Eel", a new series of thrilling pictures

Photograph by Ira Hill

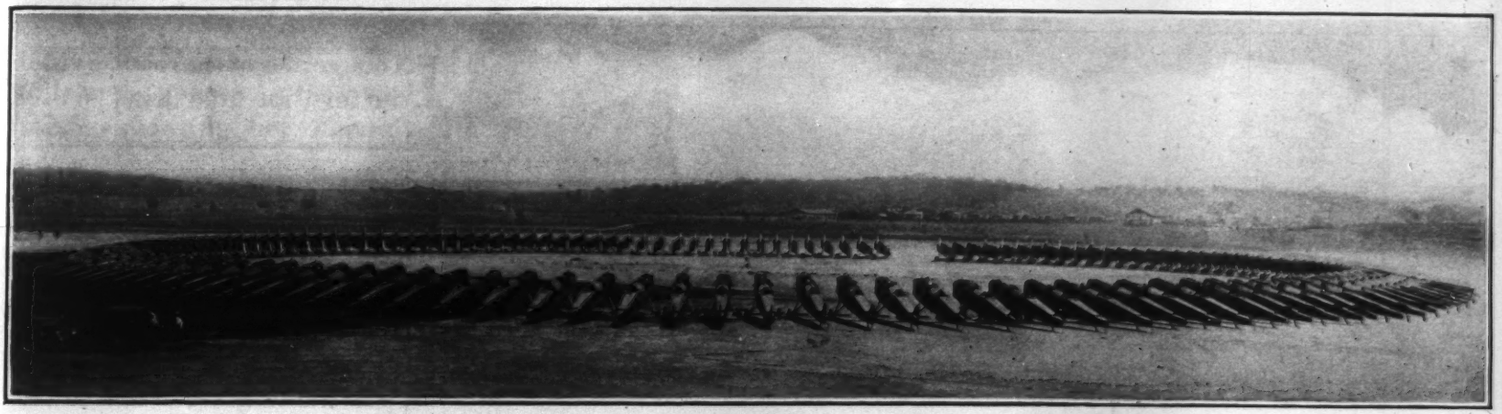
At the beginning of the unreeling of the film of D. W. Griffith's great art drama, "Broken Blossoms", Lillian Gish appears as the usual little motion picture actress. At the end of the play we know her to be a great tragedienne. Hers is one of the best pieces of work that any artist has done this year

Photograph by Abbe

When we received this photograph at McClure's, we all said: "Ah, here is another lovely Neysa McMein cover!" But, you see how we were mistaken. This is not a Neysa McMein cover at all, but a picture of Miss Neysa McMein herself. Thus does beauty confuse us sometimes

Photograph by Marcia Silcox

Good Gracious, Lola Fisher! Be Calm, Reader!



Quantity production of airplanes with Liberty Motors. This is a group of De Haviland 4's with Liberty Motors

gard to personal gain or glory. And they made the Liberty Motor!

All honor to them!

I may dwell on one detail of Liberty Motor construction, since this involves a tragic difficulty that arose, and shows how it was met by American resourcefulness. I refer to Liberty Motor cylinders. There were twelve of these cylinders in each motor (disregarding the 8's) and we were called upon to turn out 7000 motors a month (at our peak of production in 1919) for the 3000 airplanes a month that we must furnish; and to meet the demands of our Allies for Liberty Motors to be used in their planes. This larger number of motors was necessary because airplane engines wear out much faster than airplanes themselves, the normal life of an airplane being about three months, whereas the life of an airplane engine at the Front is said to be about 150 flying hours.

Seven thousand motors a month!

That meant about 100,000 cylinders a month including spares, an immense number, considering that up to this time these cylinders had been bored out of solid blocks of steel, just as guns are bored. All foreign-made airplane cylinders, French, English, German, had been bored out of blocks of steel — that was the accepted way to make them. But it was a slow way, and America was in a hurry. The Allied fortunes were wavering. The War might be decided in the air. It was absolutely *necessary* that America find some *quick* way to make Liberty Motor cylinders.

But how?

Experts said it was impossible for America to bring her quantity production of cylinders up to 100,000 a month. The thing simply could not be done. Which meant that the Pershing program could not be carried out.

In this national emergency the Ford Motor Company of Detroit made a suggestion that saved the situation. Why not forge these cylinders out of steel tubing which would not need to be bored out, but could be simply sliced off in appropriate lengths, the ends being closed by a swedging process? It is true this had never been done before, but why not do it? And they did it, in spite of doubts and objections, *because it had to be done,* the result being that America turned out airplane cylinders about *twenty times as fast* as they were ever turned out before and for less than half the previous cost. This because the Ford Motor Company (which made practically all of these cylinders) was able to develop improved metallurgical and mechanical processes for the successful carrying out of this idea. The Liberty Motor could not have been produced in the quantity required nor delivered within the time set by General Pershing had it not been for this achievement of Henry Ford.

As it was, the results speak for themselves. In October, 1918, America produced 3878 Liberty Motors. In November we would have produced 6000 Liberty Motors. In January, 1919, 7000 Liberty Motors, and after that 7000 Liberty Motors a month, as stated.

All this Germany knew!

Germany was also fully informed as to the spruce situation in the United States and did her best to make this as difficult as possible, for spruce is necessary in airplanes, being the best wood for the framework, wing-beams, struts and minor parts. It resists shock and vibration better and is much stronger in proportion to its weight than any other wood.

In November, 1918, it was estimated that America must produce 10,000,000 feet of spruce a month, about sixty per cent. of this for Allied airplanes. There are great spruce forests in Russia, but these were not available; and the Scandinavian forests could not be depended upon because of a shortage of labor and shipping. America must provide the spruce to conquer Germany!

AND Germany, knowing this, lighted fires of hatred and violence in Oregon and Washington where our vast spruce forests are. Her agents instigated strikes throughout this region, inspired lawless bands of the I. W. W. to commit acts of violence, to burn and destroy sawmill plants, to throw sand in the machinery, or otherwise wreck it, to drive spikes into logs so that they would break the saws and strip off their teeth, and to terrorize loyal workers by burning their homes and families in the daytime while these men were at the spruce mills.

The situation became so serious that, when the Armistice was signed, there were approximately 35,000 American troops in these two states, doing the actual work of getting out spruce and preventing acts of violence. An entire division was known as the Spruce Production Division! And it was needed!

Miles and miles of trackless forest! Ceaseless labor disorders! But the work went ahead. The Government opened up this difficult region with 200 miles of railroad, and built and operated hundreds of sawmills. And at Vancouver, the greatest and most efficient lumber cut-up plant in the world, with *a maximum output of 25,000,000 feet a month, was built in thirty days!*

Ceaselessly the work went on night and day, with three eight-hour shifts. This whole forest region was illumined in the darkness by thousands of electric lights. The plants were guarded by thousands of soldiers and Secret Service men. They were getting out spruce!

Droves of conspiring I. W. W.'s, many of them foreign-born anarchists, were herded together, when jails could no longer contain them, and patriotic towns would no longer receive them or harbor them, and driven out of the whole region, driven over the border into other states. In one instance three Secret Service men held up a whole train-load of crazy anarchists (some of them armed) and turned them back in the opposite direction where they could work no more deviltry against the spruce. After all, they were cowards, these pro-German spruce destroyers!

It was a hard job, but it was done and done well. The United States Spruce Production Division turned out the finest, strongest and safest wood for aircraft needs that the world had ever seen — that is true! — and this output increased steadily from approximately 2,000,000 feet of airplane grade spruce per month, before the Government assumed control, up to 30,000,000 feet, actually produced in October, 1918, *this being an increase of 1500 per cent. over normal spruce production of this grade!*

At the peak of our effort in 1919, America would have been producing 50,000,000 feet of spruce and fir every month! This is 2500 car-loads a month or 100 car-loads a day!

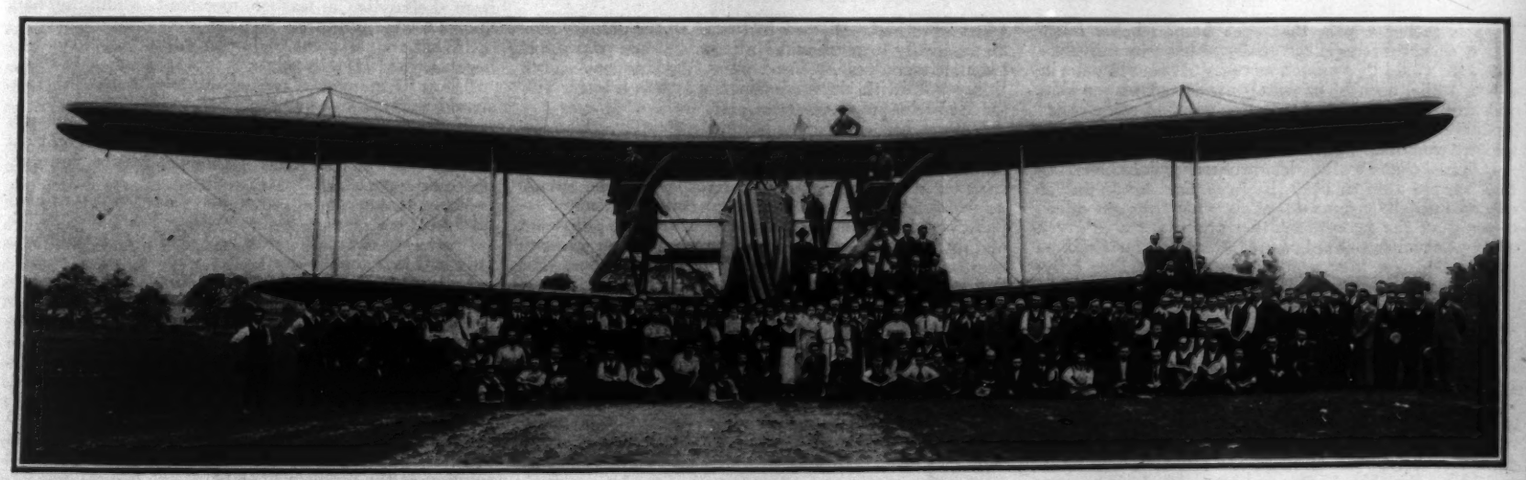
Germany knew this!

So much for America's achievement in furnishing airplanes — a fine performance, yet only part of our preparation for fighting in the sky. Our flying forces must have arms as well as wings, nor is this a mere figure of speech; on the contrary, we are rapidly approaching a time when the military airplane will be only a carriage for its armament and when the thing chiefly considered in building army flyers will be the suitable p acing and operating of their machine-guns, their high-explosive bombs and their cannon.

Cannon? In airplanes? Precisely.

Consider how marvelously [*Continued on page 37*]

"The Langley," the first Handley-Page airplane built in the U. S. and the group of men who worked on it



Such a Business Head!

by the author of "And So It Happened"

IT is rather a pity that each human being must constantly remain the center of his own universe. Life would be so much more interesting if, once in a while, each of us could wiggle out of our skin and size things up from the standpoint of some other human being. Probably the most interesting spectacle that we would see would be ourselves.

It is true that we often delude ourselves into believing that we are able to view life from the standpoint of others, but—it is pure delusion. Our true self sticks closer than the poorest relation and obfuscates every attempt at impartial judgment. Kant, in his "Critique of Pure Reason," goes into this matter rather fully; but nobody except a college professor with lots of time on his hands can understand what he says. Ignatz Mandelbaum — wholesale furs on Canal Street — understands the subject thoroughly and, although his powers of elucidation are limited, the narration of this episode in his life will prove the truth of the statement.

Mandelbaum, born with an instinct for bartering and trading, had worked hard ever since his childhood and had become quite wealthy. The dream of his life had ever been that Nathan, his son and only child, would succeed him in the management of his business when he retired. He now had reached the point where he was ready to retire and Nathan, who had passed his twenty-fourth year, refused point-blank to have anything to do with the fur business. It was a bitter pill for Mandelbaum.

Nathan had decided to become a painter. Had he selected sign painting or house painting his father might have understood his taste a little better; for such vocations are useful and, on a large scale, apt to be profitable. Nathan, however, confined himself to painting pictures of trees and clouds and the tall rocks of the Palisades — an occupation whose utter uselessness brought tears of chagrin to his father's eyes. He had converted the attic of his father's house into a studio and there, the livelong day, he pottered over his canvases. Deep down in her heart his mother sympathized with his bent, but she had learned, from long experience, to keep her views to herself.

"How d'ye expect," his father asked him, "to make a living out of that rot?"

"I don't," replied Nathan, quite cheerfully. "You've got enough money for all of us. What's the use of my making money? Still, if I wanted to, I could sell some of my pictures."

IN one corner of the room, a vision in furs, sat Miss Kitty Wilson

"But what's going to happen when I die?" persisted Mandelbaum. "D'ye expect the fur business to keep running by itself and bring in money?"

"Oh, anybody can run the fur business," said Nathan, airily. "Mother and I could easily hire a manager. It doesn't take brains to make money."

It was at this point that Mandelbaum usually felt a suffocating sensation that prevented him from talking any further. He was fond of his son, proud of his straight, strong figure and handsome, laughing face; but at the end of every conversation upon the subject of business, he felt exceedingly like choking him. Nathan, in turn, loved his father, respected him and obeyed him in every particular except that of the fur business.

One week, while Mandelbaum was confined to his bed with a cold, it was necessary for Nathan to go to the office each morning to attend to matters of routine. On his first visit to the fur establishment Nathan made a discovery. Her name was Kitty Wilson and she was employed as a model to display the new styles of fur to the buyers. On his second visit he took Kitty to luncheon. Mandelbaum was highly pleased to note that Nathan was staying at the store longer and longer each day, and began to hope that he was getting interested in the business. At the end of the week, curiosity impelled him to leave his bed and go downtown in order to see what his son was doing. The first thing that he beheld upon entering the establishment was one of his salesmen — a fat man with a black beard — parading up and down before a prospective buyer with a fur cape over his shoulders. Mandelbaum turned red with rage.

"What's this monkey business?" he cried. "Ain't we got a lady model to wear them things?" The salesman pointed to the door of Mandelbaum's private office.

"She's in there," he said. "She's busy."

"Don't bother, Mr. Mandelbaum," said the buyer. "I can pick out the styles just as well on him."

Mandelbaum strode to the private office and flung open the door. In one corner of the room, a vision in furs, sat Miss Kitty Wilson, while in the opposite corner stood his son working diligently at an easel, painting the lady's portrait. For an instant, Mandelbaum gazed upon the scene, speechless. Then he spoke. What he said was short, perfectly clear and emphatic. Nathan went home, smiling. Miss Kitty calmly surveyed her employer from head to foot, laughed in his face and went out to seek another position.

"And besides," said Mandelbaum to his son that night, after an hour's explanation of the enormity of what Nathan had done, "if you got to paint girls, paint Jewish girls. Leave the *goyim* alone. Every time a Jewish boy gets too friendly with a Christian girl it gives trouble. Now remember what I say."

"I'll remember," said Nathan, good-naturedly.

A few days afterward Mandelbaum received a visit from Lefkovitz, a leather merchant whom he had known for many years.

"What are you going to do about that boy of yours?" began Lefkovitz, abruptly.

"How d'ye mean?" asked Mandelbaum. "You should worry about him."

"I got plenty of worries," said Lefkovitz. "When a man's got three daughters on his hands he don't go looking for worries. Only I thought maybe you and me could have a talk."

Mandelbaum gazed upon his visitor with sudden interest.

"Sure, we can talk," said he. "But I thought you only had two girls."

Lefkovitz shook his head. "No. Three. One — the oldest — went to a boarding-school out in Ohio to finish her education. Oy! The money it cost! But it's finished now, *Gott sei dank!* and she'll be home in a few days. She's the best-looking. I thought maybe you — maybe Nathan — you know."

Mandelbaum nodded. The thought of his son getting married had often occurred to Mandelbaum as a vaguely disquieting prospect of the future, and he was not at all displeased to have a satisfactory and practical solution of the problem in sight.

While in the opposite corner stood Nathan, painting her portrait

A Story by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

"How much was you thinking of settling on her?" he asked. Lefkovitz made a wry face, swallowed a couple of lumps and, "Oh, about ten thousand dollars," said he.

"Ten thousand dollars?" cried Mandelbaum, angrily. "If you ain't the old skinflint! With your business and all your real estate and money — ten thousand dollars? What d'ye expect to do with all your money? Take it in your coffin with you? I'd be ashamed to be so small."

"Well, how much would you think was right?" asked Lefkovitz, frowning.

"I wouldn't have the nerve to speak to Nathan about it," said Mandelbaum, calculating hastily, "under fifty thousand dollars."

"Say, what kind of a grafter are you?" Lefkovitz fairly shrieked. "D'ye want me to support your whole family for life? I got two other daughters to look after. They ain't so good-looking as Mamie and they'll need more money. You only got one boy. Ain't you going to look after him?"

"My boy," said Mandelbaum, "ain't got any business sense. I'm thinking of selling out the business and leaving all my money in bonds. But I ain't in a hurry and, besides, that ain't the point. You can give each of your girls a hundred thousand dollars and not worry about your next meal. But fifty thousand is my limit. Understand?"

"How much do you intend to give him when he gets married?" asked Lefkovitz.

"Me? I'll give him fifty thousand dollars," cried Mandelbaum, triumphantly. "Now what have you got to say?"

"If you give fifty thousand, I'll give twenty," said Lefkovitz. "And that's my last word."

"The old miser!" exclaimed Mandelbaum as his visitor departed.

Nevertheless, that evening, he broached the subject to his son. "It's about time you was thinking of getting married," said he. "Mr. Lefkovitz was in to see me to-day about a daughter of his what's coming home from her education in a few days. It might be a good match for you."

"That's the way they match horses," said Nathan, laughing. "I thought that match-making business was out of style."

"Say," cried his father, "a fellow was in the store the other day what told me about a race-horse what made a hundred thousand dollars in prizes. You ain't the one to turn up your nose at horses."

"But supposing I don't want to marry Miss Lefkovitz?" persisted Nathan.

"That," said his father, "is a bridge what we'll build when we come across it."

Miss Mamie Lefkovitz, meanwhile, having completed her education, was speeding homeward in a Pullman car. Being mindful of the needs of the rising generation it would give us great pleasure if we could say that Miss Lefkovitz was happy because she could now prove that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle was equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, or because she had mastered the subjunctive mood of sixteen irregular French verbs. But the truth must be told: the curriculum of her boarding-school was already as dead to her as Pharaoh's barber. The subject which, at this moment, interested Miss Mamie most was the young man who sat in the section opposite hers, pretending to read a magazine over the top of which his eyes were constantly straying in her direction. She knew that his name was Julius Kahn because the conductor had shouted it through the car in order to deliver a telegram. He had offered her a magazine which she had accepted. He had picked up her handkerchief, her hand-bag and her parasol after she had accidentally dropped them. She thought he had very fine eyes and she admired him for not forcing himself upon her. At the same time it was a lonesome ride — particularly after having been cooped up in a boarding-school so long.

At the luncheon hour the dining-car conductor seated him at her table and, after that — oh, well, when youth, good looks, loneliness and propinquity are arrayed against conventionality and boarding-school training, which would you expect to win? Within an hour they were chatting as animatedly as if they had known each other for years. To dissipate the last vestige of any qualm that Mamie might have felt, it turned out that he was an intimate friend of the brother of one of the girls at the boarding-school. When they reached New York he escorted her to a taxi. He did not ask for permission to call upon her nor did he ask for her address. Mamie, however, told the chauffeur her address three times with great distinctness before the young man took his leave. And, that very evening, she received a telegram from the young lady in the boarding-school.

"My brother," it ran, "telegraphs that his friend Julius Kahn is in New York and will call on you. He is a dear friend of our family and I know you will like him."

Yes, Mamie did like him and, the moment they laid eyes on him, her sisters liked him, too. Her father, however, gazed upon the young man with profound suspicion. Throughout the evening meal to which Julius had promptly been invited, Lefkovitz sat in brooding silence, paying no heed to the chatter of the young people. After dinner, however, he led the young man into the library for a smoke.

"What line might you be in?" was the first question he asked, when they were alone.

"You mean in business?" asked the young man. "Oh, I haven't decided yet. I've come to New York to make my fortune. I've got enough money to keep me going a few months and by that time I expect to find something to do."

"Ain't you got a trade?" asked Lefkovitz, frowning. "D'ye expect just to drop into a job that'll support you?"

"Oh, something will turn up, all right," replied the young man, cheerfully. "It always does."

"I suppose your father — " began Lefkovitz.

"Poor dad," exclaimed Julius, "doesn't know any more about business than I do. He never made a cent in his life."

Lefkovitz rose. The prospect of any such young man as this calling upon one of his daughters was too appalling to be considered for a moment.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I guess I'll go to bed."

The next morning, without warning or preamble, he exploded his bomb-shell.

"You got your education

[*Continued on page 58*]

Labor's Progress Is America's Triumph

By Samuel Gompers

President of the American Federation of Labor

THERE is a legend of ancient Rome to the effect that while the capitol was building there came one day to the tyrannical king, Tarquin the Proud, a poor old woman, carrying nine books of prophecies of the Sibyl, which she offered to sell for three hundred pieces of gold. The king mockingly drove her away. She went, but after burning three of the books she returned and asked the same price for the remaining six. Again refused with scorn, she retired, burnt three more of the volumes, and then came back demanding the same sum for the three which were left. The amazed king consulted his wise men, who told him that the nine books, six of which had been lost, contained the fate of the city and the Roman people.

So Labor presents its message to the world. Happily, all that was contained in the nine books remains for the world in the last three. Happily, too, the world has decided that in these books there is that which ought to be read. So the world is reading to-day — reading out of the story written by the blood and fiber of human toil. It is a story that tells of injustice and of struggle against injustice; that tells of the first man who dared raise his head and protest against the lash; that tells of the first banding together of men so that they might combine their strength in resistance against a common brutality; that tells of every pain and torture humankind has passed through in its ceaseless panorama of toil and hope, disappointment and disillusionment, aspiration and achievement, down to to-day.

To-day is a new day — for the world is reading out of the books it scorned.

Employers have not come willingly or readily to see that it is just and right and wise that those who work should have their proper voice in helping to shape and determine the conditions of life and labor. Labor could not merely bring the books, as did the woman to Tarquin the Proud, show them and go away; Labor had to bring the books and fight and fight and fight. But we have come far. By the token of progress made we know more progress is to be made.

It is just a little over ten years since the scorn, which those who dominated the thought of society felt for the life and the rights of Labor, was expressed by a United States judge when, with John Mitchel and Frank Morrison, I received sentence to prison because I had dared to print and to speak the protest of Labor against injustice. Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Morrison were sentenced to nine and six months' imprisonment, respectively, and I to one year. What we had done was to discuss the merits of a case that was before the courts — the Buck Stove and Range case.

Back of that event was history made by fighting. The National Association of Manufacturers had taken the position that the organized labor movement must be destroyed. The Anti-Boycott Association was formed. Every pressure that could be mustered against organized labor was brought to bear upon it, including the pressure of suits in the courts to abridge the constitutional rights of the freedom of speech and of the press. That battle was probably the most concentrated effort of employers to break down the fighting spirit and the fighting ability of the working people.

The result was that the working people maintained and vindicated their constitutional rights and their right to own themselves and to secure agreement with their employers by collective bargaining; for the purpose of bringing employers to a realization of the fact that they had the right to establish better relations and secure better conditions; they made secure likewise their right to cease work — to strike.

This was but one of the high peaks of a long struggle. There were many hard fights along the road that led finally to the penetration of the minds of great employers, that led to their final understanding of the fact that they had been on the wrong road and that the only way to meet the demands of the workers for full recognition of their rights was to meet them!

A PHASE of the struggle was the case of the Danbury Hatters. Here again the employers rallied to defeat Labor in the courts in order to render the workers powerless and helpless in the workshops. The direct result of this case was that Labor's long fight for a proper safeguard of its rights was secured in the enactment of the Labor provisions of the Clayton Law, with its provision that "Labor is not a commodity or article of commerce." Because this law is on our statute books there can never be another Danbury Hatters' case. Instead of defeating Labor in the Hatters' case, the employers, by reason of that case, and by reason of the Clayton Law, lost the battle forever.

One by one the barriers to progress went down, opening the way to real democratic procedure and giving the workers a constantly growing voice in the ordering of their lives through agreements fixing the conditions, the hours and the wages of their work.

Practically a decade passed between the Buck Stove and Range case and the entry of America into the great War. In no other decade in our history had so much of gain been measured in achievement for mankind. Gradually the concept of Labor's status had changed. Gradually Labor had been able to gain and hold vital positions.

When, early in 1917, the clouds of war began to become apparent to discerning men, a call was issued from the headquarters of the American Federation of Labor in Washington, asking the officials and leaders of the National and International Trade Unions to assemble in Washington on March 12th. The die had not been cast for war at that date. But the representatives of the great American labor movement then adopted unanimously a declaration that, come peace or come the bitter days of war, there was but one place for Labor and that was under the flag, for the flag and with the flag. The words of the conclusion of that declaration will bear repeating, for no expression like it has been uttered in any other land. Thus spoke Labor on March 12, 1917:

"We, the officers of the National and International Trade Unions of America in national conference assembled in the capital of our nation, hereby pledge ourselves in peace or in war, in stress or in storm, to stand unreservedly by the standards of liberty and the safety and preservation of the institutions and ideals of our epublic.

"In this solemn hour of our nation's life, it is our earnest hope that our Republic may be safeguarded in its unswerving desire for peace; that our people may be spared the horrors and the burdens of war; that they may have the opportunity to cultivate and develop the arts of peace, human brotherhood and a higher civilization.

"But, despite all our endeavors and hopes, should our country be drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict, we, with these ideals of liberty and justice herein declared, as the indispensable basis for national policies, offer our services to our country in every field of activity, to defend, safeguard and preserve the Republic of the United States of America against its enemies whomsoever they may be, and we call upon our fellow workers and fellow citizens in the holy name of Labor, Justice, Freedom and Humanity to devotedly and patriotically give like service."

With this emphatic pronouncement of Labor's devotion to the Republic, to the great democratic cause of the world, and with other developments that came quickly in those days on the eve of war and in the days that followed so rapidly when war became a grim and real thing among us, employers everywhere came to see that the American labor movement was something more than had been pictured to them through the prejudiced briefs of their hired lawyers. They came to see it in something of its true light. They came to understand it as one of the great protecting bulwarks of democracy. More than that, they came to see it as a great creator of democracy.

In the declaration of March twelfth, from which I have just quoted, there were many other paragraphs equally vital. In fact, the document was a complete code, a complete expression of our beliefs, of our faith and of our aims in that crucial hour. One paragraph especially bears significantly upon the trend toward a more general recognition of functions and rights of Labor. It reads:

"Finally, in order to safeguard all the interests of the wage earners, organized labor should have representation on all agencies determining and administering policies for national defense. It is particularly important that organized labor should have representatives on all boards authorized to control publicity during war times. The workers have suffered

[*Continued on page 87*]

What Hudson Maxim Thinks of Gompers

THE article by Samuel Gompers, "Labor and Beer," in the June McClure's, is the best thing that I have read, not only on the subject of prohibition, but also on the subject of temperance. I agree with him in every particular.

Samuel Gompers, for writing that article, and you, for publishing it, deserve the gratitude of all sane and temperate men and women of this country.

I believe that the saloon-sale of intoxicating drinks over the bar should be abolished, but I do not believe in the abolition of the use of alcoholic drinks with meals in legitimate hotels and restaurants and in the home. Furthermore, I do not believe that such use of alcoholic drinks can be prohibited without infraction of the fundamental, inalienable human rights to life, liberty, the ownership of property and the pursuit of happiness, upon which the American Republic was founded.

HUDSON MAXIM.

Tires You Can Trust

In his touring, as in his racing, Barney Oldfield has always been far more than a successful driver and the greatest tire user in the world.

He has been a student—a pioneer.

For nearly 20 years, each day has found him dependent for comfort and safety on the tires of his cars. He must have tires he could trust. So he studied tires of many types and make.

Systematically he tried out and established certain infallible principles of trustworthy tire design and materials.

On track and road these tires fulfilled his highest hopes. They had lost nothing in resiliency and speed; they had gained notably in strength and long life.

These are the tires we have now placed on the market. They bear Mr. Oldfield's name and carry his frank recommendation that you can trust them to the absolute limit of tire wear and endurance.

Ask Your Tire Dealer for Oldfields. Accept No Others

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
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OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

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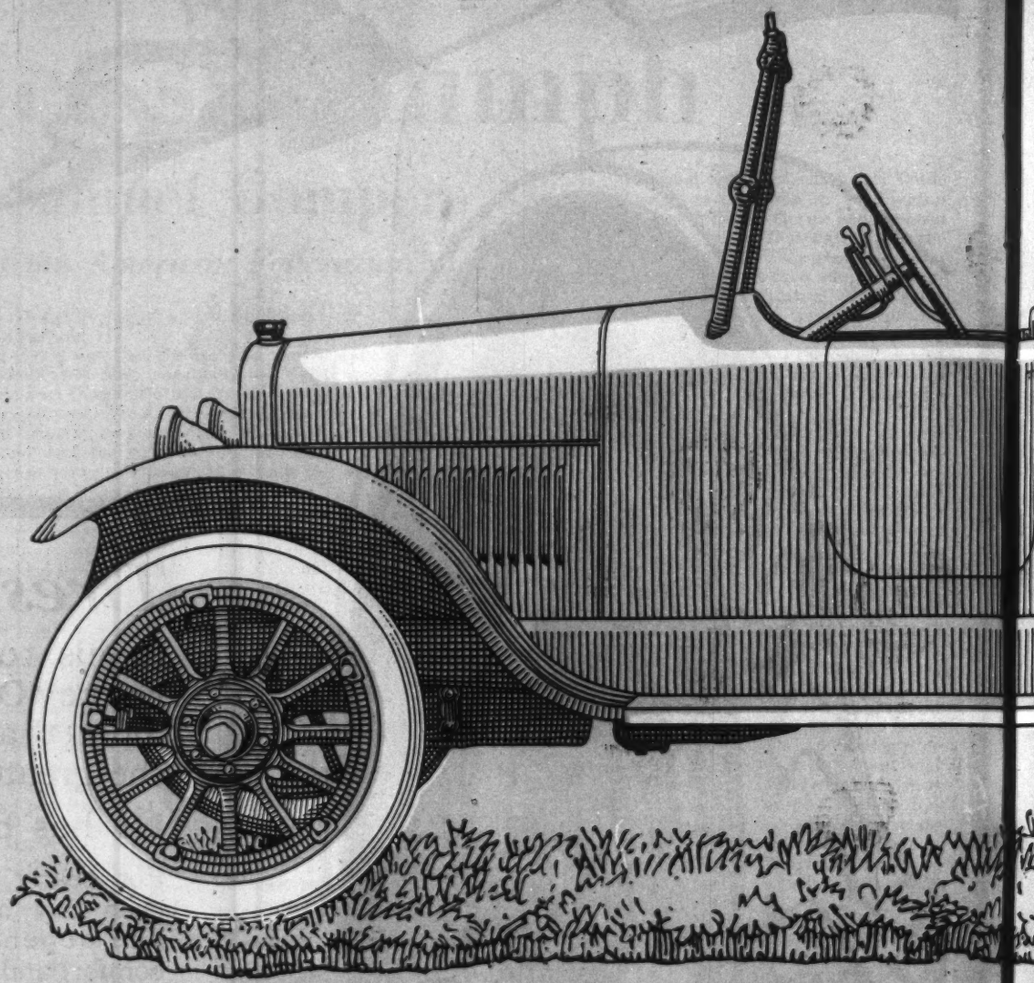
More miles per gallon
More miles on tires



The public has paid $200,00
this is a grea

IT is not a new Maxwell. It is in fundamentals the worthy descendant of 300,000 Maxwells that grace the highways of the world.

But it is a greater car in many ways.

There are the Hot Spot and Ram's-horn, for instance.

These alone add to Maxwell a superiority among cars selling for less than $1000 that does not measure small.

Then there is a much improved electric system, a new type radiator, a development in upholstery, a far more durable top, and so on.

You find in the greater Maxwell a whole automobile show in itself. You will see things developed during the war.

It is like a "river of engineering ideas, dammed up, and suddenly let loose."

To spend an hour in examining this Maxwell is a rare treat that any one will enjoy and long remember.

But before you set forth to look it over, let these facts sink into your mind:

It is a magnificent feat in engineering and building to be able to add so many new features to a car which has had a $200,000,000 run.

That sum represents the amount paid for the one model Maxwell to date.

But it is a far greater feat, in a business sense, to be able to add these magnificent improvements and not increase the price of the car.

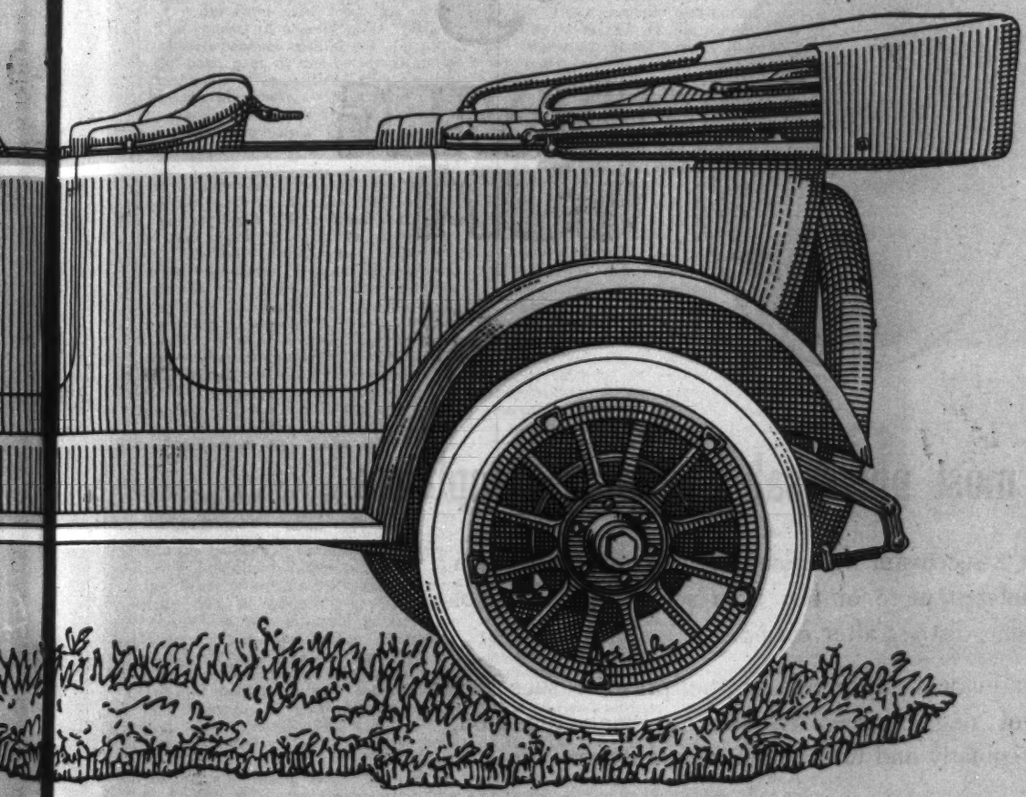
The price is still $895 f. o. b. Detroit.

Stop and think what your dollar bought four years ago and what it buys now. About half.

Then think what a rare bargain in value alone you're getting in this car.

One new car today has the same wheelbase and a

MAXWELL MOTOR COMP
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CAN



,000 for previous Maxwells; ter Maxwell

smaller engine—and the price is $500 more than the Maxwell.

But no matter what price you pay, you'll find difficulty in acquiring a car that will run longer, last longer, and give you less trouble.

That may seem a strong statement; but the record of the Maxwell bears it out, and here is why:

Five years ago the first Maxwell of the present model was built. There has never been a fundamental change in design since. We kept on making this car better and better. We have built more than 300,000 to date.

We made it simple to begin with, and we have made the car better and better as we made more of them.

Just like a locomotive engineer, a painter, a stenographer or a barber improves at his or her daily task.

It is a striking example in modern business of the old adage about doing one thing and doing it well.

The best steel that money can buy goes into this car—the best automatics and other machines that money can buy cut up and finish this material.

The best workers that can be hired put it together, and a group of men hard to duplicate in the automobile industry run the business.

Five years ago there was one Maxwell in every 1000 cars. Four years ago there was one Maxwell in every 500 cars. Three years ago there was one Maxwell in every 200 cars. Two years ago there was one Maxwell in every 48 cars. Today there is one Maxwell in every 16 cars.

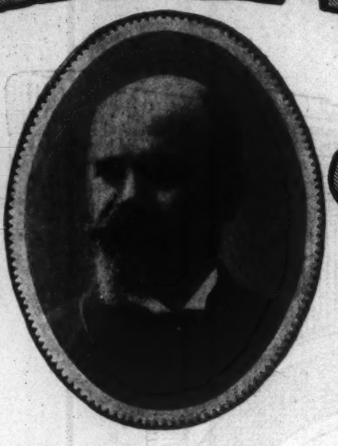
It is not the aim of the Maxwell Motor Company to make the most cars in the world, but its aim is to make the most—best cars!

Several thousand will go without Maxwell cars this year. The demand is without precedent. Don't be among those. See the greater Maxwell without delay.

The price, remember, is still $895 f. o. b. Detroit.

Y, Inc. - DETROIT, MICH.
LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

BEEMAN'S ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



Indigestion is the most universal of human complaints

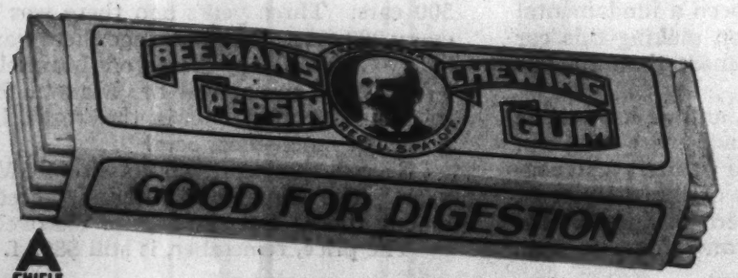
IT is rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And yet, how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will bring prompt relief to many a sufferer—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.

D. C. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Let's Turn Our Tables

Are We Forgetting What Good Eating Is?

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

WE are forgetting what good eating is. Or, more gently, if we will, we are in danger of forgetting. It is far from right that this should be. The charms of a good table, with all their blessed benefits, should not slip away into the past, part of our better memories only; nor should they, with all their inspiration and staying power, be denied those who have yet to live and make their memories.

It was easy, too easy at times, during the period of acute food stress, to translate food shortage, conservation, war economies into a scanty, humdrum, lifeless table. It was not necessity, nor indifference, that made us do it, nor even lack of knowledge or thought — but too much thought, or conscience, rather. We believed to an extent, if blindly, in the patriotic virtue of unattractive dishes. For months we dutifully counted calories, and anything in relation to food that did not obviously answer to the name had no right to be, or so it seemed. Anything to eat that was tempting merely, gave pleasure, hinted luxury, was looked upon with suspicion. Frills, and joy, and charm, and fun, and quality, and flavor, were banished without reason except that they pleased, and where banishment did harm rather than good.

AND before that, for a long time as we know, uncertain market conditions, unscrupulous practises in food manufacture previous to the passage of the Pure Food laws, increasing household difficulties with the growing dislike of kitchen work, rising prices gradually cast a shadow over that part of living which was intended to be pure sunshine only. Eating became a burden. It lost all interest. That eating might at the same time be an art with great, subtle, physical and mental resource to be derived from the sheer joy of good food properly prepared, we were rapidly forgetting.

So we find ourselves to-day, too many of us at any rate, knowing very little about good eating, and caring less — because we do not know. When we realize what our best hotels and restaurants frequently offer us on a silver platter, under the rhetorical guise of something good to eat, and we accept it, we must acknowledge that this is true. But it is time that we thought more about good eating now, and tried to find out what it is, to learn its mystic power, and set to work to remedy matters, for the pleasure food can give is a very big and real part of the benefit it may hold. We do not want to live to eat; nor do we want to eat merely to subsist. But somewhere between these extremes there is the proverbial happy medium. And it must be found before we all forget. It is just another side of the whole big food problem, still on the horizon, on which the searchlight of reconstruction must be thrown before our job of a world made new can be complete.

But — what is good eating? Briefly, not only wisely selected, properly prepared food, from the strictly dietetic point of view, but food that looks good, smells good, tastes good; food that makes one want to eat it, and leaves one feeling blest and magnanimous, with all the knots of a tired brain untied, all the wrinkles of a tried patience smoothed, all the hardest spots in the flintiest soul softened. It does not include, in any sense or degree, gluttony, or extravagance, or waste, or pampered epicureanism, nor does it overlook present world food needs. It is just natural, simple, wholesome, *real* food, wisely selected, properly, easily prepared, and happily served. It sounds rather simple — and it is, if most of us but knew it well enough to recognize it.

More specifically, good eating means a greater proportion of fresh, local, seasonable foods on the average table than is now common, or perhaps possible — fresh eggs, new milk, real bread and butter; strawberries in May; peas in June; lobsters, cherry pudding in July; blueberries and cream, steamed clams and corn dinners in August; honey, and duck and green apple sauce in September; new cider in October. Good eating means, further, more discrimination in the choice of our prepared and packaged foods; a wider knowledge of the immense variety of improved foods, ready-made dishes, beverages, and table adjuncts the market offers. We have scarcely tapped the wealth that might be ours if we investigated. We form a habit, and stick — while a host of better things beckon. Good eating means, again, good cooking — not elaborate, but *understanding*. The best cooking is always the simplest; the art of developing flavor, improving texture, value, appearance, inventing delightful combinations — all at the least cost in effort, labor, time, fuel, and always without food waste. And good eating means, too, attractive, happy service — the appearance of the food itself; the way it is placed on the table; the art in the dishes, the silver, the linen; the joy that should pervade the whole; honest hospitality!

This is all part of good eating. It is all a great restorer, an eternal spring of hope and inspiration; yet, unknowing, we are content to pass it by. The housekeeper of to-day, her tensest interest in so many cases far from home and her busy, abstracted family, has no time to make it part of life. So we drift farther and farther away.

But how then shall we restore excellence to our food, complete nutritive and artistic satisfaction to our three meals a day, without moving backward and paying the price of personal freedom, waste, and extravagance of the earlier days of peace and plenty? How learn the difference between good food and poor, fresh and faded, real and substitute? How manœuver our three meals a day without household exhaustion; how serve them without weariness and friction?

Sense the value of these things, *want* them, and we can have them. The trouble is not so much, perhaps, how to get them, as to know them and to want them. But the War, which did its share in taking so much of the fun out of eating, will in time, no doubt, give more than it has taken away. The War has blazoned the word *food* on the brain of the country. It has scattered seeds of food knowledge broadcast. The war gardens, the victory gardens, the back-yard chicken runs have offered samples, at least, of what fresh, real food tastes like. The War has taught us more about good bread, about butter, about milk than we ever dreamed of knowing. The War has strengthened our food packing plants, directing the eyes of the whole world to their increasing possibilities, to new and better foods. It took the War to discover the value of a woman's time and strength, to prove that the community kitchen could save this as well as food, fuel, and friction, for many homes.

It took the War to emphasize the idea of *professional* household service — based on an eight-hour day — and when our women will grasp this, and we put brains into the kitchen, not mere untutored brawn, the pure joy of "dinner time" will surprise us.

It took the War to probe and stir the industrial art soul of America until we have now a promise of beauty for all in our daily life, and the home table is bound to reflect this awakening. Surely all these things should point the way toward better eating. All these conditions and forces, recognized, should ultimately restore quality, interest, zest, inspiration and peace to the national table.

BUT whatever the means, or the remedy, unless we make up our minds to find out what good eating is, and to have it, it will slip away entirely, and we as a nation must suffer. Although we are facing food and feeding difficulties, and better eating may at the moment seem out of reach, the first step in securing it is to make up our minds to have it. In some way conditions will respond. It is always demand that creates supply; desire must precede fulfilment. Better eating means a better America. We must have it. We can have it. Let us have it!

Next Month: — More About Good Eating, by Mabel Dulon Purdy.

Ever notice that in most homes where Grape-Nuts is a daily food, health and happiness radiate from every countenance?

Grape-Nuts

is a wonderful food

"There's a Reason"

Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

—Exquisite

Nadine Face Powder

A complexion powder of exquisitely delicate odor and texture which holds its charm throughout the day, imparting to the skin that delicate softness and refinement so much admired.

Nadine Face Powder is cooling, refreshing and harmless, a positive protection against wind, tan, sun-burn and return of discolorations. Leaves the skin soft and smooth as rose petals.

This exquisite preparation, *Nadine*, beautifies millions of complexions today. Price refunded if not entirely pleased.

Sold in Green Boxes only
At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY
Department McC
Paris, Tenn.
U. S. A.

Scrub up your smokedecks and cut for a new pipe deal!

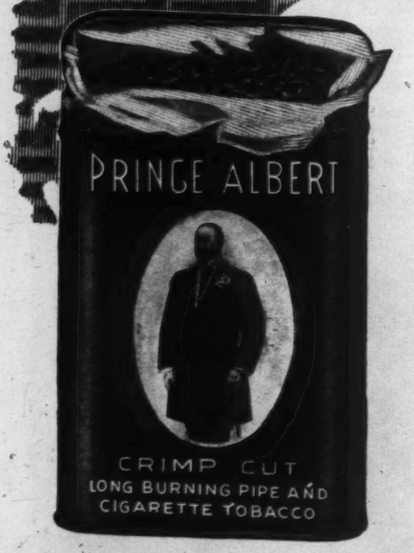
SAY, you'll have a streak of smoke-luck that'll put pep-in-*your* smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or the papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe or a home-rolled cigarette by its first name, *then*, to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco, Prince Albert!

Well, sir, you'll be so all-fired happy you'll want to get a photograph of yourself breezing up the pike with your smokethrottle wide open! *Talk about smoke-sport!* You wager-your-wad on P. A. and a pipe or, P. A. rolled into a cigarette! Quality makes Prince Albert so different, so appealing.

Men who never before could smoke a pipe and men who've smoked pipes for years all testify to the delight P. A. hands out! It hits the universal taste. *That's why it's the national joy smoke!* And, it can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Right now while the summer's young you get out your old jimmy pipe or the merry makin's papers and land on some P. A. *for what ails your particular smokeappetite!*



You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Armies in the Skies — *Continued from page 27*

airplanes have already advanced as instruments of offensive warfare. Not until 1915 were planes equipped with machine-guns or regarded as good for much except observation. Early flyers carried pistols or rifles, but only for occasional emergencies; often they had only Very pistols for signaling with colored lights, and a story is told of two pioneer observers, a German and a Russian, who, meeting in the clouds, simply saluted gravely and sailed away. It never occurred to either that he could or should try to harm his fellow airman.

What a contrast to end-of-the-War conditions when British flyers were dropping high-explosive bombs weighing 1600 pounds on German railway stations (this happened at Karlsruhe with frightful havoc) and when air squadrons had so developed in formidableness that, during those awful days before Montdidier when the Allied line was shattered, broken clean through by the enemy on rush, and when utter disaster was impending, it was airplanes that saved the day, airplanes that held back the German hordes for twenty-four critical hours until help came; airplanes, a whole army of them, that fought from the skies with small cannon and innumerable machine-guns and hundreds of tons of fragmentation bombs that mow down ranks of infantry like shrapnel hail!

Armies in the skies!

This is no poetic fancy, but a picture of what actually is and will be more and more. To-day every fighting and observation plane carries machine-guns, some synchronized to shoot through the whirling propeller, others to shoot over the side. And the constant tendency is to increase the weight of airplane guns. Many French aces, like René Fonck, did much of their combat work with 37 mm. cannon (1½ inches) arranged to fire through the axis of the motor. The British in their great night-bombing planes (Handley-Page model) carried the formidable Davis gun, a six-pounder with a two-inch bore. And the United States, just before the Armistice, was preparing to make a three-inch airplane cannon!

IN this age of bewildering progress we take as a matter of course to-day what we marveled at yesterday. We read that a flyer over San Francisco or New York City has talked by wireless to a man sitting at a desk hundreds of miles away (which has happened) and we think very little about it. One more incredible thing! Already we are *blasé* over the fact that airplanes have actually flown across the Atlantic. Another miracle! Similarly, we will take it calmly when we hear of artillery engagements in the clouds! And of wholesale bombing operations from the clouds down to earth with unbelievable destruction wrought by high explosives. I have seen the model of a 1000-pound American airplane bomb to be loaded with high explosive, and our 500-pound airplane bomb is an accomplished fact. I have talked with military authorities who prophesy that in future wars the bomb-carrying airplane will to a great extent supplant the large-range gun.

It is easy to understand the superiority in destructiveness of the bombing airplane as compared with the long-distance gun. The latter, at great expense (the propellant charge), delivers within a limited distance a small quantity of high explosive; the former at no expense (gravitation does the work) delivers at any distance a large quantity of high explosive. Our fourteen-inch gun, for example, fires a projectile weighing 1660 pounds, but this projectile carries only 85 pounds of high explosive. And all that the Germans could hurl upon Paris from the famous long-distance cannon was less than fifty pounds of high explosive. The reason for this is that gun projectiles must carry a great weight of metal in order to resist the shock of discharge, whereas the drop bomb has no such shock to resist and can, therefore, dispense with so much metal and carry instead a heavy weight of explosive.

All of which seems to indicate (considering the great cost of guns and the relatively small cost of airplanes) that the limit of advantageous bigness in guns has been almost reached and that in the next great war attacks upon distant targets will be made more and more by bombing airplanes; also, possibly, by radio-controlled projectiles, not fired from guns at all, but driven by individual engines inside the projectile (just as torpedoes carry their own engines), these air-torpedo engines being capable of regulation from a distance by wireless energy so that the projectile can be steered through long flights, a hundred miles or more, and dropped upon a target at any given moment, as may be desired.

That is only an interesting possibility, but a certainty is that, as the War progressed, airplanes were used more and more in aerial attack, notably in bombing operations, it being realized that here is a new and terrible offensive weapon with almost limitless possibilities, assuming that air bombs can be launched against targets *with precision*.

How can this be accomplished?

It is evidently no easy matter to hit even so large a target as the Grand Central Terminal in New York with a bomb dropped from an airplane two or three miles above the earth. If this airplane is traveling at 100 feet a second (only 72 miles an hour) it will advance, perhaps half a mile, while the bomb is falling. Consequently the flyer must not wait to drop his bomb until he is just over the target, but must release it while he is still half a mile away, measured in a horizontal line. Thus, if he means to strike the Grand Central Terminal (42nd Street), he must release his bomb as he sails over 32nd Street; or, if he is flying at a lower level, he must release it later, perhaps at 36th Street; or if he has risen to a greater height, he must release it sooner, say at 29th Street. He must also take careful account of the wind, its direction and strength; and careful account of variations in his own engine's speed—the faster he is going, the sooner he must drop his bomb, and vice versa.

All of which makes clear the necessity for a bomb-sight capable of precise adjustment in reference to three things: wind velocity, airplane velocity, and height above the earth. A bombing observer has no time to make intricate calculations in ballistics while he is shooting through the air at a hundred miles an hour. These calculations must have been made for him in advance and embodied in the aiming mechanism. His job is simply to sight down his instrument, as a gunner sights, to get two wires in line with the target, to signal his pilot and pull the release handle. Down goes the bomb! And, if his aim has been true, if the bomb-sight has automatically made proper allowances and compensations for wind pressure, air speed, earth speed, height above the ground, "trail-angle" retardation, and so forth; in other words, if it is a trustworthy bomb-sight, then the target will be hit and blown to pieces. Otherwise not!

We shall presently consider some remarkable experiments that have been conducted at Langley Field during recent months to develop such a trustworthy bomb-sight.

This brings us to a third part of America's aircraft effort. Having built and armed our flying squadrons (the arms and accessories alone cost many millions) it was necessary that we teach pilots and observers how to fight in the air, both offensively and defensively. For this purpose courses in air-fighting were established at various flying fields all over the United States, also a most remarkable school of bombing at Clermont-Ferrand in France. This subject holds such fascinating interest that it deserves a separate article, but I will give a few details of the work done by our boys at Clermont-Ferrand.

THE first thing students were taught was to use the regulation bomb-sight from a stationary platform raised about sixteen feet above a moving canvas painted with landscape features to represent the earth. This canvas was made to roll slowly underneath the observer, revealing a panorama of forests, farms, rivers, railroads, fortresses, ammunition dumps and so on, the optical effect being very much what it would be from an airplane sailing along a mile or two above the ground.

"All you needed to complete the illusion," laughed an American officer who made many visits to this school, "was a strong electric fan blowing in your face and the smell of castor oil."

This bombing arrangement is something like the toy target practise device that is used on the decks of battleships to simulate real firing. In this case a tiny brass bomb with stabilizing vanes exactly like a big one is aimed by the student at any indicated target on the moving landscape below, and wherever it strikes it remains fixed by a needle point that penetrates the canvas.

When students have gained proficiency in this bomb-sight work, a pair of them, pilot and observer, are sent up in an airplane and trained for days simply to steer the ship in a straight line over an indicated target — by no means a simple performance. A novice describes fantastic patterns all over the sky, although he thinks he is holding a true course.

To show students just what they are doing in this respect a little house is built in the center of the target with a large lens in the roof, looking straight up, so that, on the principle of the camera obscura, a tiny reversed image of the airplane, as it flies above the house, is formed on a sheet of paper spread on a table in a dark room below. This arrangement allows student or instructor to sit at this table and mark on the sheet the exact course (noting all mistakes) of the airplane as it moves about in the sky. Also an electrical arrangement makes dots for each second of time on the penciled course, so it can be seen afterward exactly where the plane was at each moment of its flight.

The next step requires that students go up for a mile or two and prepare to drop bombs upon a target, aiming carefully and, at the critical moment, signaling their readiness with the flash of a pistol; whereupon, the camera obscura man notes the exact point on the sheet where the airplane was when the flash was signaled; then the time recorder makes it possible to calculate whether a hit would have been scored or not. Thus mistakes are corrected.

An aviator at the Clermont-Ferrand school is not considered qualified for high-class bombing work unless he can fly across an enemy line of railroad and blow up the track practically every time by dropping a series of bombs, say ten or twelve, released in quick succession, so that their areas of destruction will overlap, thus lessening his chance of missing.

In learning the tricks and manœuvers of air fighting, students use camera-guns in mock combats, these being aimed and fired in the manner of rifles or machine-guns except that each discharge, instead of liberating a bullet, snaps a picture of the supposed enemy plane, the part photographed showing by its position where the bullet would have hit. After such a duel in air the combatants are able to determine their respective skill and decide who would have been victorious by studying the snap-shots.

Great was the rivalry among students in these mock battles, and there was one case (I have this from an American bombing expert) where the desire to win was so keen that an accident resulted which is probably unique in airplane history. At a critical point in the combat one plane passed directly over the other and was so placed that it could not shoot, whereupon the eager pilot piqued his machine sharply downward, at the same time signaling his companion to fire — that is, to snap his camera.

But the observer, not prepared for this wild plunge, was hurled upward as if from a furiously bucking broncho, straight up into the air (they were in a Brequet plane going at about 105 miles an hour) and suddenly found himself resting on absolutely nothing except fifteen thousand feet of French atmosphere. The next thing he knew he was sitting astride the rudder at the rear, upon which he had descended, right side up, by a piece of incredible luck. There he was, this most astonished combat photographer, three miles above the earth, perched on the rudder of a racing airplane! What did he do? He did some quick thinking. He saw that he must save himself, for no one else could save him; he crawled along the fuselage, smashing holes in its canvas cover for his hands and feet, and thus worked his way back to the cockpit. And what he said to the pilot is not a matter of record! The pilot probably told him that he ought to have been strapped in — which is true!

Finally, the Kaiser knew about Frank Luke, Jr., and here again he was better informed than most Americans, for we have been too busy arguing about material things to learn the names of our great war heroes.

Who was Frank Luke, Jr.?

He was a high-school boy from Phoenix, Arizona; Second Lieutenant in the U. S. A. Aero Squadron, who, during eighteen glorious days in France, won all the honors for extraordinary bravery in the air that Uncle Sam can bestow.

IN the first four days, September 12-15, 1918, at St. Mihiel, Luke destroyed eight German observation balloons, flying through machine-gun barrage, flaming "onions," and a hell of anti-aircraft explosive shells, and won the Distinguished Service Cross "for extraordinary heroism in the face of heavy enemy fire."

Three days later, near Etain, this "wild man in the air," as they called him, won the Oakleaf to wear with his Cross. He destroyed two more German balloons, then, being attacked by a large formation of Fokkers, he turned against two that were directly behind him and shot them down; after which, sighting an enemy biplane, "although his gasoline was nearly gone, he attacked and destroyed this machine also."

Eleven days later near Murvaux, he won the Congressional Medal of Honor, and promotion, on the recommendation of General Pershing, "*for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty.*" Although pursued by eight hostile planes that were protecting the German balloon line, Luke nevertheless attacked and shot down in flames three of these balloons. Then, badly wounded, he dove toward the earth and, at fifty yards, opened fire upon enemy troops, killing six, and wounding six.

Even this was not enough. His gasoline was spent. He was forced to land. He was surrounded by enemies who called on him to surrender, marveling at his courage. Surrender? This Arizona boy? He drew his automatic and, in the words of the official record, "defended himself gallantly until he fell dead from a wound in the chest."

Is it any wonder Germany quit?

Labor's Progress Is America's Triumph

[*Continued from page 30*]

much injustice in war times by limitations upon their right to speak freely and to secure publicity for their just grievances."

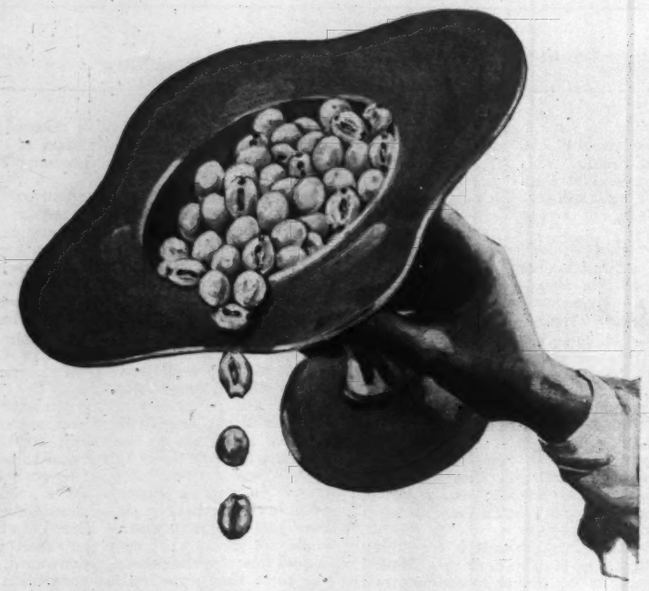
Thus, through the change in the minds of men and through the change in our economic and social and political life, as well as through the change in the character and thought of Labor itself, Labor stepped into the Great War abreast of every other factor in our national make-up, a guiding force in the tide of events!

History records no other war in which Labor helped to mould and execute policy. Beginning with the Council of National Defense and going through almost the whole ramification of the nation's immense war machinery, the men and women of Labor sat in council and helped to direct the work of winning the War.

Some critics of the American labor movement have said that it has no definite program, no formula that indicates just where it is going. I know of no more emphatic answer than to point to the road over which we have come in ten years. I suggest that it shows the direction in which we are going; it shows, moreover, that we *are* going.

On June 19th, carrying out the spirit of the Labor declaration of March 12th, an agreement was entered into between the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, and myself as the representative of Labor. This is the agreement:

"For the adjustment and control of wages, hours and conditions of Labor in the construction of cantonments, there shall be created an adjustment commission of three persons, appointed by the Secretary of War; one to represent the Army, one the public, and one Labor; the [*Continued on page 56*]



Wheat Bubbles

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, puffed to bubbles eight times normal size.

The grains are thin and crisp and flaky. They are four times as porous as bread. And they taste like food confections—like airy nut-meats, toasted.

Steam Exploded

The grains are heated to a high degree, then shot from guns.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

Nothing makes a milk dish so enticing. Nothing forms such ideal whole-grain food.

So Thin, So Airy

That They Seem Like Fairy Foods

Prof. Anderson created the greatest grain foods in existence. Never were whole grains made so delightful, never so digestible as these.

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are all-hour foods—foods for playtime, foods for bedtime, foods for every hungry hour.

Let no day pass without them. Children need whole grains. And here they are as ever-ready, tantalizing tidbits.

No supper dish you ever served compares with Puffed Wheat in milk.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c, Except in Far West

Mix With Fruit
To add delightful blend

Eat Like Peanuts
Crisp and lightly butter

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3161

Common Sense and Reconstruction

by **Dr. Frank Crane**

YESTERDAY it was the problem of winning the War; to-day it is the problem of reconstruction.

To solve the former we had the spur of danger; in the latter we are threatened with the soporific of overconfidence.

The first meant fight, the second work; and a fight is always simpler than work; more perilous perhaps, but soon over, one way or another, and we are done; but work is never done.

In considering the task before us we note these points:

1. The prime essential is unity of purpose in the nation. We could not have got two million men drafted and sent across the sea and provisioned if we had not been enthusiastically united; and we are not going to get these two million back to their jobs, and start the wheels of peace and prosperity, without a similar fusion of spirit.

2. We found out, during the War, what we could do by Drives, such as Liberty Loan Drives and Red Cross Drives. Let us now have a Reconstruction Drive.

3. This Drive should have two slogans, "Buy Now" and "Spruce Up."

4. By the cry "Buy Now" is meant that we should turn from our wartime skimping and saving, and buy wisely but courageously what we need. This applies to everything from new underwear to new machinery.

5. By "Spruce Up" is meant that, as in war we sacrificed all to the production of war-essentials, and let repairs go, so now we should give attention to maintenance, refurnish the factory, redecorate the house, and, in fine, whet our axe and polish our armor.

6. Prices are high, but we should not hold out too long for present prices. To start general buying, prices should be reduced, new methods of stimulating sales adopted, advertising increased, the margin of profit cut so as to swell the volume of sales.

7. This does not mean that extravagance should be encouraged. It means that Thrift has two edges; that it implies intelligent spending as well as intelligent economizing.

8. Optimism is good, but not the kind that fatuously believes our national problems will settle themselves. The kind of optimism we need is that which says, "We will succeed because I am going to help make it succeed."

9. Those politicians who, in the Senate and out, are willing to delay peace to gain partisan ends, should be rebuked. The damage they do is incalculable. They are worse than enemies to their country, they are enemies of mankind.

10. Reconstruction is going to be successful only as The People understand it, take hold of it and put it through. It will not be carried to a happy conclusion by Government officials. This is a Democracy. Every man must put his house in order, and sweep before his own door-step. This is no time for untried theories. Common sense is theory enough. And common sense says, "Get Busy! Buy Now! Spruce Up! And give a soldier a job even if you don't need him!"

Why Women Have Long Hair

[*Continued from page 22*]

bijou edition of an Italian Renaissance hall, the kindly-resolved husband was closing the outer hall door after him when there came a flurry of soft silken skirts from the dining-room.

"Wait a minute, Andy. You've forgotten the mail."

"Oh, yes — the bills." He pocketed the bulging bills which his secretary must write checks for, and wedged the hall-door open with his foot while he paused to remark: "I hope they won't be as big as last month—they were something staggering."

"Everything's very high, now," his helpmeet commented casually.

"Do you ever try shopping round among the tradespeople? Often a little butcher or grocer in an out-of-the-way shop —"

"Oh, Ahn attends to all that," Corinna cut in serenely. "He knows much more about it than I do. Now, run along, dear — you're late already. Don't stand there arguing, and then blame me for making you late."

Andy closed the door behind him, pretending not to see her wafted farewell kiss. Resentment and indignation filled him as he rang for the elevator. That was like Corinna! — somehow always managing to make him appear in the wrong! Imperturbably ignoring her own incompetence and domestic laxity. Would she never grow up to her responsibilities?

"Sometime she'll drive me too far," he communed gloomily.

Meanwhile, the blithe, serene, unfeeling object of his thoughts had gone straight to her room and thrown herself upon her bed. Lying there, her face buried in the pillow, she was thinking that her marriage was a failure. Only nineteen months of it, and already a failure!

Yet it wasn't fair! Andy had known what she was like when he married her. He had known that she wasn't domestic, that she loved a good time and craved pretty things. And he had pretended to love her despite all these things—*because* of them. That's like a man — to fall in love with certain qualities and then, as soon as he has married them, to find fault with them!

But she hadn't expected Andy to be like other men. He had always seemed so patient, so kind, so understanding — until he had married her. Then he had turned on her. It was unjust, unkind, cruel. All the more cruel because he *said* so little. If only he would storm at her, call her names—even beat her! That would be easier to bear than this hard, aloof, silent implication of censure. She ought to pay him back, do something deliberately to make him suffer as he made her suffer. She conjectured ways to make him suffer, deriving a certain pleasure from the imagined scenes.

Then another thought struck her sharply, stabbed her. What if he, sometime — even now, perhaps — should cease to look merely bewildered and hurt? What if he should show resentment and anger? For Andy had changed in his manner toward her. It must be that he no longer loved her as much as he used to. It must be that she was actually losing her hold on him. Was Andy, after only nineteen months, ceasing to love her?

She buried her head in the pillow and wept out her heart.

After awhile, she arose and drifted to the window. Something in the joyous effulgence of the morning seemed to say: "Put away all somber thoughts; put on your prettiest clothes and come on out and be gay!"

By the time she was attired for the street, you'd never have guessed that, one short hour before, she had been surveying a future gray waste of matrimonial unhappiness.

She informed Ahn she was going out, but that she would be back for luncheon by one; she ordered the car from the garage, her own little brown coupé which she drove herself and which Andy had "surprised" her with on her birthday, last month. As a matter of fact, in her heart Corinna hadn't been entirely satisfied with his choice of make in this "surprise," but she had made a resolve, and carried it out, that dear old Andy should never suspect disappointment.

And, despite her secret disapproval of the make of her coupé, as she tooled it through the busy, shimmering streets, she felt she presented quite an enviable appearance. Presently, halted by a jam in the traffic, her eye was caught by a hat in a window. It was a pretty hat — a shape she fancied would be becoming to her.

Now Corinna hadn't started out with the idea of "shopping." Perhaps a desire to get into the mood of the day had something to do with it; for it is observable that, at certain times of depression, women take to furbelows much in the way men take to drink.

When the hot sun burns —

Whether at seashore or mountain, Madame desires to be assured—always—of chic, dainty freshness. To be on intimate terms with beauty—always.

Wind and heat? What better protection for the dainty complexion than pure Djer-Kiss Face Powder—at once preserving and adding a freshened loveliness, a quickened charm!

When the hot sun burns, is it not Djer-Kiss Talc Madame demands? She finds its smooth silken softness healing, and oh, so soothing!

And Djer-Kiss Rouge also—how intimate with beauty! How magical its tone-shades, giving a soft flush to the cheek, or the deep crimson of the red-red rose!

Surely, the warm summer through, you will want to use all the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*—Extract, Face Powder, Talc Sachet, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Soap, *et* *Rouge.

**Rouge only temporarily made in America.*

Quand Madame quitte la ville pour se reposer, j'ai facilité pour elle le pouvoir d'obtenir toujours mes incomparables Spécialités de Djer-Kiss.

— Kerhoff, Paris

Translation: When Madame leaves the City, to rest, I have made it easy always for her to obtain my incomparable *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss.*

♥

In return for fifteen cents, Monsieur Kerhoff's importer, the Alfred H. Smith Company, of 30 West 29th Street, New York City, will be happy to send you samples of Djer-Kiss Extract, Face Powder and Sachet.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY · · *Sole Importers* · · NEW YORK

Djer-Kiss

Made in France only

The prices of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Talcum and Rouge have been sufficiently reduced to allow for the Government War Tax. Same total price as before.

General Leonard Wood
endorses "GREAT-HEART"

General Leonard Wood, in his introduction to this volume, says among other things:—

"It is a book especially fitted for the youth of the country, and the record of achievements therein will serve as an inspiration to all who read it.

"Theodore Roosevelt was the most inspiring and consequently the most dominant figure in our national life since Lincoln, and his influence on American youth and upon our people as a whole will always be an uplifting one.

"His life will always be an inspiration for greater effort and for higher ideals.

"'Great-Heart' is dead but his influence lives on!"

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to those who accept below offer

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The Life Story of

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Ninety-nine Heroes in One!

THINK of all the great personalities of real life or fiction; think of Moses, and Cromwell, and Leatherstocking, and Nimrod, and Lincoln, and D'Artagnan, and King Arthur, and Jean Valjean—

Then think of all these heroes blended into one—and you have—Theodore Roosevelt!

Then think of a volume that gives you a panoramic view of "T. R." in all of his many lives—can you imagine a more thrilling and entertaining book!

That is just the volume that awaits you in "Great-Heart": The Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt, which comes to you absolutely free and postpaid when you accept the following offer and mail the coupon.

IF you like stories full of excitement and at the same time full of inspiration; if you love to read about heroic achievements; if there are boys in your home who want to read about the wild yet wholesome life on the prairies, about encounters with desperadoes and "bad Indians," cattle stampedes, grizzly and lion and elephant hunts;

Or if you are a woman worried with the cares of a family and want to know what a great thinker like Roosevelt thought of a woman's cares and problems;

Or if you want to learn how a champion of the people fought against those trusts and profiteers who would grind the faces of the poor,

Or if you want to read of explorations in unpenetrated jungles; or of important events in American history like the building of the Panama Canal or the sending of the fleet around the world;

If you are interested in knowing how a boy born under severe physical handicaps became almost a superman in strength and activity,

If, in short, you want to find out just what kind of stuff and experiences a man must possess to be a leader of American thought and action—

The book that you want, the book that is awaiting you, is "GREAT-HEART: THE LIFE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT," by Daniel Henderson. *Subscriptions may be new or renewal, or may be divided and one magazine sent to a friend. Postage extra outside of U. S.*

FULL OF GOOD STORIES

Roosevelt Whacks the Profiteers!

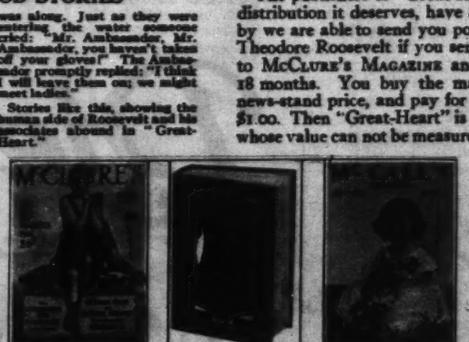
"Don't you feel ashamed to come to me today with another offer after what you did yesterday? Don't you think that to sell one rotten ship to the government is enough for a single week? Are you in such a hurry that you couldn't wait over Sunday to force your damaged goods upon the United States?"

This is what Roosevelt told a navy profiteer. This is just one of scores of typical Roosevelt stories in "Great-Heart."

The Modesty of Jusserand

One day Roosevelt's famous "Tennis Cabinet" took off their clothes preliminary to a swim in the Potomac. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, was along. Just as they were entering the water someone cried: "Mr. Ambassador, Mr. Ambassador, you haven't taken off your gloves!" The Ambassador promptly replied: "I think I will have them on; we might meet ladies."

Stories like this, showing the human side of Roosevelt and his associates abound in "Great-Heart."



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At any rate, Corinna curbed her brown coupé and entered the shop. She wore the hat out of it, smiling happily; the feminine substitute for cocktails was working its potent, if passing, charm.

There was a display of spring shoes in an adjoining window. That was a fetching style in bronze kid! She entered the shop.

After that it was easy to recollect that her dressmaker was across the way. She had no gown that really matched the new hat and slippers — she'd better run over to Céleste's. Somehow Corinna's one prospective gown grew into three; she barely restrained herself from a fourth — a delectable blue crêpe. By the time she was ready to leave she glanced at her watch. Twenty minutes past one!

"I've barely time to snatch a bite somewhere before dashing up to Julia Leake's. I'll telephone Ahn. He'll be cross, as usual, at getting luncheon for nothing, but I can't help it."

Ahn *was* cross, in his polite but restrainedly effective Oriental way. Ahn's habit was to "give notice" when he got cross. So Corinna swiftly forestalled him.

"I'll leave the car standing in front of Mrs. Leake's, Ahn, and if you wish you can come and take it out awhile."

Ahn's manner immediately changed; over the wire she caught his glow of enthusiasm. Ahn had coveted the new car to the extent of taking private lessons in driving, but Andy had steadfastly ignored all hints.

"Oh, Mr. Benson call up," said Ahn, in an afterthought. "He call up three time."

"Three times? What did he want, Ahn?"

"He no say. First time I say you home one o'clock, and next time. But just a minute ago I say you no home yet."

"I'd better call him," Corinna thought. She glanced at her watch. "No; Julia will be furious if I'm late. He'll have to sulk."

At Julia Leake's, Corinna soon forgot that she had ever had the blues. Her new hat was praised by three pairs of feminine lips and coveted by three pairs of feminine eyes.

Then came the absorption, the oblivion of all external matters, that bridge brings one when one is seated with three keen, experienced players.

Corinna was concentrated on a "three no-trump, doubled" of her own "make," when she was rudely interrupted by a call to the telephone. It was a nuisance! But she apologetically laid down her hand and went to the telephone.

A masculine voice, in a brogue which scarcely needed to explain it belonged to a policeman, said it was talking because her servant was in no condition to talk.

"What's happened to Ahn?" cried Corinna apprehensively.

"I was just a-tellin' you, lady. You see, another car was comin' up fast behind him, and a thruck is lumberin' along in front of him, and the Chink loses his head and thries to make a quick turn, and your *car*, bein' a light kind of car, just naturally turns over and lays down on her side."

"*On her side?* Do you mean that my car *turned over?*"

"That's what I said, lady," replied the officer patiently. "She's layin' there, quiet and peaceable-like, her wheels stickin' up — — "

"Is she *hurt?*" cried Corinna, unconsciously adopting the policeman's humanizing gender. "Is she smashed anywhere? Will she go?"

"Well, you see," the other explained soothingly, "we ain't tried to make her go. We just let her lie there, quiet-like, till we got hold o' you."

Corinna shuddered.

"You'd better come right along, lady. We can't do nothin' with your Chink. He just sits there on the curb, blubberin' — "

"Oh, is he hurt?" remorseful at having forgotten Ahn in her concern for her coupé.

"I don't think so — not much, anyway," the policeman reassured. "He says he wants you to come and you'll take him home."

"I'll come right over in a taxi, officer."

When she returned to where the players were impatiently awaiting her return and told them, they voiced sympathy; but they couldn't entirely conceal their annoyance. For, in bridge, it's a prime misdemeanor to do anything which interrupts a game. The ladies took it for granted that the session was merely interrupted, for Julia Leake said:

"How long will you be gone, dear? Will it take you more than half an hour?"

"I don't know," said Corinna, flurriedly. "I'll have to see if Ahn's really hurt. Maybe I can't come back at all."

"Oh, I think you'll find it's not so bad," one of the others put in urbanely. "Lots of small accidents are always happening."

And, as Corinna was dashing from the room, Mrs. Leake called after her: "We haven't disturbed the hands — we'll play three-handed till you get back. Hurry!"

Corinna's emotions, as she sped to the scene of disaster in a taxi, were not the less painful because she felt she was to blame. Andy had repeatedly forbidden Ahn to take out the car. Not even the possibility of an injury to Ahn seemed much worse than the high probability that Andy would now be crosser than ever. That she could risk her husband's trust and love for such trivialities! No wonder Andy got irritated with her. She had never appreciated Andy's real patience and generosity. But, give her just one chance, from now on she'd appreciate him! She would look up to him, and cherish him, and help him as never did wife before.

Never had Corinna felt so tender toward her Andy.

At the scene of excitement she found affairs not so bad. Sustained by her presence, Ahn consented to an examination by the ambulance surgeon and was pronounced to be suffering from nothing more serious than a scratched arm and nerves.

Corinna drove the coupé home. She installed Ahn in the passenger's seat and herself at the wheel.

When Corinna returned to resume the "three no-trump, doubled," the waiting trio were politely pleased to hear her comparatively favorable report; but there was a shade of reproof in Mrs. Leake's voice as she admonished: "We'll have to play fast, girls — Corinna was gone over an hour."

When, a few minutes past five, Corinna remembered her promise to Andy and sought to depart, she met a hurricane of protest. She tried to explain that Andy was already out of sorts.

"THEN don't give in to him," advised Julia Leake. "When you start that, you may as well resign yourself to being a slave."

"I'm glad *I'm* not married," said the one unmarried girl present. "Thank heaven, I can still call my soul my own!"

Now Corinna had just resolved that it would be her future duty and pleasure to "give in" to Andy's desires. But it is one thing to give in to one's husband and another thing to have a lot of catty-tongued women see you giving in.

"Oh, well, then — another rubber. I'll telephone Andy I won't be down."

But she didn't telephone Andy himself; this hurried moment was not the time to start an explanatory conversation; so she left a message with the office operator. It was nearly seven o'clock when Corinna rang her own door-bell to be admitted by Ahn.

"How do you feel, now, Ahn?" she inquired.

Ahn felt of his arm and shook his head.

"Cold supper," he responded orally, and assumed an aspect even more wan.

Corinna wished she had thought beforehand of the matter of dinner. Andy loathed "cold suppers." But she kept her tone resolutely bright.

"Is Mr. Benson home yet?"

"Nearly hour," informed Ahn whitely, and retired to the kitchen.

Corinna hurriedly divested herself of her wraps, "primped" a little, and then, apprehensions mingling with the resolve to be humble, cheerful and loving at all costs, moved upon the living-room.

Andy, lying back in an easy-chair, was pretending to read a paper. He was smoking. In the ash-tray beside him were many stubs and burnt matches. She knew it was a bad sign.

She thought:

"He *is* grouchy. There are at least ten stubs in that tray. I ought to scold him. But I won't. For he *has* had a hard day."

She said:

"Oh, you poor boy! You look tired out! What a shame you had to ride uptown in that horrid subway! Rush-hour, too!"

Andy thought:

"She says it's a shame! Good God!"

Aloud, not looking up from the paper he was pretending to read, he said:

"Um."

Corinna approached the easy-chair. She bent over and kissed the top of his head. Then she stood up straight again, waiting, timid and expectant.

But he continued to pretend to read.

"I'm so sorry things had to turn out the way they did, dearest," she began again.

"Oh, yes," said Andy indifferently.

"Everything went wrong," she went on bravely. "I tried to get away at five o'clock —I really did, Andy. But you know how some women are when their game has been cut into—I'd really spoiled their afternoon."

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Her sentence died in her own ears; even she was conscious of the weakness of her plea and of what Andy, recently from the subway, would think of it.

He expressed his thoughts: "Oh, of course, it's better not to spoil *their* pleasure in preference to a mere husband's!"

"Please don't be sarcastic, darling." She burrowed her cheek against his top hair. "Let me explain. I'd just been thinking things over—had just resolved to try to be a better wife in every way. And then Ahn had to go and upset the car — he *told* you about the car, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes," bitterly. "I came home in the subway — to be told by a servant that my car had been smashed."

"It wasn't *smashed* —"

Andy waved her reservation away.

"What difference? If it had been, I'd probably have been eventually informed — by the servant. Or perhaps even by you — after your vital session with your gambling fiends was over."

"Andy, I wish you'd stop calling them 'fiends.'" Corinna's voice was beginning to tremble.

"What else are they? Their little petty gambling gets so vital that it's all there is in the world. Cards — cards — cards — cards! In another five years you'll be like Sally Lynch and that bunch of hers—hard-eyed, hard-mouthed, playing poker for your best friend's blood! God! what New York and empty hands can do to women! And to think of *you* — my wife!"

"Andy Benson, you've no right to talk that way!" Despite all her resolves a ring of offense was in her voice. "I don't play bridge but every week or so, and you know it. And I've refused to belong to any regular club so I may always be free to come downtown for you. I'm beginning to think Julia Leake was right—that men expect women to become slaves as soon as they're married!"

"Poor slaves!" repeated Andy sardonically. "I suppose you all discussed your tyrannical overlords."

At this point Ahn came in to announce dinner. When Andy glanced over the "cold supper" Corinna, despite her resentment at having her humble overtures ignored, felt constrained to explain:

"Ahn didn't feel quite up to a regular dinner this evening."

THEY ate for awhile in silence while Ahn, feeling himself a dramatic figure, loitered in the background and ostentatiously rubbed his scratched arm.

"Andy," said Corinna presently, with enchanting sweetness, "will you give me a little more tongue, dear?"

Impossible to divine from her tone, from her eyes, from those softly smiling lips, that underneath it all she was a creature of vanities, foibles, tricks, incompetencies; that she would set the foolish pleasure of a bunch of foolish women above her husband's need!

He silently helped her to the tongue.

"Very warm for April, isn't it?" continued Corinna pleasantly.

"Very."

Corinna turned blandly to Ahn, as if impartial in her urbanity.

"Will you please telephone the garage, Ahn, and tell them to send over for the car?"

"Never mind," said Andy, almost sharply. "I'll take my car over myself, after supper."

Ahn withdrew.

"Why do you call it *your* car?" Corinna asked.

Andy seemed eager to accept battle.

"Because I bought it. Because you utterly ignore my judgment in the care of it. I won't say that you let Ahn take it out deliberately to annoy me, Corinna; but you should have trusted my reasons for refusing him. He isn't competent to drive it."

It was not his words so much as his coldly censorious tone that goaded Corinna. That he should speak so just after she had abased herself! Her eyes began to sparkle. But her voice was calm, too calm, as she replied:

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it perhaps it's better for it to be *your* car. I give you back your gift. As a matter of fact, I've never wanted to own a tin-Lizzie."

At this cold-blooded statement Andy stared at her in astonishment. He had never known her to be so wantonly cruel. And about a gift, too!

"But you said you loved it!" He blurted that out like a hurt youngster.

"Oh, of course, I had to *say* that," she replied, still with the politeness of manner that can make words all the more terrible.

"It's a *good* make. Not a fifteen thousand-dollar one, naturally — I haven't a million dollars to squander. But I *do* know mechanism. And I wouldn't have one of those cheap, flashy affairs. That junk is built for vain silly women."

"Is it?" asked Corinna. Then she rose from the table, yawned, and stretched her slender arms languorously.

"I'm dead-tired myself. I think I'll go and get into a negligée while you're putting your car to bed."

She moved from the room, as smilingly serene as though her heart were not breaking.

She knew her heart was breaking. Never in all their nineteen months together had they come to such a precipice as this. All that was left was for one of them, or both of them, to jump over. She would never wait for him to *push* her over; she'd make a definite, all-ending leap of it herself, first. A wave of humiliation swept over her as she recalled her efforts at reconciliation. He had spurned them — spurned her. Well, he'd never have the chance to do that again! Better to end everything between them while she still had some tender memories to cling to.

A sob choked her throat.

But even as she wept she kept alive the flame of her resentment. As she got into her *peignoir* — Corinna carefully chose the most becoming — she rehearsed her mode of conduct when Andy should return. He mustn't see that she had been crying. So Corinna solicitously repaired her complexion. Nor would she exhibit anger — such a procedure generally weakens one's position. No. The best course was to sustain an air of tranquil, friendly, yet reserved calm.

By the time she had formulated her rôle, Corinna had completed her intimate toilette. She mustn't be blamed if she regarded her reflected self with some satisfaction. She began to anticipate Andy's return. She glanced at the clock on the dressing-table. Surely he'd had time to go to the garage and back. Perhaps he was tinkering with the machinery. A smile almost indulgent softened her features as she reflected on his delight in "tinkering"; on his professed mastery of mechanics. Andy was an absurd boy!

She took up a novel; an illustrated magazine full of pictures of other women's clothes, houses and motor-cars; went back to the novel. She glanced at the clock.

What could Andy be doing? Perhaps—a feeling of alarm swept over her—something had gone wrong with the car; perhaps the accident had, after all, affected it some way. Perhaps he had never reached the garage — even now he might be lying, white and senseless, on the street somewhere; or picked up by strangers, unconscious and unable to send for her!

She started to the telephone to call the garage. Half way she paused; this action was not in line with her rehearsed rôle. But, standing still, her alarm grew to panic. She *must* find out if he ever reached the garage!

To her tremulous query a matter-of-fact voice replied that Mr. Benson had brought the car and departed more than an hour before. To Corinna's first feeling of relief succeeded a reaction of indignation: while she had been in the throes of worry there had been no occasion for worry at all. Somehow that was charged against Andy. Likely he was sulking at the club, smoking cigarettes, or drinking more than was good for him.

Meanwhile her Andy had been occupying himself in away that did credit to her feminine perspicacity. After leaving the garage, he turned in the direction of home; but after a few steps he halted. Better give her temper an hour or two to simmer down. If he went home now, either she'd be angry and say cutting, incomprehensible things, or she'd show traces of weeping and make him feel a monster — in either case putting him on the uncomfortable side of the fence.

So, lighting a cigarette, he walked over to the park, and seated himself on a bench. The April night was starry — a night to bring out innumerable lovers walking close together, two-and-two. Andy sat there, watching the procession of lovers, smoking a procession of cigarettes, and thinking cynical thoughts.

The cynicism seemed to spend itself to a certain extent in this mental exercise. At any rate, when, after a couple of hours, Andy rose from his bench, he felt decidedly less bitter. As he strolled homeward he was able to think with a sort of paternal indulgence of the whims and caprices and incompetencies of his Corinna. After all, she was the girl he had fallen in love with. It was his duty to make allowances. For women were all that way — an absurd, undependable, mischievous race.

Perhaps the scent of spring had something to do with the change in Andy's mood. Perhaps it was the scent of spring that caused him to pause, almost unconsciously,

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in front of a florist's window. Some roses in the display, delicate, gracious blossoms made him think of Corinna. They brought to his mind, too, his reasons for trying, so many times that day, to get hold of Corinna—the reason for the "party" he had planned before everything swiftly and disconcertingly went black.

He bought an extravagant number of roses. The long box under his arm, Andy forgot to restrain his whistle.

Not till he arrived at his own door did reflection dampen the renewed romanticism of his mood. What if Corinna was still nourishing her fancied grievance? Corinna could be terribly "difficult." He would feel a donkey with all these flowers if she chose to act angry or abused.

He strategically left the long box in the hall until he might reconnoiter.

But as Andy entered her room, he faced a Corinna friendly but self-possessed, with shining but guarded eyes.

She came to him at once and put up her face to be kissed; but her manner didn't invite a too-fervent caress.

"I was beginning to worry about you, dear."

Her amiability relieved his keenest dread.

"I took a little walk, dear — it's such a wonderful night."

She nodded understandingly.

"And you've had a hard day. I'm sorry if I seemed cross."

His first sensation of relief was growing into an appreciation of her generosity. He felt a wave of tenderness toward her; would have liked to pet her.

"Crossness is bad for one," she went on. "It poisons one's whole system."

That manner of cool reasonableness scarcely encouraged "petting." He gazed at her dubiously, wondering how he was going to introduce the long box from the hall.

And Corinna, observing him from under long lashes, seeing the old puzzled, wistful expression in his eyes, thought to herself: "Yes, he's the same old Andy!—the same absurd, helpless boy! I can still make him suffer — and I can make him happy, too. He still loves me —and I love him."

So she put off her not-cold and yet not-warm reserve, as one puts off a cloak; and she moved toward him and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

"I don't want *ever* to be cross with you again, darling! And I don't want you ever to be cross with me again. Please don't, dear — it will kill me. Kiss me, Andy, and promise you'll never be cross with me again."

"Oh, Corinna!" said Andy.

Holding her, soft, yielding, pleading, he was stricken with remorse. He was not astounded at his own change of front. He told himself that he fully recognized her perversities—there would never be an end to them. But, in this softened moment, he believed he never wanted to see an end to them. For Corinna was — well, she was Corinna. In that moment he undoubtedly loved her the more *because* of her faults.

"Oh, Corinna," he said again. And his kiss was the promise, humble, tender and impassioned, which she had asked.

After the long box had been produced, and after it had been exclaimed over, And explained the reason which lay behind one of his reasons for buying them.

"I tried to get you on the telephone all day. That conference turned out pretty well. I'm in for making a tidy little sum. I thought we'd celebrate — dinner downtown, and the theatre."

"Oh, dearest, that would have been lovely! But perhaps it turned out just as well, after all — you already so worn-out. I doubt if I'd really have *let* you dissipate to-night — especially since that sort of thing bores you."

Her generosity touched him profoundly.

"But it doesn't bore *you*, darling. I must remember your tastes and preferences. I'm afraid I've often been selfish."

"We've both been selfish," said Corinna magnanimously. "But we never will be again."

"No, we never will," said Andy earnestly.

Accord lay sweetly over the Benson household.

CORINNA brushed out soft dusky clouds; Andy came and touched one flying tendril.

"I've been thinking," he began, hesitantly, "that car — since you don't like it —"

"Oh, but I do!" she protested, dropping her brush to fling her arms round his neck. "I was only being mean and petty — I don't know why. I love it, Andy!"

"No, you don't," he insisted. "You're just being sweet and generous. I wish I'd known you didn't like it — though it was about all I could swing at the time. But now — this lucky turn — well, maybe we can go motor shopping one day soon."

Corinna squeezed his neck.

"Oh, Andy, I don't deserve you! I don't —"

Her voice broke; she dropped her arms and stood back, showing her face. Tears shone in her starry eyes.

"But I'm going to try to," she went on, very soberly. "I'm going to try to be the best wife a man ever had, Andy."

Then, while he gazed at her, a whole world of gratitude and worship and bright hope in his eyes, she caught up her brush and flung the cloud of her hair over her face.

As she pretended to brush, she thought:

"I am necessary to this man. He may become annoyed with me at times, but in the end he will come back and cater to my happiness; for my happiness is his happiness. (I might just as well have ordered that blue crêpe.) And his happiness is *my* happiness, too; though, now and then, it is expedient and right that I make him suffer just a little. Men get bored when things go too smoothly all the time; they like to think that women are inferior, unreasonable, capricious creatures, like to prove their masculine ability to "manage" womankind. It is as well to let them believe *they* are doing the 'managing.' Dear old Andy! — he's just an absurd big boy! But I love him dearly; and I must try always to make him very, very happy."

If any of these communings reflected themselves in her eyes, at the corners of her lips, Andy did not see.

Because a thick, dark, fragrant veil concealed her face.

The Torch

by **Lieutenant Edmund Leamy**

NO better or no worse were we,
But when the summons came,
We flung our follies far behind
And tried to play the game,
And consecrated our young lives
Purged as with living flame.

We knew the zero hour and all
The wonder of the dawn,
The shrieking hell of shrapnel rain—
And now, they all are gone,
And of that star-eyed laughing crew
One, I alone, live on.

And oh, I dream of the Ideal,
The Faith our hearts gave place,
And pray to God to hold me true
And grant me strength and grace,
That when I die I may be free
To look *them* in the face.

"Same here—When I go fishin' I want fish that bite, and tobacco that don't."

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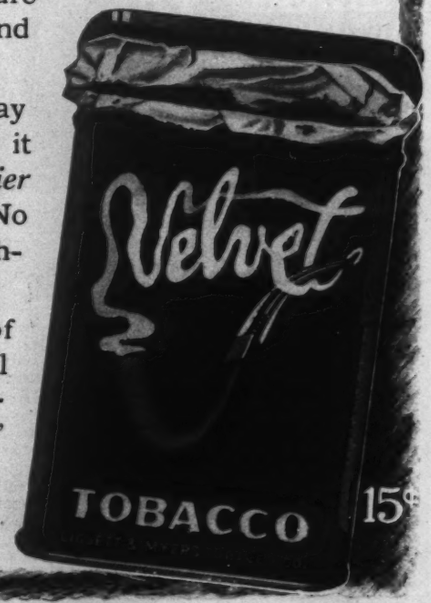

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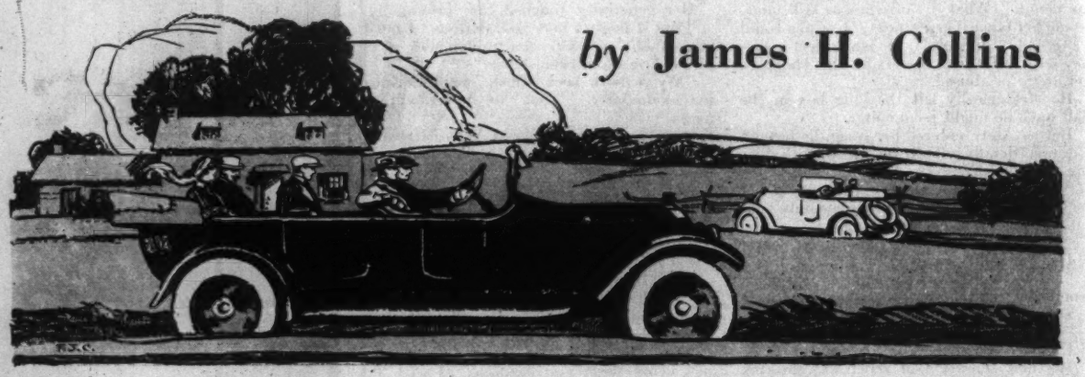
What You Can Get Out of Touring

by **James H. Collins**



McClure's Automobile Department

Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert
Editor of the Popular Science Monthly

OUT of various kinds of traveling, I have found three ways best — hoboing, posting bills with a circus, and motor touring. These are best because they give you contacts with people — traveling is apt to degenerate into mere riding and one covers thousands of miles of country in a year without really traveling at all in the true sense, like the champion commuter who died the other day after 350,000 miles' travel between home and office.

There is an automobile trade directory full of conveniences for the modern tourist — compact beds that enable you to sleep in your car, contrivances for cooking and the like. Some motorists have cars specially designed for touring, with sleeping and cooking facilities. These would undoubtedly be excellent for traveling through the west, with its great distances and thinly settled sections. Moreover, they might save living expenses on a long tour. But I have never used them, because most of my touring has been done in eastern states, where one finds hotels at the end of each day's journey, and the runs seldom exceed one hundred and fifty miles.

The most pleasurable trip I ever took was from New York to Florida, by way of Philadelphia, Harrisburg, the Shenandoah Valley, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Jacksonville. I went in a cheap, light car, selling it in Florida. The trip was made alone — partly a reporter's journey, with a business objective at the end. So I took merely a suitcase and camera, with not even an extra tire casing. The time chosen was early fall, when roads were likely to be dry — a good choice, for there was only one mud-hole on the whole trip, and I got into that!

One of the light, cheap, quantity-production cars has marked touring advantages. Absence of weight takes it over rough roads that heavier cars negotiate with difficulty. I went over a twenty-mile stretch of macadam laid before the Civil War, and never repaired since. It was like riding over a stone quarry, and one discouraged tourist with a big car had turned back home in despair after costly breakage in such places. Then the light, popular car is more easily repaired in touring, because one finds parts everywhere. Finally, if you ride in a moderate-priced car everywhere that seems to give you a rating as a regular fellow. Don't you remember — or aren't you old enough? — in the good old days when we all rode wheels, how we felt a bond of sympathy for, and there was, a sort of free-masonry among people who rode the same kind of bicycle? When I got into that mud-hole at Devil's Level near the Florida line, two kindly chaps in the nearest town helped me out because their car was the same make as mine!

Every day on a trip like that takes one through a new state among new people and presents new interests — also new roads and problems. One day you are going through industrial New Jersey, a day or two later passing Civil War battlefields and paying five cents a mile toll, a day or two later through the mountains of Tennessee, and then into the red cotton fields of Georgia, and then the sand and pines and Spanish moss of Florida. There are incidents a-plenty, and perhaps a few accidents.

In Virginia I bumped into a bull who swerved suddenly in front of the car. It did not hurt him — probably he thought another bull had playfully thumped him in the ribs. But the radius rod of my car was bent and the steering affected. Traveling gingerly to the next town, a repair man straightened it in half an hour.

A seven-mile ride into Knoxville over a plowed macadam road, with no detour, did damage that only showed up during the next three days — first a wheel came off, then a transmission pinion gave out, then a front spring let down. But repairs were made quickly, with only one day's delay waiting for a new pinion, and that spent in a sociable southern town. When you are hauled into a country town by a team of white mules, steering your disabled car past the post office, everybody feels that he knows you!

That Tennessee mountain country raises fine horses, and motors were not looked upon kindly along the back roads. Mr. Mountaineer, dressed for town in his long, black coat, black slouch hat and black tie, came in view in twos and threes, riding highstrung horses. At the sight of the motor he usually got over into the ditch scowling, encouraging his horse to be frightened. Simply speaking to the horse, as one went by, usually calmed the animal — try this and see the astonished look a horse gives you when he discovers that there is a human being in the strange devil wagon. If the horse were badly frightened I stopped the car, cut off the power, and reasoned with the animal.

"This is only a gasoline buggy, and folks ride around in it like any other buggy," I would explain. "A horse that knows as much as you do ought to get acquainted with it. Come on up here and smell it!"

Step by step, timidly, with deep breaths, the sensitive animal would approach until one could stroke him and talk with him. Incidentally he brought Mr. Mountaineer in reach too.

"Well, by gum, who ever would a thought my hoss would get this close to one of them things!"

Whereupon would follow a nice little visit, and that is where the human-contact value of motor-touring lies. One hostile farmer with a team of frightened mules dealt with in this way was won over instantly when his mules stopped jumping to listen to a little common-sense talk about the devil wagon.

"Going to Floridy!" he said in astonishment. "Say, if you put up all night at my house five mile back and wait until I can get home from town, I'll go as fur as the state line with you to-morrow."

Starting with half-worn tires, I got through without a single blow-out and only three punctures. About midway, however, as the tires showed cuts and wear, they were taken off and replaced with new ones all around. That is the best way with tires — to buy new, together with peace of mind, and present the old ones to some chap at a garage and let him worry the last five hundred miles out of them.

A motor-route guide-book is handy. But trunk roads run pretty straight nowadays, and a few simple directions from people along the way carry you right. Getting lost occasionally simply adds interest and incident.

Touring lends itself flexibly to your time and plan. This was a three-weeks' trip, touching nine states; but a week-end tour would often take you on a 500-mile trip through your own or a neighboring state, and that means covering a large section of all but the very biggest states. The chief thing is to have the touring point of view, which links mileage with exploration and adventure.

Every boy and girl has at some time wanted to run away from home. Get a car, even a little old last year's car, be a boy again (or a girl) and beat it!

ASK a chemist "what is sugar?"—"what is iron?"—"what is a diamond?"—and he will be able to give you a definite answer. Ask him for a definition of gasoline, and he will envelop you in a maze of words. The gasoline of last year is not the gasoline of to-day. Next month Waldemar Kaempffert himself will have an article in this department called "Fashions in Gasoline," in which the big question of the greatest of automobile problems will be treated in an authoritative manner.

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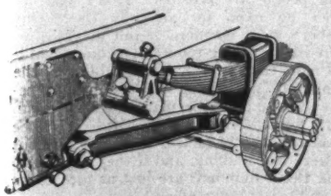

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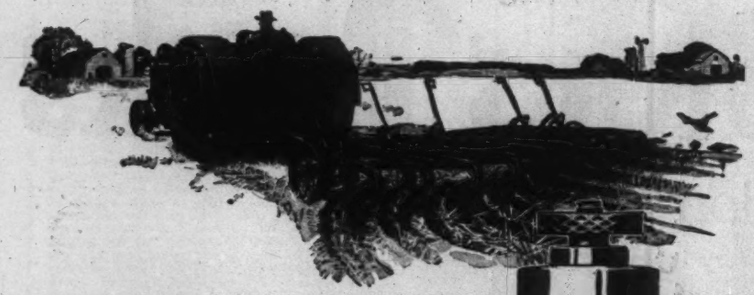

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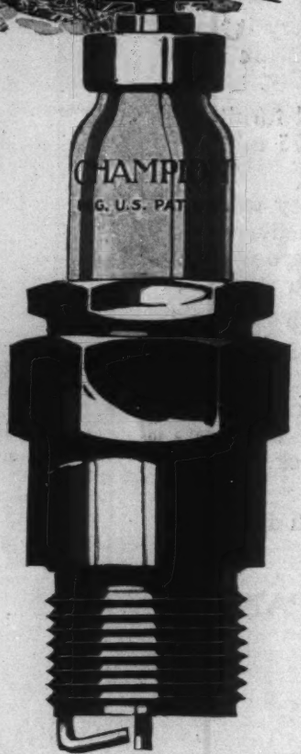

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The Six Best Cellars

[*Continued from page 11*]

She caught his expression of wonder, misinterpreted it, and shot back a compliment.

"Henry, you robbed the world of genius when you weren't born a bartender. You make me think of that artist who said he mixed his paints with brains, you do, really."

She approached — a soft, clinging woman who, at thirty-nine, manifested a firm faith in the appeal of all the qualities she thought, incorrectly, that she possessed. She cuddled toward him; Henry chose the word as he watched the action. Daisy could cuddle, he thought, at eight hundred yards' range. "One more for Daisy, please," she begged. "Just a weeny, teeny — "

Obediently, Henry tilted the shaker over her glass, but his eyes widened. "I thought you loathed 'em, Daisy."

She laughed. "I never did care for them so terribly much," she admitted, confidentially. "But Sturtevant says I'm *too* silly about it — so I'm taking lessons."

Henry understood. Daisy never cared terribly much about anything that was easy to get, but let it become reasonably scarce and she would have it or die. He wished that he had anticipated this. He might have given Daisy a special mixture of chilled orange-juice, and a dash of bitters. It would have tasted just as medicinal to her, and saved a cocktail. Henry's life-long habit of quick calculation acted mechanically, informing him that he had just poured nectar to the approximate value of two dollars and sixty cents past a palate no more capable than a drain of extracting value from it. He served A. Sturtevant with his second instalment and had to squeeze the shaker for Tommy Blair. Blair laughed.

"Why the sudden shortage, Henry?"

There was the faintest imaginable undertone in that speech. Henry felt it and chafed at it. Piker! Blair would think that Henry, popularly supposed to own a veritable cave, was niggardly to a matter of drops. While he was fumbling for a retort, Millicent surged loyally to the rescue.

"Yes, we *have* got to economize on the trimmings," she said, with fine frankness. "We couldn't afford to lay in a supply of *every*thing, so we just naturally specialized. We'll have to stop serving cocktails long before the rest of you do, but — " She paused. Henry, an Ananias, admiring his Sapphira's invention while he kept an eye out for stray thunderbolts, felt the increased interest. Millicent laughed.

"Maybe you'll think it's plain extravagance, but Henry and I reasoned it out that everybody else would stock up on the hard things — and it's natural enough, too, considering how much farther your money goes that way — but we wanted to be sort of original, you know. So Henry bought mostly wines. They don't go so far, of course, but after all — "

Tommy Blair exploded in confirmation.

"She's right, by George, she's right! That's sure as shooting! Take a look over your horrid pasts. You don't have any very dramatic thoughts about some one highball you had last summer, do you? Or a Tom Collins on the club porch, after golf? Answer: you do not. But the time you got reckless at the Waldorf and blew to four quarts of Yellow Label, 1907 — oh, boy!"

There was a distinct hiatus as the idea mushroomed in eleven minds. Henry could actually see it expanding. It was genius on Milly's part, all right, and Blair had clinched it for her, but . . . whew!

Then the hum and clatter enveloped Millicent, and Henry with her. They drifted into the dining-room on the crest of it — the agreeable dining-room with its maximum capacity of twelve. There was a wine-glass at every place — even Daisy's. Always before she had turned it primly down, but to-night, as Henry's hypnotized attention fell upon it, it seemed to lift its face like a thirsty flower. A vertical line grooved its path between Henry's eyebrows. The glasses meant Sauterne, of course . . . a final, prodigal splash with all the ultimate four bottles. Milly must have planned this all along . . . it was reckless, looking at it one way, and then, again, it might be the best thing that could have happened. It was pretty fair Sauterne, too — the precious remnant of those days before the War.

Jordan's voice reached him, and Jordan's voice was complacent with the note in which Oakmont's inner circle spoke of the outsiders.

"Henry was press-agenting another haul in front of Hammond and McIvor, on the train out," he declared. "That's cruelty to children."

Henry, emerging from arithmetic, riposted sharply.

"They're all right," he asserted. "Ed Hammond's a perfectly good scout. He's a college man, and he was quoting poetry on the train this afternoon. I like him."

Conversation stopped. Everybody listened. Jordan chuckled. "Certainly. So do I. He's a good man in his place. None better. But *Tiffany* — "

"Tiffany's a little different, maybe," conceded Henry. "But he's — he's a rough diamond just the same. You people don't know him as I do, that's all."

Henry could feel Millicent's eyes rebuking him. He could see the displeased surprise in Jordan's face. Jordan couldn't bear to have any one disagree with him. Henry's annoyance suddenly crystallized.

"It makes me tired — this idea that selling bonds or real estate or what not is so almighty exclusive, and selling groceries is degrading," he said forcibly. "I like Ed Hammond and I don't care who knows it." He groped for support. "And let me tell you something — Ed Hammond's got more stuff laid away than all the rest of us put together. Tiffany has, too. Hammond just cleaned out his stores and let his friends in on it when he had enough. If Milly's right, and the ability to give real dinners is going to be a social asset, you can take it from me you're going to reckon with the Hammonds and the Tiffanys— you see if you don't."

IT pleased him to observe the effect of his revelation. Hammond could have made a million dollars overnight without impressing any of them. But a man who, while not an Insider, was still not positively aboriginal, and who had Ed Hammond's opportunities for warehousing . . . Henry found converts among the men, with remarkable ease. Even A. Sturtevant Jordan acknowledged, after an argument, that to draw an impassable gulf around a personable owner of a chain of groceries wasn't sound democracy. Of course, if he had owned only *one* . . .

Later, however, when they were locking up, Millicent had views of her own. "Don't you realize that you've made things infinitely worse, Henry?" she demanded. "You've put the thought into their heads that those awful people are possible! Don't you *see* there's no room for anybody else? Our number's six; no more — and maybe less. There isn't a dining-room in Oakmont that'll hold more than twelve, comfortably. If the Hammonds get in, or the Tiffanys, somebody's got to go out to make room for them. And it might perfectly well be us — it *will* be us, as a matter of fact, if they ever find out we were just bluffing, and if they happen to think the Hammonds are just as nice as we are and better entertainers!"

Henry protected himself stolidly. "If all they care about us is what we can give 'em to eat and drink, the sooner they drop us the better. I guess we can find friends enough. I never *did* think a whole lot of this sacred six business, anyway. If it's getting to the point where it doesn't mean anything but the six best cellars, we don't belong in it, and that's a fact. Hammond and Tiffany are right at the top of *that* list. I don't want to talk about it any more. It makes me tired."

Nevertheless, the conception of becoming one of the great majority instead of remaining one of the innermost six, was distinctly repellent to Henry. And he weakened under the swift attacks which Millicent based on the optimism he had displayed when he first came home, until he yielded unconditionally, with a promise to ransack the city to-morrow and to buy, regardless of cost, enough to justify their present rank in life.

The Blair's dinner, during the next week, was wetter than any Blair dinner had ever been, and it apparently set a standard by which Oakmont dinners were to be judged. It wasn't that this dozen of suburbanites were entirely dependent upon stimulants for their congeniality, but that their eagerness to outwit a situation was aroused. Furthermore, it was evident that the world was to be

divided, after the first of July, into two main classes: those to be forever obligated to their friends, and those to be never repaid. It wasn't the actual serving of an old-fashioned dinner which counted — it was the ability to serve it. And after the Blair dinner, people began to like to produce evidence.

Scouting desperately, Henry picked up occasional odd lots of light wine at prices which ate acidly into his soul. Eight bottles of *Pontet Canet* was the supreme sacrifice. He couldn't replenish, except at hideous expense, his supply of cocktail material, so that he relied upon Millicent's diplomacy, and didn't replenish it. But, inevitably, he would be exposed. He bought two dozen domestic champagne at a price which finally settled the question of trading in the old car. But his soul revolted at the cost of the genuine French luxury, and Millicent finally released him from his promise.

"We can make champagne cup," she said, "and nobody'll ever suspect. So don't do anything more about it till I tell you to."

Henry dropped in at McIvor Tiffany's on several occasions and wasn't uplifted by the prosperity he found there. He observed, not without misgivings, that Tiffany played golf with Clarence Holsappel on Saturday afternoon, and that sometimes on the 5.15 from New York, Tommy Blair marched past the vacant seat at Henry's elbow in order to choose the one beside Ed Hammond.

From Millicent he learned that a similar movement was under way on the feminine side. She herself had discovered that Hope Tiffany was awfully nice, and had asked her to tea; at Mrs. Jordan's she had been made acquainted with Mrs. Ed Hammond, a quiet, grave-eyed little woman who seemed to be watching something with deep interest.

Millicent's inspiration at their own dinner had been fortunate in one unexpected way. In naming wine as the Carpenter specialty she had unintentionally made it possible to avoid exposure except through large and stately affairs. She had led up to a natural failure to provide for informal occasions. It was all right for the Carpenters to serve mint lemonade after bridge, or they could open bottles of Hoppo instead of producing a siphon and Scotch. Everything would be understood and everyone content. Millicent pointed out the advantages of this situation, and Henry, agreeing with her as to the present, still continued to brood gloomily upon the day of reckoning.

The half-dozen families which Henry had dubbed "the sacred six," still held together, but it was clear even to Henry's masculine perceptions that the linking, which for the past year had been growing looser, was now feebler every day. He approved, dubiously, of Millicent's developing strategics. She was taking up both the Tiffanys and the Hammonds, not too pointedly, to be sure, but unmistakably. The Carpenters played bridge at the Hammonds', and the Hammonds returned the visit a few evenings later; Millicent finally went so far as to have the Tiffanys for a very informal little dinner at which fully a third of the true Gallic claret was daringly poured. McIvor Tiffany, perceiving that his own method had been perhaps too narrow, chaffered in regard to a possible trade. He wasn't so much interested in the claret, he said, but he might be willing to swap for a few bottles of champagne, and, at a pinch, he'd even consider the *Pontet Canet*. Henry was groggy, but Millicent came to the fore and gently rejected the proposition.

"We'd love to," she said regretfully, "but we can't. We made up our minds to be specialists and we've got to stick to it. Of course *I* don't care much one way or the other, but Henry—" Here she gave Henry the high sign, and in spite of himself, he had to confirm her policies. The strange thing about it was that Tiffany acted as though he liked Henry better after the refusal.

The frontiers of Oakmont, although wobbling, stood unchanged. The six remained the six, and the outsiders stayed outside, but changes appeared in the situation. The Tiffanys and Hammonds, for example, stood out as leaders of a new group which capitalized its resources, held dinners and dances at the Country Club, and conducted itself generally as though it had ceased to realize its position. There was a vague challenge in this behavior. Exclusiveness fails of its purpose when those who are excluded ignore the fact. It required an appreciable effort on Mrs. Carpenter's part to maintain her sweetness toward Hope Tiffany.

The McAllisters, whose dinner to the six followed close on the barbaric splendors of the last outsiders' party at the Country Club, unwisely decided on competition. They cut deeply into their reserves and Henry awoke, the next morning, with a disillusioning reminiscence of undergraduate days.

"Enough's enough," said Henry to himself, on the way to town, "and too much is plenty. I'm out of my class. For two cents I'd cut out the whole thing and join the W. C. T. U. — hanged if I wouldn't."

For already the austere element, which had always held itself aloof from the effervescence of both Insiders and Outsiders, was voicing an audible disapproval of the momentum which Oakmont's relaxations were gathering; and to the cohorts of the austere had flocked a number of those who, neither In, nor Out, nor In-Between, had preached and practised moderation in the days of bounty.

It was schedule time for the Carpenters to give another dinner to the Six. It was essential to balance the account. The schedule was adamant, and the guests were confident that Henry would prove a superlative host! A. Sturtevant Jordan emitted ponderous jests with reference to vintages of unspeakable rarity; others of the circle said less but looked as much or more, and Henry speculated on the trials of Judgment Day.

Millicent, in planning the campaign, suddenly became unreconciled to the absence of cocktails.

"But, my dear!" protested Henry weakly. "We've gone over this thing, and right from the beginning you *said* — "

"Oh, *that!*" responded Millicent. "That was before I thought. I've changed my mind."

"Thank the Lord you can't change mine!" said Henry. "What's made you think we need cocktails?"

"Because people will need something, or they'll *guess*. They'll eat canned soup without a quiver if they've had something beforehand — nobody thinks much about eating at a dinner — but if they have to wait till the roast and then get only a stingy glass or two of real claret or American champagne — "

"Very well, then." Henry reddened. "If they don't like it they know where they can go. I tell you one thing, Milly: they won't get any three-dollar cocktails here. Vermouth's up to twenty-eight dollars a quart. Never again! Besides, I thought you said we'd make champagne cup."

"We can't," said Millicent simply. "It isn't done. I mentioned it yesterday — just to find out — and they say it's plebeian. You'll have to get something real."

"I will — *not*," said Henry firmly.

"Then we'll give 'em just what we've got and have it over with," she returned, with equal firmness.

He came home the following night to find a note from Miss Virginia Jasper awaiting him. Millicent flicked it toward him carelessly. She had been using it, unopened, as a bookmark, and she was a quarter of an inch deep in the story before he had torn the end of the prim, stiff envelope.

Henry liked the old lady, quite aside from the fact that she was some shadowy kin of his mother's. It was comfortable to drop back into the eighties by sitting in one of Miss Jasper's plush chairs, his feet profaning an unfaded, cabbage-size rose of the Brussels carpet, his eyes soothed by antimacassars, crayon enlargements surrounded by elaborate gilt frames, and the glass prisms dangling from the gasolier which sprouted downward from a plaster rosette in the ceiling.

Naturally, since she was now in process of recovery from influenza, and on principle, stopped from telephoning to Henry, she wrote him.

> My dear Henry:
>
> I write you in much Distress. There is no one else to whom I may turn for Advice and Assistance in a matter with which I cannot cope unaided. Will you come to see me on Thursday evening if possible? I am sorry to trouble you, but I am sure that I may always count upon your Sympathy and Understanding.
>
> Affectionately yours,
> Virginia Jasper

Henry tossed the note to Millicent. She glanced through it, and laughed.

"How stupid for you, Henry. All she wants is to talk to somebody about the ingratitude of the Dorcas Society, or whatever it is she spends her time over, and you're the only man she knows. I'm awfully sorry. It'll take your whole evening."

"She's all right," defended Henry, stoutly. "She's one person that would stick to us through thick and thin. They don't make friends like her, nowadays."

Millicent laughed again. "You'd better

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not tell her you've just paid your bill for a hundred and sixty dollars for Onondaga County champagne, then. I don't know whether she'd stick to you after that or not. . . . That reminds me. They say she's holding up the arms of old Mrs. Teak, at present. They're organizing some kind of a law-enforcement league to snoop into people's ice boxes when the law takes effect."

Henry snorted. "Ours will be plenty sanitary by *that* time, all right."

He drove his little runabout up the hill, after dinner, to the trim little house where Miss Jasper had rooted as irremovably as a tree, long before Oakmont came into being. He found Miss Jasper knitting, her face set in grim, grave lines. She approached her revelations indirectly. After he had listened for half an hour she dropped her needles and faced him resolutely.

"Henry, I sent for you because I'm in a bad fix. I want you to get me out of it."

"I'll try," said Henry. "What is it?"

"It's Charles," she declared, warmly. "My half-brother."

Henry waited patiently. He remembered Charles, the half-brother who had lived at Miss Jasper's house for eight or nine years, professed the highest degree of asceticism, read de Quincey for pleasure, and died unobtrusively a few years ago.

"You know that I've always been opposed to liquor," she went on, presently. "I've belonged to the Women's Christian Temperance Union ever since it was started, and I belong to the Anti-Saloon League. And I'm invited to be an Honorary Vice-President of the Law Enforcement League Mrs. Teak is organizing. I'm supposed to be one of the oldest prohibitionists in the county." Her voice rose. "And here I find, all of a sudden, that I've got my cellar half full of *rum!*"

Henry sat very still, trying to surround the intelligence.

"Rum?" he managed to echo, dully.

"Yes — wine or beer or whiskey or something like that. Boxes and boxes of it! Under my roof for fifteen years and I never dreamed of it! Charles brought it with him when he came to live with me in 1904. He said it was mineral water. He always carried it with him wherever he went. I never saw him drink any of it. And after he died it just stayed there. I'd forgotten all about it until Susan and I were moving some old furniture and came across it. There was one box that had been opened. I found one bottle of this liquor in it. I'm perfectly sure it isn't mineral water. Come and look at it, Henry."

She unlocked the sideboard in the dining-room and stealthily produced a bottle, a dark long-necked, dust-covered bottle which sent a thrill down Henry's spine. He took it almost reverently.

Johannisberger Bewern Auslese — 1878

Generally speaking, Henry was no connoisseur. He belonged to that great American public which finds a blissful pleasure in say, Yellow Label, 1907, because it is thoroughly convinced that it ought to, and because it has the testimony of the marginal figures in the winecard to confirm the theory. But he happened to know that *Bewern Auslese* of 1878 was a wine for which a true connoisseur would commit any crime on the calendar, a vintage practically exhausted long before the War, a thing above and beyond price, splendid, majestic, unique.

"Is it — intoxicating?" Miss Jasper whispered the question in the tone of one who still harbors a faint hope. Henry nodded.

"Yes," he said thickly. "It's wine — I — I think it's what they call Rhine wine."

Miss Jasper sniffed. "M'ff! German, too!" Plainly its Teutonic associations added to its sinfulness.

"How much of it did you say you had?" he asked, setting the bottle reverently back on the sideboard.

"I didn't count," said Miss Jasper. "But there must be seven or eight big boxes of it — all just alike and all marked with the — the Johnny Burger name like the one on this bottle. When I think of how Charles deceived me — " She compressed her lips.

"The *idea* of filling up my house with that nasty stuff — and pretending it was . . . Ugh!" She shuddered.

"Yes. He shouldn't have done that." Henry was slowly recovering from the shock. Seven or eight cases of 1878 *Johannisberger!* Seven or eight cases . . . sev — He forced himself to a timid question, doing valiant battle against a screaming conscience.

"I suppose you want me to — sell it for you," he said, hesitantly.

"Sell it? *I?*" Miss Jasper stared at him. "Do you imagine for a moment that *I'd* be a party to throwing that poison out before innocent people? Do you think *I'd* help to — to spread the curse of rum among my neighbors? Why, Henry! Any one of those bottles might be the means of giving some fine young man an *appetite* for it!"

"I see," said Henry, stupidly. "Yes, Aunt Virginia, that *would* be awful — especially now that it's so hard to get."

Miss Jasper, who hadn't caught the last of the sentence, shook her head. "No," she said. "No! Not a drop of that wretched stuff shall ever pass human lips if I can help it. And I can! That's why I sent for you, Henry. I couldn't do it myself, and I don't trust Michael. He cuts grass for half a dozen families on the hill, and Susan says his tongue's longer than any living woman's. He'd tell *everybody* that I'd had a cellar full of rum for years." She shuddered again. "I *know* he would. Just think of it. There's nobody but you, Henry. I know I can trust *you* not to tell."

"I won't," said Henry, shakily. "Of course I won't. Hardly! But — but what do you want me to do with it, if you won't sell it and don't want to keep it?"

"I want you to get a wagon and come here, after dark," she whispered, "and cart every one of those boxes away somewhere into the woods — and smash every single bottle into a thousand pieces!"

She punctuated the climax by bringing down the bottle on the marble slab of the sideboard. There was a musical tinkle of splintering glass, a whimper of flowing liquid. A glorious, ineffable bouquet impregnated the chaste atmosphere.

"I'll do it to-night!" said Henry, resolutely. "I'll do it now. I'll take two cases right with me, and come back for the rest. Trust me, Aunt Virginia. I'll help you!"

"And you'll never tell anybody — not even Millicent?"

"Well, not unless she finds it out," swore Henry.

"Of course," said Miss Jasper, with tears in her eyes, "I loved Charles but — "

"So did I," said Henry, with bottomless sympathy.

[*To be continued*]

The New War — *Continued from page 12*

individuals the world has ever seen and the greatest collection of toy soldiers that anybody ever had to play with.

It used to puzzle me as to why Germans, who could be tender toward their own children, could be so inhuman to Belgian babies. It is now obvious. To the German mind a German baby was a baby; but a Belgian baby was vermin.

Born in this way, they have been burbanked into a new type of person. Luther himself, by a similar process, has perfected a cactus free from spines. The reverse English would be equally possible and the Kaiser seems to have perfected a cactus that is nothing but spines. And though the Kaiser himself has departed, yet the cactus remains behind. Though the maker is gone, the carbon copy citizenry is still with us. Though the child is in Dutch, his toy soldiers remain. Their uniforms can be washed off; but they remain toy soldiers still.

And now, just because a paper has or has not been signed, are we going to believe that these people, so born, so raised, so trained, are suddenly going to become regular honest-to-goodness folk, with ideas and ideals and morals and ethics and social standards like the rest of us, and all in a minute?

It is impossible. Even if they wished to do it, which they don't, they couldn't. Even if they knew how wrong they are, which they don't, they wouldn't know how to change, and they wouldn't be able to if they wished, which they also don't.

Ethics and morals are a matter of years, not of minutes. Social standards are a question of a lifetime, not of a day.

You can't make a normal human being out of a German in a week any more than you could make a sheep-dog out of a wolf. It takes generations to do either.

And that is why we face to-day a war that will be longer and more bitter than was the long and bitter war we have been through.

It will be, like the others, a war of conquest.

The great masses of the German people are simple, hard-working, efficient, tireless. They desire only to work. They let their leaders think for them and follow blindly where their leaders lead. It is that that makes them the menace that they are.

Doubtless there are in Germany millions of people, who, if permitted, would become once again the peaceful, industrious makers of splendid dyes and beautiful toys.

But this the new Kaiser-made product, who is in the vast majority, will not let them do.

Why he will not is evident.

The new German is ambitious. He lusts for power. He is greedy, jealous and unscrupulous. He has been so long told that Germany must rule, that he has come to believe it. He has been made restive, restless, energetic, untiring. His vision is broad; his money sense vast; he is defiant and undaunted. He thinks in terms of countries where most of us think in terms of counties. He knows no creed but Germany and himself.

In no sense does he feel himself to be defeated. He considers the War to have been an experiment that failed. For that he is sorry. It was the quick, the easy way, to success. But since it has failed, he will do the next best thing.

The peace terms have not subdued him. They have merely made him hot under the collar. He will live up to them if he has to. Otherwise, he won't. Meanwhile, he will try in every way he knows how, moral, immoral or unmoral, to gain by trickery that which he failed to gain by force.

His means will be many.

THERE are millions of Germans all over the world. Vast numbers of them, like him, are new Germans. During the War they were loyal to the country of their adoption only because they were afraid to be disloyal. They bought Liberty bonds, because Liberty bonds were a pretty good investment and a very good camouflage. They did lip service for the Allies because they felt they could be of more use to Germany outside an internment camp than in it. They went as far as they dared in their aid to Germany. Forced to be passive soldiers in the old war, they will be shock troops in the new. Their entrenched positions, their money, their commercial fox holes and their economic dugouts will all be at the disposal of the new General Staff of the new German army of conquest by peaceful (God save us!) penetration.

And already the war is on. Already the German-language press (which should have been stamped out like the scorpion it is) is beginning to sneer at America, to belittle England. Already German commercial agencies are getting ready to operate throughout the world. Already the propaganda machines are set up and operating.

The first move will be to try to diffuse distrust. The English-speaking peoples, with their present allies, are the natural basis of an enduring peace. This Germany will strive to break down. She will endeavor to cause us to do things to antagonize our friends; and our friends to do things to antagonize us.

By her international banking scheme, which provides that German banks throughout the world can be subsidized by the German government, she can gain control of many smaller countries of vast wealth, and vast potentialities for trouble. It's a cute idea, this German banking scheme, and as simple as a dollar watch. And it works.

Suppose Germany wants to get control of Peruvia, or Bolu, or some similar country.

She sends a good trustworthy person over there and he noses around and picks out a man who looks like a good party man who would remember his friends, and he says,

"How would you like to be the president of this country?"

"Fine," says the prospective candidate. "I've been thinking of something like that myself. But it costs money to buy votes down here. And the English and French and American banks won't stake me, and besides, my credit is no good."

"Your credit is all right with me," says the German emissary. "If I put it over for you, will you reciprocate with a few favors, such as confiscating mines and oil wells from the British and French and slipping 'em to me?"

"I sure will," says the candidate. "I'm a regular guy and nobody's stronger for the you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours thing than I am."

"Good!" says the emissary. And he sits down and cables Berlin that he's found the right lad, and if they'll send their local bank a trifle of eight million marks, or three billion *pesetas* in the besotted currency of the infant nation he's about to *spurlos versenkt*, he'll put the deal across for 'em.

They ship him said foolish money. The election is held. The candidate is elected by a majority of 3,675,980 to 1, and it ain't an hour before they've got a posse out after the 1, and the whole country is being run from the German legation.

It's a great idea. And there isn't a way on earth to stop it.

And that is only one of the schemes they've got up their sleeves.

And as soon as they really get started, they'll have commercial liquid fire, and a new kind of economic submarine that will be a pippin. Their poison gas of propaganda is already drenching us. They'll overcharge in countries where they can effect a monopoly and undersell in other countries until they can get a monopoly. Commercial *schrecklichkeit* will be their specialty in this new war, as physical frightfulness was in the old.

Secret agreements will be made with nations that don't like us, and there are plenty of 'em and more since we tried to Simon Legree the Peace Conference the way we did. Rebating will become a fine art. Dumping will be reduced to a science. German goods, camouflaged by other names and other trademarks, will flood the world, and for these goods preference over allied manufactures will be gained by bribery and corruption. No one knows better than Germany that almost every man has his price, if not in money, in ambition, love of power, wine, woman, song. Germany will find out that price, and pay it.

And if, when you say these things, any helix-eyed evangelist tells you you're an alarmist, a pessimist or a croaker, ask him when he's ever seen a leopard change his spots overnight? Ask him if he's ever heard any German express contrition over the things they have done. That the submarine was a mistake they'll admit; because it pulled us into the War; but have they yet admitted it to be a crime? Ask him on what grounds he believes that the Germans are going to refuse to avail themselves of new weapons, in the use of which they are expert, to the same end?

The new war is not a speculation; not a belief; not a supposition; not a prediction. It's a fact. It's as mathematically provable as that two and two make four, that a squirrel will eat nuts, or that a vampire sucks blood. Moreover, it's already on us, as any good business man can tell you.

And we won't win it by shutting our eyes and refusing to see it. We can win it only by fighting, and by fighting longer and harder and better than they do. And in the new war, as in the old, we shall be at a disadvantage. Because Germany is a dirty fighter, while we try to fight fair. Germany will stoop to things that we would never dream of doing. Germany recognizes no rules, while we abide by them. Again we shall face poison gas with naked lungs, and liquid fire with helpless bodies. The human body may escape. But the body politic will suffer.

Germany has the keenest national spirit of any race on earth.

Over a peace treaty that takes much from her, but not all, she foams with rage.

The decent people of earth have only half-finished the job. They should have licked the Germans entirely, or else not at all. To half-defeat them is only to make them mad without subduing them.

A casual observer, who doesn't pretend to be able to refix the whole world in a couple of minutes, out of his own head, might suggest that the thing to be done was to split Germany up into a lot of little, autonomous republics and then watch 'em to be sure they didn't put over any interlocking directorates. Or they could subjugate Germany; which they may have to do yet.

Be that as it may, the decent peoples may as well gird up their loins and gird 'em up now. They've got a long, hard fight ahead. For two Ideas are loose in the world, and the world isn't big enough to hold them both.

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Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 19*]

seemed to feel the delicacy of her question, and she flushed deeply and caught her breath. At the end of her sentence, her lips remained half open, and the expression of daring and embarrassment, mingled, seemed to Jurian to make her prettier than she had ever looked. He smiled that old-time boyish smile of his, such as she had seen when he lay in bed at Lucy Hesketh's home, and replied:

"Not the slightest, Miss Blair."

"But that position you held after you left here — " began the girl.

Jurian went red to the roots of his hair, as he recalled his mendacious correspondence with Miss Hesketh. "I've got a number of things to explain to you, Miss Blair," he continued, awkwardly. "Things I should have explained before. There seemed to be good reasons for waiting. I — I wish we could have a few hours together, quite alone. And that's part of what I had to ask of you. I wondered if we couldn't go out somewhere to-morrow. If it happens to be a fine Sunday, perhaps it would be nice just to amble along some country road ——"

Jurian was looking earnestly at the girl and he thought he saw a negation appear in her eyes. It halted him a little. He hesitated wondering how she would receive the unexpected proposal. "Perhaps that isn't the proper thing to do in Foxlake?"

She showed her small white teeth in a sunny smile. "Oh, I wasn't thinking of that at all."

"Well then," he renewed with briskly rising enthusiasm, "shall we do it? I've never gone in much for that sort of thing— but it would be wonderful for me. That green, wooded country out there is a kind of mysterious land. I'm frightfully ignorant of things that lately I've been craving to know. I want you to tell me the names of the trees, and things like that. I want to get away from everlasting people and groceries and business and just get a chance to breathe. I dare say I've had chances enough to get into the country, if I had wanted to, but somehow this feeling has come upon me lately. I'll tell you what, Miss Blair! Let's take a few things—some olives—and—you know— picnic stuff—you're not laughing at me, are you?"

"Indeed I'm not laughing at you," was the response. "I couldn't help smiling at the awful seriousness of the way you talked of those things. And at the idea of yours to get away from people. If you want to be quite alone, Mr. Jurian, I should think that I would be in the way."

"I want you to go with me," returned Jurian, looking deep into her eyes, "because I — I think, Miss Blair, that it's through you that this longing for Nature has risen up in me. Ever since I first saw you I've associated you with all those soothing, lovely pictures of the countryside."

The straightforward answer was more than the girl had bargained for. She dropped her eyes quickly and turned away.

Finally she answered, looking up but not at Jurian, "Of course I will go with you, Mr. Jurian. I'll be happy to tell you all I know. Only I can't go with you to-morrow. I've promised Grace Hastings — you know, Joe McKenzie's friend — to come over there to-morrow. But if the next Sunday is fine we might go."

"Next Sunday, then!" cried Jurian.

After Dorothy Blair had gone up-stairs, Jurian sat a long while in the little office. He leaned back in the swivel-chair, lighted a cigar and blew rings at the dingy ceiling. "Now, then!" said Jurian aloud, "I've got to get some money."

The young fellow counted his own cash. He had two hundred and thirty-five dollars. Living expenses had seemed incredibly cheap in Foxlake, and he had had no opportunity to spend money. Consequently he had not drawn upon his allowance. There were twelve hundred dollars there, awaiting his order, and as already three weeks more had gone since that sum accrued, in another week, there would be twenty-four hundred dollars.

He could wire for it, of course. But it was not on deposit in his checking account, and they might not respond to a telegram. For the same reason he couldn't write a check on it. Besides, he required somewhat more than the amount now in the East Marion bank. He should have not less than two thousand dollars the following Monday.

He suddenly recalled that Harvey Forsyth, the President of the East Marion Bank, had said that he would be glad to accommodate the Hesketh Store at any time. The obvious way out of the difficulty was to borrow two thousand from the bank. In another week he would go to New York, draw his $2400, and pay the loan off.

The following Monday morning, he went to East Marion and saw Forsyth. He was amazed to discover how cordially the banker regarded the loan. There was, to be sure, the little matter of security. Naturally the store became security. The note was for three months, merely — and with twenty-four hundred dollars in New York, at the end of another week, it was perfectly taken care of.

Miss Blair was considerably surprised when Jurian showed her the two thousand dollar credit with the bank, on which to meet their obligations. He did not tell, just then, where it came from.

Jurian's mind was upon other things. He seemed to take less and less interest in the operations of the store.

IF any one had told Frederick Jurian, three months before, that he was destined one July Sunday, to go ambling joyously along, with a picnic basket on his arm, in company with a little country-bred girl; that he would be delighted with trees, curious about birds, and positively voluble about the blue sky over their heads; that he would sit under an ancient hemlock — there to munch sandwiches, extract stuffed olives from a narrow-necked bottle with a hatpin, and listen in unmeasured delight to the placid, unsophisticated annals of a country village from the lips of a young woman who saw the incidents with a queer combination of seriousness and humor — if any one had told Jurian that this would be his fate, he would have listened impatiently, as to any overdrawn fairy-tale.

Yet here he was. It was his own suggestion that was responsible for his being here. Jurian patted his lips with a paper napkin, lighted a cigar, and sent out puffs of solid satisfaction.

He said to his companion, who had just risen to shake the crumbs from her lap:

"I like this, Miss Blair. This is great!"

"I like it, too." Then the girl pointed up: "Somebody's been looking at us all this time, Mr. Jurian!"

"Who?" was the reply from the young man, glancing around. Then he looked up in the direction the finger was pointing. A red squirrel, his tail arched over his back, was seated calmly on a branch of the tree.

Jurian laughed shortly. Then, his eyes rested upon the girl, who was still looking up, with her arm outstretched. She was making a little whistling noise. The whole artless poise of her body, accentuated by the Greek simplicity of the white dress she wore — her figure slightly inclined forward, brought from the lips of the young fellow the rapt murmur, "That's the loveliest picture I ever saw!"

She heard the words plainly. But she thought he was referring to the squirrel, and without turning to look at Jurian, she said softly, "Yes, aren't they graceful! I wonder if we haven't a saltine left for him?" Then she stooped quickly to explore the basket — and Jurian, who had stepped forward toward her almost unconsciously, brought up quickly and let his arms fall to his sides.

In another moment he would have taken her in his arms, and he knew it. He knew that he was reaching toward her, at that moment, not in passion, but as something he needed; some beautiful thing that had just appeared before his eyes for the first time. That sensation had passed; Jurian sat down again with his back to the tree. And just because some good sense of fairness told him that he had no right to say words of love to her at this time, he sought to shift the whole setting by saying, abruptly:

"Oh, Miss Blair, you don't mind if I introduce the subject of our store into our happy gathering for just a moment, do you?" At this whimsical wording of it, the girl laughed, and sat down in front of him. "Of course not."

"I didn't tell you about that two thousand dollars," went on Jurian. "I suppose I felt a little guilty about it. Not that it isn't all right. But perhaps Miss Hesketh wouldn't

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have liked it. The fact is, I borrowed it from the East Marion Bank."

Miss Blair looked at him quickly. "You — gave security?"

"I — er — yes; a note at three months, secured by the store," replied Jurian. Then he went on, "Oh, it's all right. I could have got the money elsewhere, only I didn't have the time to go after it. I can take the note up next week, if I please."

"You went to — to the East Marion Bank," echoed the girl, dully. A cloud passed over her face. Though the sun was still shining, the place darkened a little to Jurian as he saw that cloud.

"Why, yes. Any reason why I shouldn't have gone there?" he asked in the tone of carelessness, but with a queer sense of uneasiness suddenly arising.

"Why, I suppose not," was the faint response. "Only, you see, Mr. Oldridge practically controls that bank. I was thinking— if you'll pardon my saying it—they must have been glad to lend — "

Jurian had sprung to his feet before she concluded. The stupidity of his first important business transaction crashed down upon his consciousness. He had done the very thing Miss Hesketh had striven to avoid, when she willed the store property to him in the hope that he would save it from her rival. He had practically mortgaged it to Oldridge.

For a moment, Jurian forgot that his incoming twenty-four hundred dollars of allowance would be amply sufficient to redeem his note to the bank. "Oh, what a fool I am!" he groaned miserably.

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy Blair quickly, laying a hand upon his arm. "Please don't say that. I'm sorry I said anything — "

"You were right to say something," went on Jurian. "I've made a mess of it—nearly. Fortunately I can cover that loan all right. I've got the money in New York—that is, I can get it. But I've learned my lesson. I'm going to fix it to-morrow so that I can't do any more damage."

"You won't do anything without thinking it over well?" said the girl anxiously.

"I've thought it over well, Miss Blair. That is, what I'm going to do is — just what I'd have to do sooner or later. I ought to have known I couldn't do it. I've got just one thing to say to you, Miss Blair. Just one question rather. Do you think I'm a decent chap? I know I'm stupid—but do you think I'm decent — mean to do the right thing — all that?"

He was looking searchingly into her eyes for the unspoken answer which means most. She returned his gaze with clear confidence,

"Of course I do. Why should you ask that? You know it, Mr. Jurian."

"I haven't told you the truth about myself. You know nothing about me."

She nodded. "I know. But you must have good reasons."

"You believe in me? Do you believe me when I say that I haven't done anything dishonorable?"

"I do believe in you."

A gleam of satisfaction glowed in Jurian's face. "You don't know what it means to me to have you say that," he murmured. "I'm going to be worthy of your trust. I want to be more than that. I want to be worthy — of your love — if it should be my luck ever — to have it come to me."

She let fall her hand and the color fled suddenly from her cheeks.

"I mean that," Jurian resumed, eagerly. "I didn't mean to speak of it to-day. I've no right to under these circumstances. But I must keep things straight now. I've been loving you ever since those first days we were together. Every day we've been together, I've been struggling against the wish to reach out to you and tell you. I was struggling against it, because I wanted to have a clean slate first. There were things I wanted to do, first. There were things I wanted to tell you, first. It has come about the other way. I've told you this greatest thing first. But I had to tell you. . . . Oh; please say something to me! You're not angry with me? Shouldn't I have spoken about it? If you could only say — "

She turned her face to him. There was a faint smile on her lips; her lip trembled, and her eyes were moist. She put a hand in one of his and said softly, "I want to go home now. I don't know how I ought to feel, but I feel very happy. That's all I can say."

Jurian took up the basket and they walked home slowly and almost silently together.

As soon as he had left Dorothy Blair at the door that led up-stairs over the store, Jurian unlocked the front door and went in. Once within his office he took off his coat, pulled up his sleeves and sat down at his desk.

"Whew!" he exploded. "I've got it over and done with! The sweetest little girl in the world! Now, then, to get the other thing settled up." He reached for the telephone, and got Joe McKenzie on the wire.

"Hello, Joe! Can you come over to the store for a while? . . . Yes, this is Jurian. And can you bring Miss Hastings with you? She'll be interested in something I've got to say to you. Yes, right away, as soon as you can."

Jurian met the young lovers at the front door of the store. "Come right in!" he cried. He reached out and took a hand of each of them, and drew them inside.

"Miss Hastings, I'm glad to see you," he chattered gaily. "Joe hasn't shared you much with us since I've been here."

"I'm pretty busy at home," said the pale, dark-haired girl. "My mother is an invalid, you know; I can't leave her alone very much."

She was about nineteen years old, Jurian thought, and her dark tender eyes and sensitive mouth told him that Joe had chosen a clean, fine soul like his own.

"Come right into the office," said Jurian. "Now, then, we'll sit down. Let me take those papers off the chair. That's it. . . . Now, then, I'm going to begin by asking you a rude, intrusive question. But I hope you won't mind it, because I'm older than either of you, and it pertains to the matter in hand. Here's the question: Is the reason why you two young people don't get married, when you want to, because you feel that you need more money?"

ORDINARILY, he would have been shocked at the idea of a stranger being so familiar with the two lovers. But now, Jurian, sure of what he wanted to do, was playing the good friar part.

The young woman blushed and made no answer, looking curious and uneasy; but the straightforward Joe replied, bluntly, without evincing the slightest resentment at the personal question:

"Yes, Mr. Jurian, that's it."

"But, Joe," went on Jurian, delightedly, "if you owned a store like this, you wouldn't hesitate, would you?"

Joe looked surprised. "Why, I guess I wouldn't; no, sir," he gurgled.

Jurian took down a calendar from the desk-top, and tapped it with his pencil. "To-day is Sunday, the twentieth of July," he said. "Twelve days from to-day, the first day of August, Joe, you will be the owner of this property."

There was a dead silence. A grin had appeared on Joe McKenzie's face when Jurian began speaking, but it disappeared gradually as he saw that there was no facetiousness in Jurian's tone or look. Miss Hastings sat bolt upright and stared. "Do you understand, Joe?" added Jurian.

"No, I — I don't," was the reply. "You're — joking, maybe?"

"I am perfectly serious, Joe. I'm going to give you this store. That's all there is about it. I'm going to give it to you — first, because I like you; second, because you're better able to run it than I am. Do you know, Joe, that Miss Hesketh left this store to me partly because she was afraid it might fall into Oldridge's hands?"

"No, sir. But — I know she felt — "

"Well, that was one reason; perhaps the main reason. You're more capable to look out for this place than I am. On the first day of August, this place is yours. You hear what I say, Miss Hastings? You're one witness. Now will you kindly go up-stairs and get Miss Dorothy? I want her to hear that I've given the place to Joe — and some other things."

"But — but — you — what will you do?" quavered Joe. "You can't give me the store — and — go away — "

"I'm not going away — not yet, Joe. Besides, I have other means of support. I'll tell you all about it when Miss Blair comes down. I want to tell just you three, because you'll keep my secret, and you ought to know. The truth is, Joe, I shall have so much money of my own that I suppose I won't know how to use it intelligently."

"You mean — you're rich?"

"Well, I shall be. But wait. You'll hear the whole story."

"I can hardly believe it," murmured Joe. "It's like a dream—I

[*Continued on page 54*]

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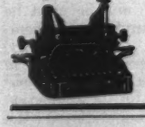

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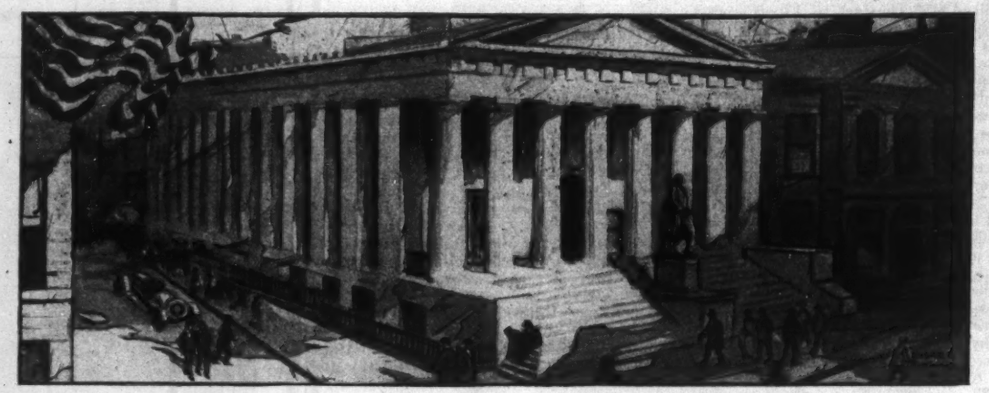

Preferred Stocks vs. Bonds

by

Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fifteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W 44th St., New York.

AN investor remarked recently that he objected to the advice that bankers usually give when asked for investment suggestions. "They always talk about bonds," he said, "and bonds don't yield enough. What I want is a list of good preferred stocks that will return me six per cent. or better." This is a desire shared by many people who do not feel content with the income received from capital invested in bonds. They want safety, of course, but they also want high yield, and preferred stocks seem to them to offer the best chance of securing this result.

True enough. It must not be forgotten, however, that the very fact of preferred stocks yielding more than bonds proves they are not as safe. It is almost without exception the case that the lower the yield the greater the safety. First mortgage bonds of a company yield less than those secured by a second mortgage; the preferred stock will return less than the common.

Bonds have a definite security behind them and the owner can get redress if interest is not paid. If a dividend is passed the owner of the stock can only hope for the best. When you buy stock you become a partner in the corporation, and partnerships involve a share in the losses as well as in the profits. A bondholder is a creditor who has loaned money to the stockholders and he must be paid before they can take anything for themselves.

So it is that the banker is justified in recommending bonds. His first care should be to use every precaution for the protection of a client's money, and he knows that a bond will be the best safeguard. Even though the issuing company should fail, the holder of a well-secured bond is practically certain to get his money out, while a stockholder may or may not, depending on what is left after the bondholders have been paid.

There is a saying that when it comes to investments it is much easier to get advice on what to buy than on what to sell, and a moment's reflection should convince any one of the truth of this statement. Many securities seem to be attractive purchases, but after you have bought them conditions may arise which make you wonder if you have acted wisely. The price of your investment may decline and then you must decide whether or not to sell and take your loss. On the other hand, you may have a paper profit, a small one perhaps, and the question of selling and taking your profit must be settled. Bonds, however, are usually bought for investment, income is the main consideration, and this problem is not so prone to present itself.

In other words, if a man wants a higher yield than a bond can give, he must be willing to accept larger responsibility. He will have to watch his investment more closely and accept greater risks. But he may consider that the larger return compensates him for the increased possibility of loss. That is a question every man must decide for himself, and its solution is dependent upon a variety of matters, the most important being whether he can afford to assume the risk involved.

IT would seem that a comparison of preferred stocks and bonds were all in favor of the bonds, except as to the one point of yield. The comparison is not all one-sided, however. Stocks are free of the normal income tax, which is an advantage to the small investor, and further increases the net yield of his investment. Preferred stocks usually pay more in dividends than bonds do in interest. There are comparatively few so-called "high grade" bonds which yield six per cent., and yet it will be seen from the typical list given below that perhaps the majority of preferred stocks pay that much or more. This means that a preferred stock has greater possibilities of advancing in price than has a bond. Suppose a preferred stock which pays eight dollars a share a year yields six per cent.; that would mean a price for it of over 133. A five per cent. bond of the same company would probably not sell above 110 except under exceptional circumstances. If the two securities were purchased originally at par, the man buying the stock is plainly the gainer so far as profit is concerned. When he sells and takes his profit, however, the man who buys from him stands more chance of loss than gain, for if it is true that few preferred stocks yield less than six per cent. it follows that their market price is not apt to go beyond the point where that return may be realized.

There is a broad market for good preferred stocks, however, and this is a factor always to keep in mind. The law of supply and demand can hardly be ignored whether applied to food, wages, or securities. Recently there has been an enormous demand for stocks, and the volume of business on the New York Stock Exchange has been unusually large. Buying power seems limitless and this fact has tended not only to keep prices up, but to force them higher; higher than some people have considered warranted by conditions. In the face of income taxes and greatly increased living costs, the public still seems to have ample funds for the purchase of stocks.

Much of the purchasing power is said to come from people who are buying on margin, and instead of depositing a percentage of cash with the broker are using their Liberty Bonds for this purpose. The bonds are as good as cash, and due to their having saved and invested when we were at war, many people have funds to speculate with that they never would have had otherwise. The possibility of the brokers eventually owning all the bonds is, of course, another matter. The fact remains that if people would save their money in this country they could buy almost limitless amounts of securities. The way they bought Liberty Bonds during the War shows what they could do in the way of purchasing other securities if they would save their money as enthusiastically now that peace is here.

Money to invest keeps up the demand for securities and, consequently, their price. Money invested furnishes capital for new enterprises and expansion and growth in those already established. Production is increased and production is the basis of wealth. The investor makes it possible for business to thrive and do well, and he reaps not the least of the resulting benefits.

There are worse things to buy than preferred stocks, too. But before you buy them find out all you can about the issuing company if you have any doubts about it. After you buy, keep in touch with it.

Consider the company's product, and whether it is a

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
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How Big Investors Place Their Funds
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staple or not. Will there be a market for it ten years hence? If not, there will be none for your stock either. Steel probably will always be in demand but the same thing could not be said of a patent pickle fork. The latter might be very popular for a time and then be supplanted by a fork of another make, vastly improved. An exaggerated illustration, of course, but perhaps it will bring out the point I wish to make.

A successful merchant carries merchandise that people want and need; he deals in staples. An example of what can happen to securities of companies which do not deal in that kind of goods is furnished by the numerous mushroom corporations which sprang up all over the country to manufacture munitions. While the War lasted they did well, but when the War ended the end of most of them came, too. How many people are there in the country to-day I wonder who own stock in corporations formed to manufacture airplanes, fuses, explosives, or shell cases for the Allies? How much are these stocks worth to-day? If the War had continued they might have realized handsome profits. War created the demand for these things, but in spite of the fact that this country has engaged in one hundred and seventeen wars, it is not our normal condition. The stock of companies manufacturing goods in demand when conditions are normal is the stock to buy. The demand may vary, but it will continue.

The companies whose stocks are listed below, for instance, are selling tobacco, paint, kitchen-ware, steel, fertilizers, oil, transportation, cloth, automobiles, gas and electricity. The chances are good that there will always be a demand for what they have to sell. Provided their businesses are managed capably and honestly, therefore, their preferred stocks should be a reasonably safe purchase. Some of the stocks in the list are doubtless better than others, and the list is by no means complete. It merely contains suggestions which seem worth considering. At present market prices their average yield is over six per cent., their dividend rate being given here in number of dollars a share. They are all preferred stocks.

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National Lead	7.00
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Insurance and Banking by Mail

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2. S. W. Straus & Company have published a "Questionnaire for Investors," an invaluable piece of literature, which shows how to test the safety of any investment. It will be sent on application to any one who writes S. W. Straus & Company at 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago, and asks for Circular X-904.

3. The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

4. Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co. Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

5. "Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing

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19. Odd Lot Review, published weekly at 61 Broadway, N. Y., and edited by Franklin Escher, is an independent little financial paper of great value to security-buyers seeking to invest along conservative lines. The subscription price $2 a year; trial subscription $1 for 6 months.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 51*]

always knew there was something queer about you, Mr. Jurian. When you came here your hands were just like a lady's hands — excuse me for saying so, please; and your words that you use are different from us folks. But I don't know how to thank you — "

"You needn't — " Jurian's voice was drowned by the raucous yowling of an automobile horn outside. "Ah! here come the two — "

The door opened and Miss Hastings looked in. Dorothy Blair was with her. "There are some people out here asking for you, Mr. Jurian," she said. "They're strangers in a big yellow touring-car."

"Strangers looking for me?" was the surprised reply. "Are you sure?"

"They're in the front of the store," added Dorothy Blair.

"Confound it, they're probably a bunch of tourists who want cheese and crackers and soft drinks or something! Joe, go out and shoo them away from here! No, wait; I'll go."

Jurian rose impatiently and stalked out of the office. With natural curiosity, Joe and the two girls hovered in the rear of the store, looking at the visitors.

Jurian had gone half the length of the store when he was greeted by four familiar voices.

"Well, Freddy Jurian, you old duffer, what do you mean by sneaking away and hiding yourself in a place like this?"

"Please tell us, Frederick, whatever is the price of potatoes to-day?"

"Well, Frederick, I do hope we haven't interrupted any business or social affairs."

"You old fox, you thought you'd given us the slip, did you? Aha, Sherlock Holmes, you left a fatal paper behind, and we have discovered you at *las-s-s!*"

The whirlwind of good-natured badinage overwhelmed Frederick Jurian. He looked helplessly at his tormentors; the beautiful Hazel Kernon, with high color in her cheeks and a trace of scorn of these surroundings on her lips; Jimmy Kernon, her brother; B. Perkins Proctor, the imperturbable, precise and good-humored "Benny," and Yvonne Bellfield, with the lustrous eyes.

" — I'm glad to see you all," gasped Jurian, weakly, bracing himself against the counter.

"You don't appear to be in danger of dying of the joy," laughed Benny Proctor. "Trot out here, Freddy, and let us look at you. Yvonne, please regard our Freddy! He's thinner, isn't he? Do grocerymen always grow thin?"

"'I wonder what the grocers find to buy
One half as precious as the things they sell?'"

"Perhaps we are really intruding," suggested Miss Kernon, in her rich voice, and with a suggestive lift of the brows.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said Jurian, faintly. "But I was just thinking — er — you might find it more comfortable — er — over at the hotel. I'll join you there very soon."

[*To be continued*]

Are you using all your brain all of the time or do you lull half of it to sleep every morning and get along on half-steam, thinking that you are a smart fellow and that the world is a devilish hard place? Now, we wonder! Go back and pick out the cleverest thing you ever did in your life. Are you living up to that clever deed or have you smugly concluded that it was a flash in the pan, and that your Creator could scarcely expect you to keep up to that high mark? That is the trouble. We really do not know how clever we can be. Let's get on the job. Read Fred C. Kelly's article, "How Would You Like to Be a Detective?" in the September number.

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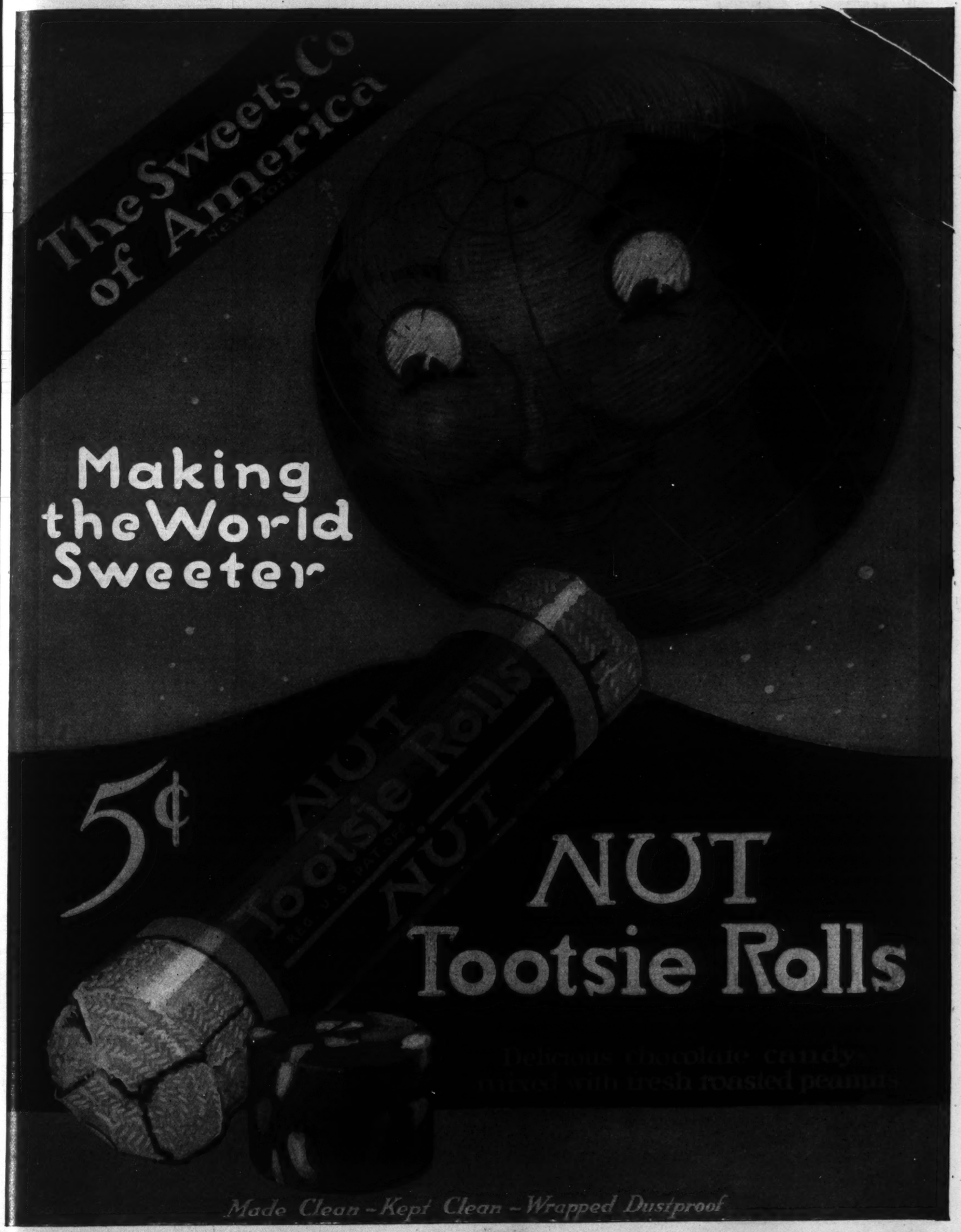
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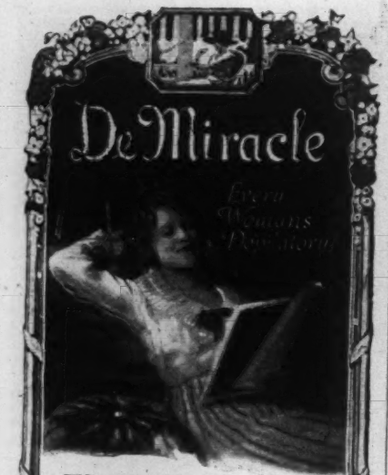

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It's a Great Life—If You Don't Week-End!

[*Continued from page 17*]

I tried to stand firm for my rights as a free citizen, but Lilla's distressed face and her incoherent appeal won the day.

I went to Mrs. Sanford's dinner where everybody ate and drank more than they wanted, where the women knitted furiously between dances, and where I lost several dollars in a game of pool.

I rose at six on Monday morning, dressed hastily, raced through my breakfast, and was whirled off to the train designed for those unfortunate week-enders who keep office hours.

I had gone to the country for rest and relaxation, but I had worked harder than if I had stuck to my desk. For sixty hours I had been a helpless pawn in the week-end game, jumped about at the will of my hostess and those she desired to please. I had had no privacy except when asleep. I had gone to break bread with an old friend, but the pal-sister of my classmate, with her love of wholesome fun, her keen humor, had vanished.

Having reached these conclusions, I turned the searchlight of social inspection inward. Perhaps I was fed up on the hospitalities which are showered on a personable man of thirty-five, who could play a little, dance rather well and relate a story with dramatic effect. Perhaps I did not appreciate the pleasant lines in which my life ran.

A headline of the paper which the man ahead was reading caught my eye.

"Red Cross Carries on Marvelous Work for Disabled Soldiers."

My thoughts flew back to Great Cliff. I saw again the group of men who had grown old, sated and disillusioned. I saw the ranks of women who were all alike in the unnatural perfection of their complexions, the insolently rich simplicity of their dress, the emptiness of their conversation.

In homes and hundreds of hospitals thousands of our men were preparing painfully and courageously to take up their broken lives, while we for whose safety they had fought were dancing like aimless dervishes to the piping of Idle Pleasure. A harassed government was still crying out for help, cooperation, service and conservation, yet I had seen foodstuff flung aside in wanton waste to make a week-end holiday for those who close their eyes to the writing on the wall.

The next Sunday found me in town for the first time since warm weather had set in. I awoke to a sense of delicious quiet and calm. I looked out the window.

Ito had set my breakfast table on the tiny balcony. The awning shielded me yet left me a glimpse of a rarely blue sky. I read my paper from first news page to last classified advertisement. I wrote personal letters.

Then with a thought for the poor devils at Great Cliff batting their aching eyes at the human kaleidoscope, I flung myself down on my cool leather couch and slept.

At six I awoke refreshed, but with a troubled sense of moving in a social vacuum.

The gregarious instinct of the average male awoke the instant I was physically and mentally refreshed. The thought of dining alone was distasteful.

I ran an inquiring finger through my address book.

Ah, there—on the very last page—"Ziegler, Elsie —— Students' Club."

A girl from my home town, Elsie, having her voice cultivated, after years of painful economy.

Hopefully, I called the number.

Yes, Elsie was there—and delighted to dine with me. Yet some faint intonation in her voice during our brief conversation brought a flush to my cheek. Was she laughing at my sudden interest after months of neglect?

We dined on the roof of a hotel. Nearly every table was taken, yet we were comfortably apart. The music was furnished by a string quartette with leanings toward Schumann, Chopin, Grieg and others of the gentler composers. I suggested that we have coffee served outside, where small tables, separated by palms and plants, were open to the sky.

"Isn't this great?" I demanded.

"Too good to be true! If I had gone through another week-end, I should have been tearing my hair."

My gaze came back to Elsie's face.

"You, too?"

She nodded.

"I knew just how you felt—when you telephoned. The reaction from perfect peace was more than you could stand. My dear boy, nobody who can do *anything* is exempt these days. It was my voice—I've been 'Hope' in the most hopeless tableaux ever designed by a woman who has nothing but money. I have sung from a band stand erected for an *al fresco* dinner, and from a thicket of roses at a Marie Antoinette *fête*. I have had to snub the husband of one hostess and the son of another who mistook me for a Winter Garden chorus girl!"

Our mingled laughter brought a discreet waiter from his screen of palms. When he turned away, the laughter died on Elsie's lips, and the brown eyes raised to mine were like deep, troubled pools.

"I used to think, Billy, that by such rose-strewn paths of social influence, I might gain recognition in the world which supports music. But now I know better. When I played the week-end game, I was unfit to work other days. I must put the best of myself into my work or acknowledge that I have not been true to my years of preparation. Week-ending made me miserable, so I have cut it out. Do you think I am making a mistake?"

"You're altogether right!"

The waiter deposited an urn of hot coffee between us.

"One?" asked Elsie, sugar tongs swinging from a slender finger.

"One," I echoed, smiling down into eyes which were no longer troubled.

Then I told Elsie about my strenuous Friday to Monday at Great Cliff. There were moments during the recital when she shook with suppressed laughter, and other moments when she regarded me with a sympathy which was most comforting.

When it was over, she inquired gaily.—"Billy, why is a week-end?"

I looked into her smiling eyes and answered: —

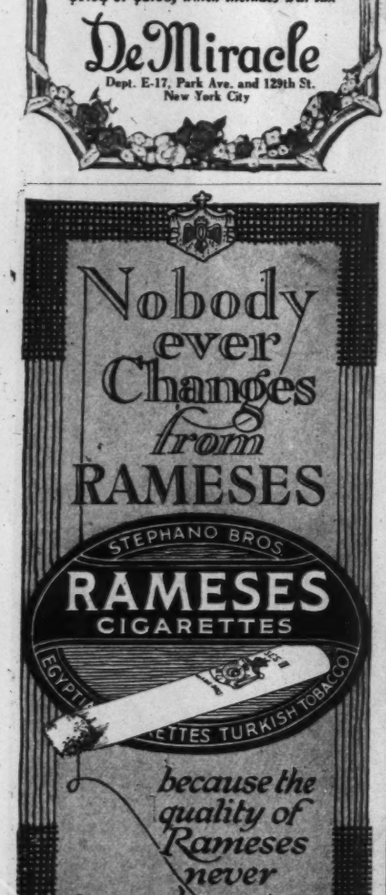
"To bring together two people who ought to have known each other better, long ago."

The brown eyes turned mocking.

"The reaction is too much even for your usually level head, Billy."

"I never said as much to one of the seven charmers," I insisted stoutly.

"Of course not—you never escaped the mob long enough. For the male of the species—there's safety in crowds. We'll ride home in—the trolley!"



Labor's Progress Is America's Triumph

[*Continued from page 37*]

last to be nominated by Samuel Gompers, member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, and President of the American Federation of Labor.

"As basic standards with reference to each cantonment, such commission shall use the union scale of wages, hours and conditions in force on June 1, 1917, in the locality where such cantonment is situated. Consideration shall be given to special circumstances, if any, arising after said date which may require particular advances in wages or changes in other standards. Adjustment of wages, hours or conditions made by such board are to be treated as binding by all parties."

On August tenth, Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, approved the agreement for the United States Navy.

Similar agreements were entered into with the United States Shipping Board and with various governmental agencies. Under such agreements the great national army cantonments were erected in record time.

On March 29, 1918, the War Labor Conference Board, appointed by the Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson, upon the nomination of the President of the National Industrial Conference Board and the President of the American Federation of Labor, reported to President Wilson a plan for dealing with industrial disputes and issues during the War. President Wilson, by proclamation, then brought the National War Labor Board into official existence, stating that the principles laid down by the War Labor Conference Board were to be the principles guiding the National War Labor Board.

Included in the set of principles was this: "The right of workers to organize and bargain collectively through chosen representatives is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged or interfered with by the employers in any manner whatsoever."

Thus, the right of workers to a voice in the determination of their conditions of life became one of America's guiding principles not only in the war industries of the government, but the spirit became most general among employers the country over. The men and women of toil had come to stand straight and to speak with authority in matters of executive direction. In these days when so many prophets throughout the world are proclaiming revolutions of such sweeping character, it may be presumptuous for me to use the word "revolution," but I maintain that when we reached that point in our national life where Labor assumed a directing rôle in the affairs of the country, a very definite and practical revolution had been accomplished. A definite result had been gained, a deep-rooted concept completely destroyed and replaced by a new one of exactly opposite character, and the struggling masses of mankind given a new status in society.

Labor insisted upon the right of determining the conditions under which service would be given. Labor will continue to insist upon maintaining that principle as a right in perpetuity. Labor demands also the right of full representation in all activities of our industrial, commercial, political and social life.

We have come through the War. The worth of Labor's creative efforts and of Labor's administrative thought is written into every page of the record. Labor gave service to the full. It was driven only by its own conviction and consciousness. The voluntary offering of free men for the principle they believe in surpasses any product of bondage the world has ever known or ever could know.

We are upon days no less trying than the days of war, and no less fraught with great consequences. The service of Labor to our country will be great, if its opportunities are great, a true reflection of the status that Labor occupies in the nation. The higher and freer the position of Labor, the greater and nobler will be the service of Labor. Bondmen might write a declaration of freedom, but they could not conduct their own affairs and act the part of freedom until they had become free. American Labor has achieved the great fundamentals of industrial freedom and it has established this fact in the life and consciousness of the community. As free men they wish to go forward in constructive effort to improve all life from day to day as opportunity offers, working to that end with every person, every agency and every influence that seeks progress. We are on the road called Progress and we cannot and shall not turn back.

If there be those whose desire it is to turn back, Labor will resist, and resist to the utmost, every effort they put forth. The safety and well-being of our country and of the world lie in going forward. Never was this as true as it is to-day. The will of the world is set to go forward. There are among us those whose minds are set upon reaction, it is true. Not in our time will the world be free of those whose creed is reaction. Were we within sight of the

[*Continued on page 61*]

Conversations with Roosevelt

[*Continued from page 14*]

over the coffee, all hands turned to discussing the conduct of affairs in Washington.

"When I see the way things are going in Washington, it makes my blood fairly boil," Mr. Taft was quoted as saying, "but when I think how much madder they must make T. R., I feel a whole lot better."

"From the bottom of my heart, I am sorry for Roosevelt," he went on after the laugh had subsided. "Here he is, the one man in the country best capable of handling the situation, denied any part in it, and compelled to sit in the bleachers and see the ball booted all over the lot."

Some one — I know not who — repeated this story to the Colonel, and in telling it, he added that "Taft was not much better off."

"Taft," said he, "could do real work in Washington — he could do great work abroad. Think what he could do in Baker's place; what a splendid thing it would be to have him in Paris, or London or Rome! Just think of the appeal that would make to the imagination of the people of Europe!"

On the morning of the Hotel Blackstone meeting, Colonel Roosevelt arrived in Chicago en route for Des Moines. He planned a quiet day — a few interviews with friends and a private talk to an editorial association in the afternoon, a late dinner and an early train. After the talk to the editors, he advised me to "take the evening off."

"There won't be a thing doing," said he. "I'm going to get into some dry clothing," (he was perspiring very freely) "have a late dinner, and get ready for the ten-o'clock train. You had better take the evening off, but be back by nine-fifteen sure."

MY idea of taking the evening off was to stick about the hotel lobby, for traveling with the Colonel, as all newspaper men who have toured with him will testify, was serious business. One never knew what might turn up, and in the months immediately before and after our entry into the War, there was always the chance that some German might seek to aid the Fatherland by destroying him. The Colonel gave this danger small thought, but it was present nevertheless.

Therefore I had my dinner, filed a brief dispatch for New York and was chatting with the Western Union operator in the hotel, when, suddenly, came the sound of cheers from the dining-room. They were not the customary well-bred cheers one looks for at any time in a hotel like the Blackstone — rather were they the kind one hears in a mass meeting in the midst of an exciting campaign.

Both telegraph operators and the telephone girl paused in their work. Cheers in the Blackstone on a Sunday night are so unusual. I made for the dining-room.

In the Blackstone the dining-room is some nine or ten steps above the level of the office floor. These steps were crowded by men and women who a moment before were seated in the lobby — all very much excited about something.

"What's up," I asked a man on the lower step.

"Nothing; only T. R. and Taft's got together," he replied. "They're in there holding an old-home week."

"Old-home week" seemed to describe it perfectly. At the far side of the dining-room at a small table by a window sat the two ex-presidents. Mr. Taft was beaming and Colonel Roosevelt, leaning half across the table, was expressing himself very earnestly. It was for all the world like two old soldiers met, after many years, at a G. A. R. reunion.

I left the crowded stairs to bulletin New York, "Roosevelt and Taft dining together" — for it so appeared from the stairs, and returned to await the end of the meal. On my way I met Mr. Taft.

"Judge," I asked, "won't you tell me about your meeting with Colonel Roosevelt? Was it by appointment?"

"Lord, no!" said he. "I came here from St. Louis on War Labor Board business — we have a session here to-morrow — I was half way to my room when I heard he was in the dining-room and going to leave in a few minutes, so I just dropped in on him to pay my respects. Isn't he looking splendid? I never saw him looking much better."

"Did you talk politics?"

"Son," laughed Mr. Taft, "you really do not expect me to answer that question, do you?"

"Well, I am safe in assuming you did."

"Now don't you assume anything," he commanded. "You just quote Mr. Taft as saying Colonel Roosevelt and he discussed patriotism and the state and welfare of the nation. That will cover everything."

I left Mr. Taft to go to the Colonel's suite, arriving just as he came bouncing in.

"Jack," he exclaimed, "did you know I've just met old Taft?"

"I have just left him," I replied. "How did it happen?"

"I was never so surprised in my life," he answered. "I thought I heard some one call 'Theodore' and I looked up just as he reached the table with his hand stuck out. There was so much noise being made by the folks in the room I am not quite sure what he said. I think it was 'Theodore, I am glad to see you.'

"I grabbed his hand and told him how glad I was to see him. By Godfrey, I never was so surprised in my life. He was farthest from my thoughts. I no more thought of him being in Chicago than in Timbuctoo. But wasn't it a gracious thing for him to do? Now, I don't know what to tell you. What did he say?"

I repeated what Mr. Taft had given me for publication.

"Taft is right," he said. "That covers it. Let it stand at that. But I am mighty glad to tell you that he agrees with me on everything. He feels exactly as I do about those people in Washington and the way they are carrying on."

A few minutes later, still beaming, the Colonel came down-stairs to take a cab for the train.

"Jack," said he, "I don't mind telling you how delighted I am. I never felt happier over anything in my life. It was splendid of Taft."

"It is a big night's work," I said, "and notice to the world that the party is really and truly united. It will be so taken in Washington."

"I believe you are right," and then, with a laugh, "it is too bad to spoil Mr. Wilson's breakfast!

"But the important thing, Jack, is something more than our meeting. Did I tell you that he is in perfect harmony with me — that we agree perfectly on the way things are going in Washington? That is important. What did you wire New York?"

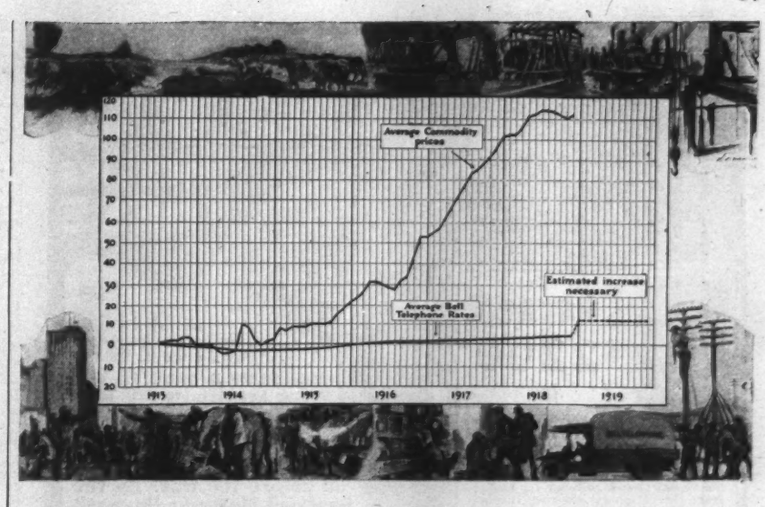
"Just a brief dispatch, emphasizing the warmth of your meeting. I had no time for more. I think it well to let the fact sink in and follow the story with one bringing out the significance of the meeting. I am also wiring John King a personal message."

"Good; John should know, by all means. You will know what to tell him."

No more was said on the way to the station —the Colonel was busy with his thoughts and humming his favorite battle air, "Garry-owen."

[*More next month*]

What would you do if you were a young man with a real idea bobbing around in your head somewhere, but with never a chance to let it develop? What would you do if you suddenly came into a fortune? Would you suddenly forget the idea and have a whacking good time out of life, or would your whacking good time mean that at last the idea would come into its own? Read next month "The Edgar Jennings Case," by William Hamilton Osborne, which is one of the best short novels ever published by McClure's.



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Such a Business Head!

[*Continued from page 29*]

now, Mamie," he said, "and it's time you was thinking of getting married. I was talking with Mr. Mandelbaum the other day, and think we can fix it up with his son. He's going to give him fifty thousand dollars and maybe I'll give a little so you'll be all fixed."

Mamie stared at her father.

"But I don't want to get married!" she said.

"Oh, you don't say!" cried her father. "Maybe you'd just like to play the lady around the house and run around with *schnorrers* like that Kahn fellow. You'll get married and that's all there is to it."

"Can't — can't Mr. Kahn come to see us?" asked Mamie. "The girls all like him. He's — he's — "

"He's a *schnorrer*," said her father. "If I ever see him in the house I'll take him by the neck and put him out."

THEN, unexpectedly, Mamie burst into a peal of merry laughter. Love laughs at locksmiths! Ah, yes! Also at plumbers, shoemakers, leather merchants, parents and the Constitution of the United States of America.

The next evening Nathan Mandelbaum, in dutiful obedience to his father, called upon Lefkovitz, was introduced to Mamie and was invited to dinner. Throughout the dinner Mamie's sisters kept up a duet of giggling. Mamie, herself, sat silent, frigid and disdainful. Nathan, with an amused smile upon his face, alternated his gaze between his plate and the ceiling. Lefkovitz, with the entire burden of conversation upon his shoulders, told many stories of men whom he had known who owed their success in life to having married the right kind of woman. After dinner he took his two younger daughters in the library, leaving Nathan and Mamie alone.

"Do you play pinochle?" asked Nathan.

"Why, no," she said, haughtily.

"Then you've been wasting time at boarding-school," said Nathan. "No education is complete without a knowledge of pinochle."

There was a twinkle in his eyes that was irresistible, and Mamie, despite herself, could not refrain from smiling.

"Look here," said Nathan, suddenly, "how much of a dowry did your father say he was going to give you?"

Mamie, shocked at the rawness of the question, sat bolt upright in frigid silence.

"My father says he's going to settle fifty thousand on me," he continued, calmly. "Your father, I believe, went as high as twenty thousand. Now if you can get your father to go as high as fifty thousand I'd teach you how to play pinochle and we could play one dowry against the other."

Mamie stared at him in amazement.

"Isn't that much easier than getting married?" asked Nathan. "You wouldn't want to marry me if I were the last man on earth. Would you? I've got a terrible temper, I drink, smoke, play cards,——you could do a thousand times better than marry me."

"Did you come here to propose to me?" asked Mamie, through gritted teeth.

"My father expects it and I think your father expects it; but, to be perfectly frank with you, I've got entirely different plans."

Then Mamie burst into a fit of laughter. Nathan, a broad grin upon his face, sat looking at her. Then, suddenly,

"Oh, you're a dear!" she cried. And, rising, she approached him and laid her hands upon his shoulder. And, at that moment, the door opened and Lefkovitz entered. Mamie turned red with confusion.

"Oh, excuse me," cried her father, smiling happily. "I was just looking for my pipe."

Nathan Mandelbaum met Miss Lefkovitz upon a Tuesday evening. On Wednesday they had luncheon together. On Thursday they had luncheon with Mr. Julius Kahn. On Friday Mamie had luncheon with Mr. Kahn alone. And on Saturday Nathan and Mr. Kahn had luncheon by themselves.

Mamie made it clear to Nathan that Mr. Kahn was merely a friend of hers.

"Why, of course!" said Nathan. "He told me he looked upon you merely as a friend and had no other interest in you."

And then, detecting the startled look that flashed into the girl's eyes, he laughed.

"You little goose!" he exclaimed. "Why, you're as crazy about him as he is about you."

"Father," said Nathan, a week later, "Mamie and I have made up our minds about this marriage. I wish you would come with me to call on Mr. Lefkovitz."

They found the leather merchant in his office blinking over his accounts.

"Now, Mr. Lefkovitz," began Nathan, in a crisp, businesslike tone, "how much money are you going to give your daughter?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," replied Lefkovitz, after a moment's hesitation.

Nathan drew out his watch. "I'm not a business man," he said, "and I don't like to haggle. I'll give you exactly five minutes to make up your mind. Make it fifty thousand and write out a check payable to Miss Mamie Lefkovitz, and we will get married. And that's the last word I've got to say."

Mandelbaum gazed at his son in admiration.

Lefkovitz blinked a great many times. Then, he drew out his check-book and wrote a check for fifty thousand dollars, payable to his bank. He rang for his cashier.

"Take this to the bank," he said, "and open an account for Miss Mamie."

"Now, father," said Nathan, "how about the fifty thousand you were going to give?"

Mandelbaum turned red. "Say, what kind of hold-up business is this?" he cried. "What's all the hurry about?"

"Mamie and I have talked it all over," said Nathan, decidedly, "and we're going to do things our way or not at all."

"Hee! Hee! Hee!" cackled Lefkovitz. "Pay up, Mandelbaum."

"Come on, father," said Nathan, rising. "I'll go to your office with you and you can make out the check. We're going to get married very quietly. No fuss, no wedding presents, — just a businesslike wedding."

It was exactly twenty-four hours later. Mandelbaum sat at his desk in a trance. Before him lay a letter from his son. And, as he sat in this dazed condition, Lefkovitz rushed into the office, his whole being fairly bristling with rage.

"Look!" he cried, thrusting a letter into Mandelbaum's hand. "Read it! I've been swindled. You've been swindled. Ha! Your son! My daughter! A fine pair of *gonifs!* Read it."

Mandelbaum gazed at him curiously, took the letter and read it."

"Dear Father: I was married this morning. I am now Mrs. Julius Kahn. My husband is the finest, grandest man in the world. Thank you for the dowry. I have drawn it all out and sent it to a Chicago bank because we are going to live in Chicago. I know you will love Julius when you know him. We will come to see you whenever you wish.

"Mr. Mandelbaum is perfectly grand. By this time he is married, too. His wife is the sweetest girl in the world.

"Love and kisses from

"MAMIE."

MANDELBAUM shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use of getting so excited?" he asked. "She's married, isn't she?"

"Married? To a *schnorrer*, yes," said Lefkovitz. "A bum what will spend all that fifty thousand dollars in no time."

Mandelbaum picked up his own letter.

"Wait a minute," he said. "That boy ain't a bum. Nathan says something about him. He says Mamie don't even know it but the Kahn boy's got a quarter of a million coming to him when he's twenty-five. I don't see what you're kicking about."

Lefkovitz sank into a chair, his mouth wide open, a picture of comic bewilderment.

"Nathan said it?" he asked, incredulously. "What else did he say?"

Mandelbaum wheeled around in his chair and looked at him.

"He also said he's married with Kitty Wilson what used to be a model here."

"A *goy!*" cried Lefkovitz, laying his hand sympathetically upon Mandelbaum's knee.

Mandelbaum sadly shook his head.

"That ain't what's bothering me," he said.

Lefkovitz stared at him in amazement.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Mandelbaum's eyes were filling with tears.

"The matter?" said Mandelbaum. "All my life I thought that boy was a damn fool. And now — the way he got them fifty thousand out of you and me — he's got a business head like a Napoleon! And he says he's going to stick to painting!"

The Other Person — *Continued from page 15*

"Huh! I *reckon!* Esther can hit this town with fifteen cents, and buy more stuff than her pa can haul home in a spring wagon."

Neither of them noticed a pasty-faced young dilettante who had noticed the roll. He sidled around, and took position near the same window. Presently his crafty elbow nudged Jabe, and he whispered:

"Game's running six-handed — two more seats."

"What kind o' game?"

"Poker! Do you guess it's tiddledywinks? Git wise, pal! This old burg is fixin' to loosen up for joy."

"But," the Sergeant questioned, "I thought the government had cut that out?"

"Aw, forget it! We live in the *Free State* o' *Hamilton*, where Uncle Sam ain't allowed to meddle."

Jabe Morson edged closer. "Where's the game?"

"Right here." The tout opened a door which led upward from the street. Jabe's inquisitive eyes glimpsed a staircase, with green striped carpet, and a single gas-jet burning in the upper hall.

"Can *anybody* go up there?" he inquired.

"No, indeedy! Strictly private; only them what we invites."

Jabe tried to appear indifferent. "S'posin' we drop in, Sergeant?"

"Stay out, Jabe, and keep your money."

"I ain't goin' to lose nothin': jes' wanter see what it's like."

"No admission, gents. Tod'll be glad to see you."

"Tod Horne?" Ventress repeated, for even in his superficial knowledge of the town he'd heard this gambler alluded to as a public institution to be accepted, but not officially discussed.

"Sure! Everybody knows the Green Stairway—squarest game in America—and no chance o' gettin' pinched."

The tout lighted his cigarette, and swaggered off, but Jabe's eyes were fascinated by the Green Stairway.

"Sergeant, I'm a *mighty* good poker player—and lucky! Skinned the boys out o' nineteen dollars an' thirty cents."

"Look here, Jabe, don't act the fool. Penny-ante with Buddies over there is a different proposition from table-stakes, with sharks who make their living off of suckers."

"*I'm* no sucker! They won't catch *me*."

"Can't catch you if you don't bite. Look, Jabe," Ventress directed his comrade's eye and pointed; "isn't that the same girl we saw working at my old desk?"

"Sure is; an' she ain't no vamp."

"Come with me, and help ask her — "

"No, sirree; I'll stick to the observation post; 'pears like she mought cry."

Ventress tried to laugh as he walked resolutely to Miss Darden, and spoke.

"Beg your pardon, miss; but may I talk to you on business?"

"Certainly." Men never frightened Miss Darden, they always talked to her on business, or not at all.

"You see, miss, when I volunteered for this war, the superintendent promised to hold my job until I got back. To-day I saw you working at my place — "

"Then you must be Mr. Ventress?"

"Yes'm, and I've come home to — "

"Of course," with a little gulp in her throat; "I'm only employed temporarily."

"So if I report and claim my position, you lose yours?"

"That's all right. I accepted the place with that distinct understanding."

"No, miss; it is *not* all right. There's plenty more jobs for me."

"OH! You have something else?" with such an eagerness in her question, that Will Ventress lied like a gentleman, and got all tangled up — for he saw Jabe Morson go sneaking in at the Green Stairway. Ventress scarcely heard what Miss Darden was saying — gratitude, relief — which held him for a few precious seconds, before he could break away.

"Got to catch that fool," he muttered as he went bounding up the Green Stairway. The door was locked, but a wicket opened and a single eye peered out.

"What do you want?" demanded a voice behind the eye.

"I want that soldier who just came up."

It was Tod Horne himself spying through the wicket, and this inquirer he immediately sized up for one of those meddling persons who disrupted business by interfering with players. A man he could summarily dismiss. "We give no information concerning our guests."

"But that boy has an important engagement — "

"Can't let you in. Now get away, and don't come back." Tod closed the wicket.

Some historic months previous, Sergeant Ventress and a coterie of friends had voyaged to France with the notion of breaking down obstructions in a certain path. He found plenty of obstructions, and many doors were slammed in his face — but the path now stood open. Hence the shutting of one small wicket failed to hurt his feelings. He had become quite callous to forcing entrance where he wasn't wanted.

Meanwhile the Sergeant camped temporarily on Tod's top step, cussing more fluently than a Texas ranger. But granting all his specifications that Jabe Morson was every possible shade of an olive-drab imbecile even that could not excuse the Sergeant for deserting his comrade. However, he needn't batter a perfectly good set of knuckles against a solid-oak door. So he hitched up his belt, cussed some more, and strolled down-stairs to consider.

AS Ventress passed out of the gambler's door, he encountered the surprised and somewhat disappointed glance of Lawyer Buck.

"Ah, Sergeant Ventress, we meet again. Glad to see you, sir."

"Wait, Mr. Buck; please, sir! I didn't go up there to gamble. I want to get Jabe Morson out before they skin him alive."

"That *boy!*" the lawyer stopped, "What's *he* doing in Tod Horne's?"

"Tout got him, sir."

"Ventress, we *must* elect a sheriff who'll close those dens."

"Mr. Buck, I'm going to have *this* joint raided. Right now."

"Hush!" the lawyer warned him; "don't stand here and talk. Come with me."

He led Ventress diagonally across the street to his own office on the second floor.

"Have a seat," he said.

"But I mustn't leave Jabe."

"Then sit at that window where you can see him when he comes out."

Ventress glanced down upon the street and saw that he commanded a clear view of the gambler's doorway. But he was angry, restless, and couldn't tie himself to a chair.

"Mr. Buck, you're a lawyer; why can't that joint be raided?"

"Go to the police and find out. They'd laugh at you. So would the sheriff."

The Sergeant's blue eyes blazed. "It's against the law, and the sheriff ought to break it up."

"Undeniably; but in Pettus County, Ed Storrocks *makes* the sheriff. He is reputed to be a part owner in Tod Horne's game; and if the sheriff attempted to break it up, Storrocks would break the sheriff!"

"So Mr. Storrocks is responsible?"

"Yes, and so are the mayor; and the police; and the sheriff; and I am; and *you* are."

"I? Responsible? How?"

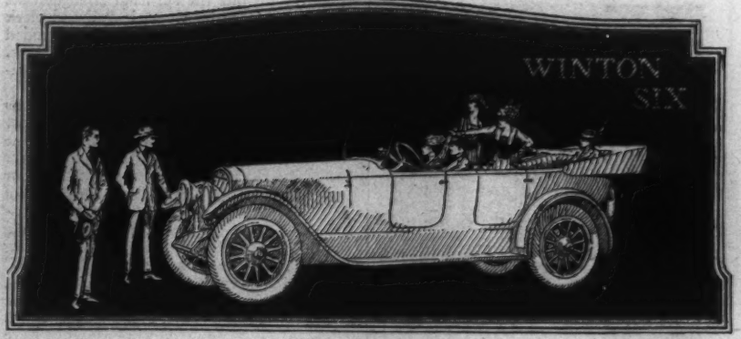
"Because you and I constitute a part of the slothful public sentiment which declines to exert itself and put such gangs out of office. Besides that, any citizen has the right to raid a gambling house."

The lawyer opened a Code. "Here's the Section, 1127, which says that 'all money and appliances shall be liable to seizure by any sheriff, constable, or police officer — or *by any other person.*' "

"Then," the Sergeant immediately applied his lesson, "if Jabe doesn't come out o' there, I'll muster a squad of soldiers, and — "

"No, no! Let young Morson see what's going on. His testimony may be valuable to us. But, I tell you, Sergeant, while you lads were fighting in France, big things were also happening at home. Heretofore, thousands of good lawyers, good business men, good mechanics, and good farmers, have never troubled themselves to be good *citizens*. This war has roused them. They gave their money and talents to war work, and learned the meaning of patriotic service. Now they are in politics to stay. Added to that, we have two million youngsters marching back from France—"

Buck talked on and on. It seemed almost uncanny to Ventress that this young lawyer



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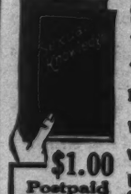

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should point out the spiritual changes that had taken place in a certain railroad clerk who marched off to war with horizon bounded by desk and pay car, and who marched back, a broadened American, with a keener consciousness of civic responsibility.

Vaguely and formlessly the Sergeant was digesting the thought — but he never lost sight of Tod Horne's door. For some time he had been wondering if Jabe could have forgotten Esther. No, the gambler's door was being opened from within, and part of an O. D. uniform appeared.

"Pardon me, Mr. Buck," Ventress sprang up; "I'll have to go; there's Jabe coming out. . . . No — he's gone back again."

Plunging down the office stairs, two steps at a time as if he were diving into a dugout, the Sergeant far out-distanced his crippled friend, who followed to see what might have happened. But even at such speed, when Ventress jerked open the gambler's door, the Green Stairway was empty. He stood glaring upward until he heard a groan at his feet, and looked down. There sat Jabe, huddled in a heap on the bottom step. The boy seemed to have collapsed.

"Jabe!" quite softly and sympathetically.

"Lemme 'lone, Sergeant."

"Remember you've got to meet Esther in a half hour."

"Can't do it, Sergeant." His tongue was thick, and his words muddled.

"Get up! You've been drinking!"

"Only took one — or two."

"Or forty." Ventress raised the boy erect, and saw that his only ailment was whiskey. "Here, come to my room and sober up. I'll meet the train."

"A'right. You can meet it if you want to — but I ain't goin' *nowhere*."

"Turn loose! *Come with me*."

Many times in France, Private Morson had caught that expression on his Sergeant's face.

"Ain' I comin' — fas' as I kin travel?"

"Sure you are!" Ventress supported his wobbly comrade into the street just as Hayward Buck reached the door.

"What's wrong, Sergeant?"

"Help me get this boy to the hotel—"

In the Sergeant's room at the hotel Jabe Morson submitted stolidly to a negro who began stripping him for the tub, while Buck and Ventress held court martial upon his case. Jabe never opened his mouth until Ventress announced the finding:

"Jabe, Mr. Buck will stay here to see that you sober up and come down-stairs, while I bring Esther to the restaurant."

"For God's sake, Sergeant, don't!" the boy steadied himself, and begged, "Don't *do it*. I couldn't pay for a ham sandwich."

"What?"

"Money's gone!" he blurted out.

"They robbed you?" Lawyer Buck looked in at the bathroom door and asked.

"I never saw nothin' crooked, sir; jes' had bad luck."

"Of course you never *saw* anything crooked." The Sergeant's tone changed to a good-humored banter.

"Say, Buddie, maybe you don't understand all you know about this easy game of poker?"

"Please, Sergeant, please — "

This was no time for joking with a chatter-teeth and humiliated boy — and besides, Ventress could see that ragged scar on Jabe's breast, which covered all offenses.

"NEVER mind, Jabe," he said quietly, "I've got money for us both. But Esther must not know that you were drinking."

"No, sir; she's dead agin *that*."

"Give her the watch, and she'll be so happy — "

"The watch?" A new terror trembled in Jabe's voice.

"Sure; give her the watch, and she'll forget to ask questions."

"That's gone, too. Oh, I ain't *man* enough to face Esther."

Lawyer Buck glanced at the Sergeant, who stiffened up, with an ugly set to his jaw.

"Mr. Buck, something has *got* to be done about this. Get in that tub, Jabe. I don't care if it *is* cold. Here, boy," to the negro; "souse him, drown him, freeze him! Sober him up before I get back."

The 7.45 was just pulling in, and though Ventress had no description of Esther, he could not mistake the country girl. No matter if she were from the country, Esther knew her rights and resisted manfully when the tall stranger in uniform attempted to snatch her new straw suitcase.

"You are Miss — Miss Esther?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"And you came to meet Jabe Morson?"

"Oh! You know *Jabe*?"

"We were comrades in France. He's detained uptown — on some important business — and sent me in his place."

Esther had more than half a notion to balk, but as Ventress kept moving he also kept talking, which was the proper persuasion for a balking filly — complete diversion of her mind from himself to Jabe Morson. So, before Esther knew it he had seated the reassured and expectant girl at a café table and slipped the menu card into her hand.

"Now, little sister, pick out the very nicest things you can find."

"Can we have oysters? Jabe loves 'em."

"Sure; go the limit on oysters — fried, stewed, scalloped — take your time."

"Oh, dear" — she wrinkled her brow at the *au gratin*, and the *bordelaise* — "I don't know what half these things are."

"Order 'em, and find out. Don't hurry. Take plenty of time. Spell it over. Now I'll go and get Jabe."

THE mystification of Esther was so simple and sweet and free from pretense that Ventress paused a moment to smile upon her, yet the Sergeant was in no smiling humor. He knew how wearily she must have waited for the home-coming of her soldier sweetheart, the gritty little devil with a splinter of shell in his breast. Then he thought of the boy returning so happily to be robbed by a *croque-mort*. The more Ventress thought about it the madder he got. Esther glanced up into his face, and it frightened her.

"Oh! Oh! Jabe's hurt? I *know* it from the way you look."

"No, little sis," he patted her shoulder; "sit still and be good. Jabe's *all* right."

"But you scared me so. I thought that something *awful* had happened."

"Something is going to happen — but not to Jabe. He'll be here in a minute."

Over the top of her card Esther watched him stroll out of the café, but could not see how swiftly he went leaping up-stairs.

Lawyer Buck sat smoking at a window, while the negro with a rough towel finished his sand-papering of a frappéed and sobered Jabe. The boy asked no questions except by a glance which his Sergeant answered.

"She's down-stairs in the restaurant, ordering supper. Dress yourself, and wait here, until I come back with your money."

"Let the money go; get Esther's watch. Promise that gambler *any*thing; I'll pay him."

"Who has the watch?"

"I never heard his name — foxy lookin' sniper, kinder squints, and got a bristly roan mustache."

"That's Tod Horne," Buck volunteered.

"Good!" Ventress was starting out. "Now, Jabe, where did Horne put your watch?"

"Upper right-hand drawer of his desk — under the roll-top."

True to American methods, the Sergeant drove straight ahead to his objective — Tod Horne's wicket door — and knocked.

Again the spy hole opened; again the eye, and the same voice.

"Didn't I tell you not to come back here?"

"Then give me that soldier boy's watch and money."

"No soldier boy in here."

"He *was* here half an hour ago."

"I tell you he wasn't."

"You're a liar."

"Huh! Gettin' spunky, callin' me a liar *through the door*."

"Open up and see what happens."

"No curiosity." Tod sneered, and shut the spy hole.

Once more Sergeant Ventress sat down on the top step, but he didn't cuss. The time had come to do something, and do it quick. First, he would try the regulation channels; so he hurried to a drug-store, and rang up the chief of police. No, the chief objected, he did not feel authorized to make a raid; he would investigate, and let Mr. Ventress hear from him in the morning. Good-bye. The Mayor answered the telephone from home. It was after hours. He would consult the chief to-morrow—and His Honor rang off.

Next Ventress called the sheriff, who insisted that it was a matter for the city authorities. Yes, the sheriff understood perfectly that the City of Hamilton was a part of Pettus County — that he was Sheriff of Pettus County — that the law provided for sheriffs to raid a gambling hell but — but — so many "buts" that Ventress rang off.

So Ventress appealed to the man higher up, ringing for Ed Storrocks himself at Jerry Whitcomb's house, where a suave voice assured him that Mr. Storrocks was not there.

"But I *saw* him go *in your house*."

"He has *not* been here."

"Very good," snapped the Sergeant; "please tell Mr. Storrocks that a wounded soldier has been robbed in Tod Horne's gambling joint. Neither the police nor the sheriff will do their duty, but I've found another man who'll break it up."

"Wait, wait!" the voice called. "Did I understand you to say that somebody's going to pull the Green Stairway?"

"*Keerect*!"

"Who?"

"I am."

"Are you a Federal officer?"

"No, only a citizen" — and a laugh came from the other end of the line. "My raid starts *right now*."

Right now in the A. E. F. means punctually, promptly, to a finish. That's why things happened when the Americans got to France. And that's why things began to happen when Sergeant Ventress hung up the receiver and double-quicked to a group of lads in khaki who were idling on the sidewalk.

"Say, bullies, one of our wounded boys just got home from France to-day. These gamblers roped him in, took every cent of his money, and a watch that he'd bought for his girl. Are you game to get it back?"

One of the clear-skinned doughboys, with a pair of arms like two brown hams, asked a single question. "Ain't you Sergeant Ventress — first American to swim the Marne?"

"Yes, I'm Will Ventress."

"Then lead us to it."

"Wait, bullies; don't go off half cocked. Divide two and two; comb the street, and bring me a dozen huskies to that door."

Twice that night in peace, and alone, had Sergeant Ventress mounted the Green Stairway. The third time he led an assault squad, nine rough-and-tumble bear cubs tramped up behind him. There would be no formality of a knock, and no parley through a spy hole.

"Shoulders to it. All together. Break!"

THE door crashed; an olive-drab avalanche poured into the double rooms. With the practised eye of a trench-raider Ventress noted all conditions — poker table, faro layout, and roll-top desk in the front room; a sideboard with assorted drinkables in the rear — negro waiter and three flurried players darting toward the back door.

"Let 'em go, fellows," Ventress ordered; "there's my man."

Tod Horne sprang up to confront them.

Shifty as he was at coping with every form of brawl and raid, he couldn't get wise to this invasion. Officers frequently pounced down upon him — but not in Hamilton. The present marauders wore government uniforms, and Tod kept cool, trying to spot their game. That was his trade. Catlike, he began backing toward his roll-top desk where Ventress caught the glint of a forty-four special lying in its scabbard.

"Grab him, fellows!"

A marine, wearing the overseas cap, with a youngster of the signal corps, pinioned Tod's arms, while two professionals edged into a corner, and the fourth, a railroad man, looked on. Ventress jerked open the upper right-hand drawer of Horne's desk, pulled out a pile of currency, and a long slim pasteboard box, which he calmly thrust into his pocket.

"Here! Drop that!" Horne struggled to get loose. "You ain't a government officer?"

"No."

"Then, who the devil are you?"

"I? I am — the other person."

"The other person? Where's he?"

"Here he is."

"What's any other person got to do with me?"

"The law says" Ventress paused judicially — "the law says that any sheriff, policeman, constable, or *other person* may raid a gambling den. *I* am the *other person*. According to law I hereby seize one watch, and a hundred and sixty-three dollars, which you plundered from that soldier boy."

The big railroad engineer opened his throttle and pulled out, slowly, as if he drew a heavy train. "'Tain't no more'n right. Tod, you got what's comin' to you. That boy never had a dog's chance."

"Now, bullies," Ventress glanced around at the paraphernalia, "I reckon we're about done with Colonel Horne. Dump him in the street. Then we'll mop up this joint."

As if it were all in his day's work, the Sergeant detailed his squad to their specific duties.

"Here," he pointed; "you four roll that poker table down-stairs, and set it on the sidewalk. You two take out the cards, chips, whiskey, everything. We'll leave this place in shape for a prayer meeting."

Horne's two captors came hurrying back up the stairs, and reported,

"Sergeant, we hated to turn that pirate loose. He's mobilizin' to make trouble."

"Good! We'll make our trouble — *first*. All out now! March!"

A highly pleased column filed down the Green Stairway.

"What's that?" people asked as the soldiers set their table, and garnished it with decanters, cards, chips, a forty-four special, and a faro layout. Idlers paused curiously, and a wise little boy piped up:

"Hey, Billy! Uncle Sam's pinched de gamblers."

The news ran like squirrels, and so did people, swarming out of shops and movies and by-ways, until the street was jammed.

"Men, guard that stuff," Ventress ordered; and a khaki cordon closed round the table, while their Sergeant locked the gambler's door.

Ventress had already seen Tod Horne hurrying toward him with a police captain. And he could hear the gambler's denunciations.

"Why the devil didn't you send police to stop this outrage?"

"Never got a tip, Mr. Horne," the Captain apologized. "Who did it?"

"Bunch o' soldiers; there's the leader."

A foot-race escape was not to be thought of, yet Ventress must take Jabe's watch and money to him.

One instant of hesitation, then Ventress turned and sprang on top of the poker table.

"People!" he shouted, his voice ringing like an alarm bugle, "people! Here come Mr. Tod Horne and a police captain looking for the man who raided this joint. *I* did, and I'll tell you why. The second American to swim the Marne was a country boy from this county, a sliver of shell struck him; he lay five months in a hospital, and never would have got home alive if he hadn't been such a gritty little devil. But he did get home to-day, weak and wounded, with some money, and a watch for his sweetheart. The gamblers *robbed him*, right here in his home town. I notified your sheriff, your mayor, your police: I even called up your boss, Mr. Ed Storrocks. Couldn't get one of them to budge a peg, so I raided the joint *myself*. It's closed. The door's locked, and *here's the key*."

Ventress pointed to a figure in the doorway of an office building.

"Look! There stands Mr. *Ed Storrocks*, keeping out of sight. He's said to be a silent partner in this soldier-robbing enterprise. Here, Buddie, deliver this key to Mr. Storrocks. Now, people, if any more soldiers get robbed in his joint, you'll know *who opened the door!*"

Ventress sidetracked all attention from himself, every eye following the marine to Ed Storrocks, while Ventress stepped down and elbowed his way through the crowd.

Having made his get-away, he sauntered into the restaurant where Jabe squirmed on the anxious bench without a penny, while Esther chattered happily.

"Jabe, you're an absent-minded beggar," Ventress laughed as he slipped a package into the boy's lap; "here's something you left in my kit. It's *all* there."

"Gee! but I'm glad." He drew the girl's hand across the table — "Now, Esther, look outer that window—do jes' as I say."

The girl made a comical little gesture of obedience, and fixed her eyes upon the exact spot indicated.

"How do you like *that*," said Jabe, clasping the watch around his sweetheart's wrist.

"Oh, Jabe! *Jabe!* JABE!"

Will Ventress stood smiling down upon them. Imperceptibly his smile began to change as he caught a distant muttering, then quite clearly heard his own name shouted.

"Ventress! Ventress!"

Up went the Sergeant's head to listen. There seemed a confusion of many voices. People were calling out,

"He run this way!"

"Look in the hotel!"

Jabe and Esther were obviously engrossed in themselves and the watch.

Suddenly Ventress jerked himself upright, as if at the hiss of a shell. He heard only the tramp of men, not the rhythmic marching of troops, but the ominous shuffle of a mob. Undoubtedly they were seeking him.

The Sergeant stepped back and unlimbered for emergencies when the door opened. A whiskered face peered in, and drew back shouting, "Here he is, fellows."

Jabe seemed to realize something was happening, and stood beside his friend.

"What's up, Sergeant?"

"Don't know."

"Did you have trouble — a while ago?"

"Some — not much."

Again the black-whiskered man called, "Sergeant Ventress, come out o' there!"

"What do you want with me?" Ventress answered steadily.

"Come out and see."

Pressure from behind had opened the doors, and shoved Black-whiskers inside, followed by a dozen others.

"We want Sergeant Ventress." Black-whiskers was just about to seize Ventress when little Jabe snatched up a carving knife and stepped in front of his Sergeant.

"You fellows stop!"

They stopped; for the boy's eyes glittered like his long and evil blade. All proceedings halted right there, until Lawyer Buck wriggled through the crowd, and laughed.

"Drop the knife, Jabe; nobody wants to hurt your Sergeant."

"Well, they acts kinder like it."

Then Buck turned to Ventress.

"Sergeant, you had scarcely got down from the table when somebody called out: 'Make him sheriff!' and everybody else said, 'Make him sheriff — sheriff!' so our nomination meeting moved around here to notify you."

"Sheriff?" The bewildered Ventress was trying to think.

"Yes, come outside and tell the people."

"Hold on, Lawyer Buck," slow-minded Jabe wanted to get things straight; "you all ain't fixin' to start nothin'?"

"Nothing whatever — except to elect him sheriff."

"Oh, well, *that's* all right," and Jabe laid down his knife.

Labor's Progress Is America's Triumph

[*Continued from page 56*]

promised land itself I verily believe there would be some who would turn their faces to the rear, out of fear that some selfish interest would be lost in the brightness of the future.

But we are not in sight of the promised land — most of us are not even thinking about it. We are thinking about the real and pressing conditions of to-day, and trying as best we know how to deal with them constructively, in order that we may make out of what we have the best that is possible. We have at our command the processes of democracy — made safe by the War against the autocratic concept. Democracy means nothing if it does not mean the opportunity for ordered progress. Having that opportunity it is our task to use it, and make such ordered progress as we may find possible. The limit of progress that we may make is fixed by our capacity, and by nothing else.

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As for Labor — American Labor knows full well that the millennium is not yet with us. The millennium is but a day dream of castles in the air. The castles are still far off. The work of the American labor movement is to struggle on to bring right and light into the life and the toil of the workers; to make every day a better one than the day before; and to make this great Republic of ours a leader in all of the thought and practise and in every kind of activity throughout the nations of the world. In the doing of that — in that steady, constant effort, which is without glamour and without much blowing of trumpets — all men who look toward the future may help. All who are willing to contribute thought and service may share in the work of going forward. Publicists, employers, men of business, governmental representatives — all who have a thought or can perform a service — may contribute something toward the progress of the race for which the labor movement is striving in every hour of its life and with every energy of its being.

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The Dawn Patrol — *Continued from page 21*

I looked immediately to my guns. The reservoir handle was up, as it should be. There was a full drum on the Lewis, and the cocking handle was back in the loaded position. My engine was behaving wonderfully. Air pressure up; plenty of oil; "revs" eighteen hundred; altitude five thousand; time seven-fifty. All this I took in at a glance over my instrument board. Then we dove! Down! down! Faster! faster! I picked my man, one on the right.

If I hit him in that first burst it was not in a vital spot. It is surprising how many bullets it will take, sometimes, to get a man. But he must have felt that the atmosphere was growing unhealthy, for he quickly turned north, away from his formation, and started to dive. My impulse was to follow. Tiny had taken one long burst at his man and was pulling out of his dive, still well above.

Though I had been only a month at the squadron, I had been in five or six scraps and felt that I knew how such affairs were conducted.

Another stream of bullets—surely I would hit him! But a quick half-roll took him out of my sight. By this time I was about down to the level of the other Huns. I realized it was time to pull up. Gently I flattened out of my dive, then as the machine lost speed, opened wide the throttle in a left hand climbing turn.

Tiny had taken one shot, then was off to keep his breakfast engagement, as a sensible person should do in a case like that.

I honestly believe I could have got away, had I continued to follow my leader as I should have, and dodged the bullets as I went. But that Hun's tracers annoyed me.

He opened from about two hundred yards to my left and a trifle behind. I couldn't stand it! To be raked by his guns and not return the fire nettled me. Up on my left wing-tip, back with the stick, and I pivoted around in a flash.

His bullets whizzed past to the left. Over the long nose of my machine I watched my tracers speed ahead to meet him. Would he turn out? I would not. Better ram him, if he chose to come on, and so make sure of one of them. It flashed upon me that I was in for a bad time anyway. Then I caught the gleam of the white belly and under surfaces of his planes, as he pulled up to the right, turned on his back, and went down in the dive of a half-roll.

THE others had taken advantage of my short engagement with the first man to gather around and close in on me.

Round and round we chased in a mad whirl, as I tried to shake them off. I was becoming confused. Which way was home? Away from the sun,—but there was no sun! Then I caught a glimpse of Arras.

Something stung me in the back and a red hot needle pierced my left knee. Over my shoulder I caught sight of him directly on my tail. He was so close that I thought he would run me down. An instant later I was diving under him.

Vertically down I fell. As in a nightmare I saw the ground rush at me. Only two thousand feet up when I had started fighting, I had lost height without realizing it, so intently had I been following my foes, until now it seemed that I must surely dash head on into the earth.

Then a flash of hope! As I gained speed through the air, the elevator gradually began to take effect. The nose of the machine, slowly at first, then ever more noticeably, began to rise.

There was not more than ten feet to spare.

The jerk of the belt against my stomach, and by a nasty bumping of my face on the cowling, notified me that I had arrived.

As soon as I was able to realize that I was still alive, I unfastened my belt and climbed out. I was a trifle stunned for a few seconds.

Some green-gray uniforms came running toward me — fifteen or twenty of them. I saw that they were unarmed, so instinctively I started to run; but I had not gone a dozen steps before I knew how hopeless it would be to try to get away. Even had I not been wounded, my loose, clumsy flying boots and heavy fur suit would have spoiled my chances.

Still I plodded along and they came running after me. It was not long before two of them overtook me, one on either side.

"*Verwundet?*" inquired one of my captors, an under-officer.

"*Ja,*" and I pointed to my knee, "*hier.*"

This was my first attempt to speak a word of German since I had studied it in school.

"*Offizier?*" was the next question.

"*Ja,*" I answered again, "*Ober-leutnant.*"

"*Komm',*" he said, and I limped after him.

I had scarcely more than fifty yards to go to the mouth of a small dugout, where I was left to the tender mercies of a medical orderly, who proved to be not a bad sort of fellow.

I had just been painted with iodine and was being bandaged, when an officer approached. I did not understand all he said, but gathered enough from his gestures to know that he wanted to search me.

I had just two things, beside my ring, wrist-watch, and a little silver picture case, which I was anxious to keep. One was a map of Germany, the other a tiny pocket compass. The map I knew was in the breast pocket of my flying suit, which I had pulled off and thrown down in a heap beside me.

I turned out the pockets of my uniform, one by one. He watched me closely as I drew from the first the locket.

"*Meine Mutter,*" I said, and showed him. He motioned me to keep it.

The other pockets were empty, all except the right breeches one, deep down in which lay the little compass with a handkerchief over it. I reached in, and wasting as little time as possible buried the compass in the folds of the handkerchief. Then I pulled both out together, at the same time turning the pocket inside out. Holding the handkerchief in my hand, I looked innocently down at the empty pocket. He followed my gaze, then with a grunt to indicate that he was satisfied, strode off.

I breathed freely again. What luck! He had not searched the flying suit at all, and had missed the compass. I felt decidedly pleased with myself.

Having finished my dressings, the medical man told me to wait a minute and left me. I drew on my boots, which were cut off below the knee, and were loose enough to go on over the bandage on my right leg. Then I pulled on my flying suit over them, to be ready for the next move. I had visions of a long, hard winter, and decided to keep all of my clothes on me, to avoid losing any of them. These simple precautions taken, I sat for perhaps the next ten minutes on my box at the mouth of the dugout.

I looked out over a dreary waste of barren earth, torn by shells and cut by trenches. And as I looked up to the clouds, I caught sight of a lone plane, which I knew, from the black Archie bursts, was our own. How I longed to be up there, too!

I choked up a trifle as the utter hopelessness of the present situation flooded in upon me. A prisoner until the end of the War! It might be months,— it might even be years. How was I to know? Then I thought of the folks at home. "Missing" would be the only word they would have for months. In despair I buried my face in my hands.

And when, after several moments, I again raised my eyes, I looked out through a mist over the same dreary waste of barren earth, and I looked once more up to the gloomy clouds to find the friendly plane——

I started and stared in horror! There would be others that morning who would not come back. And in the days to follow, other loved ones at home would share the agony of waiting. For Archie had scored, and up against the dark, somber clouds, I saw — FLAMES!

When the medical orderly came back, he brought with him a man with a rifle, whom I rightly judged had been detailed to guard me and conduct me on my way. Whither it lay I could only guess, for all that I could understand was that I was to visit some staff headquarters. It appeared, furthermore, that I was going to be obliged to walk.

By now perhaps an hour had passed since I had come to earth, so that when I arose to follow my guard, I began for the first time really to feel my wounds. They were fast becoming stiff and sore, but I limped on as best I could. Fortunately the guard was not disposed to hurry me.

The ground we were covering was much torn up, and the going for me was consequently slow. At the end of every hundred yards or so I was obliged to sit down for a short rest. And now and again I had to be

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helped out of a hole, or over some obstacle that came in our way. After perhaps a quarter mile of this mode of travel, I decided to try for some information from the guard.

"*Wohin gehen wir?*" I called after him — he was some ten yards ahead.

He began to talk quite fluently then and made me realize that I knew far less German than I thought I did. All that I could get was that we would strike a road after a little bit, on which we would travel north some three or four kilometers.

But that was enough. I knew that one more kilometer at most was all that I would be good for, unless, of course, I were to be encouraged by the point of a bayonet. I began to have misgivings, as my guard now took it into his head to hurry. I crawled to my feet but my first step brought a groan from my lips.

"*Ich kann nicht weiter gehen,*" I said to the guard. But at that he put aside any feelings of sympathy he may have had toward me, and insisted that I come along.

"*Komm',*" he finished, "*mache schnell.*"

I did my best, resolving that I would try to make the road he had spoken of and once there that I would refuse to go any further unless I were carried.

We had been covering a slight rise in the ground, and now as we gained the top, I was grateful for a glimpse of the road, perhaps another two hundred yards ahead. And what were those things on it! Ambulances, three of them, I could see the red crosses!

Ambulances did I say? I suppose you would call them that, because inside they contained stretchers, and outside, on the canvas coverings were painted the red crosses I had seen from the hilltop. Now, as we came upon them, my guard left me to my own devices and went to pow-wow with the three drivers, and I had the time and opportunity for a close-up inspection.

The things had four wheels right enough, but no, they were not rubber-tired, they were just ordinary wagon wheels. Then I noticed that the motive power was a thin, dejected little horse. The ends of three empty stretchers protruded a few inches at the rear. They were arranged one above the other in three layers, with perhaps a foot and a half separating them from each other.

I had flopped down on the low bank at the side of the road at the first opportunity and had just about concluded my observations from there when the group up ahead arose and started toward me, my guard arguing vociferously with one of the drivers.

"Go to it, old boy," I encouraged mentally. "Get me a lower if you can."

Imagine my surprise when all three drivers mounted to their seats and jogged nonchalantly off down the road, leaving me and my traveling companion by the wayside.

It seemed that he had done his best for me, but the wagons had not been waiting there for us. They were now on their way to pick up a load of Hun wounded, and if on their return in about half an hour there was still room for me, I should be taken aboard.

Well, there was nothing to do but make the best of it, so I began to look around for a comfortable spot. Nearby there had been dug for some purpose or other a hole about four feet deep and eight feet square, and into this I crawled. It would be at least a shelter against the curious glances of the passersby. Then, curling up in one corner, my head pillowed on a convenient pile of loose earth, I tried to sleep.

BUT it was a fitful nap. I awoke with a start at the sound of a familiar voice to find my guardian looking down at me. He had decided not to wait any longer for the ambulance, I learned, but to push on afoot. He had probably come to the conclusion that the wagons would be full anyway and that we were only wasting time here. I was extremely annoyed, at first, at having been so suddenly and unceremoniously awakened.

But I raised myself up on my arms at one corner of the hole, hoisted out a leg at a time, rolled over carefully and slowly stood up. The first few steps were torture. Gradually the sharpness wore off a little as I hobbled laboriously in the wake of the German. But progress was painfully slow at best for both of us, and I noted that the face of my Hun was assuming a more and more bored expression every time he turned to wait for me. So I was surprised when once he stopped to catch an unmistakable look of relief from him. He was gazing past me down the road in the direction we had come. Eager to learn what it was all about I turned to see, and there, still a long way back, was some sort of a horse-drawn conveyance coming toward us.

It was in no hurry. We had some little time to sit there as we watched the top of the patiently plodding horse slowly bob itself into a head, which as it grew assumed ears and fetlock and eyes and nostrils. And on either side there arose from the dust cloud a large wheel. Then on top of it all was at first a gray blob that simultaneously grew in itself and came at last to possess head, body and limbs of its own. So, when finally at a hail from my guard it all drew up amid weird creaking and loud shouting before us, I noted one little brown and white horse complete, coupled in the usual manner to a rough, unpainted, two-wheeled cart. And on a board which spanned the gap between the rather high sides and served as a seat was perched a small, dark-complexioned Hun.

Ensued a conference between our two friends, the outcome of which was an invitation for me to mount beside the driver. Ambling across the road, with some difficulty I climbed in, assisted by a pull from one Hun and a boost from the other.

Complications threatened to arise when in the middle of the act the horse became impatient.

"B-r-r-r-r-r," trilled the driver to soothe him, and it worked.

Now when you come right down to it there is really no earthly reason why a Hun horse should not understand that kind of talk every bit as easily as one of our own should grasp the meaning of "whoa." But when I heard this little fellow make a noise like a shiver, it struck me as the funniest thing in the world and I just couldn't help laughing.

FOR some time we jogged along in silence, save for the thud of hoofs and the rattles and creaks of the cart. I kept my legs stretched straight out in front of me because it hurt to bend them. And as the road became rougher and we jounced in and out of ruts more often I supported most of my weight on my arms.

It was some time before I noticed that I was being thoroughly scrutinized from head to foot. I still had on all my flying togs, even my helmet.

But it was the boots that the driver seemed to admire most.

"*Schöne Stiefel,*" he said with unreserved approval in every syllable.

He bent over to examine them more closely and an exclamation of surprise escaped him as he saw the soles were of heavy rubber. That was indeed wonderful!

Then in like manner he carefully examined each of the other garments and everything was "*schön*" this and "*schön*" that. Finally he came to my helmet. That, with its fur lining and its fur edge turned up in front was likewise "*schön.*"

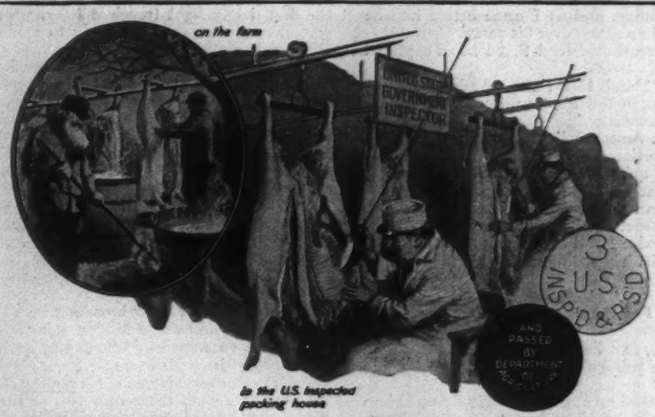
He then observed that I was lucky to be still alive. And in this I agreed with him. But what to his mind seemed most important was that for me the terrible war ended. Was I married? No. Well, he had a sweetheart whom he longed to see. He was sick of the everlasting fighting and killing. How much longer must we endure the hardships and sufferings and privations of war? He had already borne more than his share of the burden. His brothers had all been killed; the people at home were starving. He could not stand much more.

We had slowed to a walk and thus we joggled along over the rough road for another fifteen minutes. And I marveled at what I had seen and heard so far. Was this the proud and boastful Hun I had been told of? All those I had yet seen were slovenly, indolent looking fellows, who appeared far from capable of marching the goose-step. And what was this talk of my driver? They were sick of the War! In spite of my woeful condition I felt encouraged. I knew the British Tommy. I knew our own troops, too, and something of the numbers in which they were arriving in France; and I knew that for all their much heralded Hun cleverness and for all their barbarous methods, man for man these Boches whom I saw now about me were no match for white men.

We turned off the road into what was hardly more than a pair of muddy wheel tracks leading over a series of irregular miniature mountain ranges.

"B-r-r-r-r! B-r-r-r-r!" telegraphed driver to horse. All at once it seemed as if oil had been poured upon troubled waters and the sea had been made calm, for our little craft came safe at last to a haven of peaceful rest.

I was helped out of the wagon by two men, who carried me to some steps leading down into a trench. Down we went, and they set me on my feet at the bottom. I limped along for about ten yards, rounded a corner and came to a somewhat widened-out place. Here, seated on a canvas deck chair, which



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looked as much out of place as any easy chair in the kitchen, was a German officer. He was reading, and as I came before him he glanced up at me over his paper.

My escort explained that I was a captured aviator.

"So," and this time he addressed me, speaking in English, "a prisoner. What are you, Canadian?"

"No, American," I answered.

"American? So?" It was evident that he was quite surprised and much interested. This was natural, for I was perhaps the first American prisoner he had seen. It was a British sector. Although I was in the U. S. Air Service I had been temporarily attached to a British squadron, and so it had happened that I had come down in this part of the line.

"Are you an officer?" was his next question. The Germans use a large number of non-commissioned pilots.

"Yes, first lieutenant."

"Are you badly wounded? Sit down here and let me see."

He stood up and I gratefully dropped into the chair. A short inspection of my bandages followed. He was apparently a doctor and was satisfied that no further dressing was necessary.

"How long do you think the War will last?" he suddenly asked me.

"We are preparing for five years," I replied. He laughed and said it could never last that long.

"That is all," he said. He gave some instructions to his men who helped me up and carried me back the way we had come. They lifted me up to my seat on the wagon and we started off once more to hit the bumps. On the main road the going became smoother again, so I found time to take my mind off my infirmities and to question the driver concerning our destination. He told me we had some three or four kilometers to travel to a hospital where I should be properly taken care of.

It took fifteen or twenty minutes to reach our destination. As we rounded a bend my driver pointed ahead down the road to a group of tents with large red crosses painted on the roofs. Here was the hospital, I thought; but it turned out to be only a casualty clearing station.

It was here that I was parted from my dog-cart driver, who had proved to be the most friendly Hun I had yet had dealings with. I climbed down stiffly and was assisted into the largest tent by one of the orderlies, who took me to a bench in one corner.

The scene about me was a busy one. Benches lining both sides of the tent were filled with Germans with bandaged heads and arms, and with others who also had minor wounds which did not disable them for walking. The bare ground was covered with stretchers full of men suffering from more serious wounds. Orderlies moved about among them ministering to their wants.

A doctor approached and asked me where I was hurt. I showed him my bandages and told him the wounds were from a machine gun. This was evidently all the information he desired, for he gave instructions to his orderly and went away.

I watched the assistant with some interest as he carried out the doctor's orders. He went immediately to a table at the end of the tent, which was littered with bottles, bowls, and numerous surgical instruments. Out of one of the trays he took a rather large hypodermic syringe, and filling it with some sort of liquid came quickly back to me. He gave me an injection just above the heart, which I concluded to be the usual preventive against tetanus. He left me, to return shortly with what looked like an ordinary baggage tag with a red stripe down one edge. This was to be filled out. He handed me a pencil, then pointing to the top line told me to write my name. The rest was filled in by the orderly, noting a brief history of my injuries; and when the record was complete the card was tied to one of the buttons of my coat.

After this no further notice was taken of me. About half an hour later an orderly entered with a pail of soup which he began ladling into tin bowls for the midday meal. The bowls were dirty and the soup resembled a heavy glue, but I decided that I wanted some just the same. There was no spoon and the edges of the bowl were thickly gummed, in spite of which I did not hesitate to drink the awful looking mess, as it was the first food that had come my way since five-thirty that morning. It actually tasted good.

It was not long after when an orderly approached and made signs indicating that I was to move on. He allowed me to support some of my weight on his shoulder and conducted me out through the rear of the tent. Perhaps fifty yards ahead of us I noticed for the first time a light trench railway, where several cars were standing ready to receive their loads of wounded men.

I found all the small cars already crowded. I limped from one to the other looking for room and was finally obliged to squeeze into a small space on the floor between two Huns.

We lost no time in getting under way, the engineer of the diminutive locomotive among others seeming much disturbed by the occasional shells that burst alarmingly near. We swayed along over the uneven track for about three-quarters of an hour. Then we came to another clearing station where we were obliged to get out and wait for another train.

I WAS anxious to know how long we were to be there and where we were going next. Turning to a man nearby who looked a trifle more genial than the average, I questioned him. He was very decent in his replies; told me that we should remain for two or three hours, that I had better come with him to a more comfortable place, and he pointed out some sheds across the road. When I started to hobble along by myself he insisted that I lean on his shoulder.

Inside, the shed was full of wounded, some lying in straw scattered about for the purpose, and others sitting on benches along the wall. I slid down into an empty seat.

It seemed as though several hours had passed when two officers entered and looked searchingly about the room.

"Ah," said one, as he caught sight of me. Then addressing me in English, with a pronounced German accent.

"Are you the pilot who was shot down this morning?"

I acknowledged that I was.

"Where did you fall?"

"Just southeast of Arras," I answered.

I caught a look of surprise as he pulled out a map and asked me to indicate the exact spot. I did so as accurately as possible.

"Are you sure it was not here?" he demanded, pointing to a town not far from where we then were.

"What time did you come down?" he added quickly.

I repeated that I was certain I had landed near Arras at about eight o'clock.

I saw then that I was not the man he was looking for. He and the officer with him were German aviators seeking to locate one of their victims. Having heard stories of the good treatment accorded prisoners by the Hun airmen, I wished they would take me away with them to their airdrome, for I was interested to experience personally the methods they employ to extort information from their captives. I knew that I could trust myself not to say too much, while at the same time I would have a visit to a Hun Squadron and could observe for myself what the Hun pilot was like. So I was keenly disappointed when after much jabbering between them, these two officers turned away and went out.

It was four o'clock when a general movement among my companions told me that we were to start on. I stood up to pass out with them and the first move made me wince. My right leg particularly had stiffened so that I could hardly bear to put any weight upon it. After every few steps I was obliged to pause to regain courage and strength enough to cover the next few yards. Huns with wounded legs passed me supported by comrades, but no one offered to assist me and I would not ask for help.

By the time I had toiled over the fifty yards of railroad track, the cars were crowded. Somebody gave me a boost into the nearest corner. These carriages were like trolley cars with seats running their entire length along the sides. Six or seven cars made up our train, which soon started to move to the strenuous efforts of a puffing, panting locomotive with a ridiculous little toy whistle.

Now we rolled along through cultivated fields and occasionally past a village. I soon tired of watching the landscape and dozed off to sleep in my corner. I woke suddenly when we stopped with a jerk. The Huns immediately began climbing out of the car. When they had all left I followed. No one was watching me so that had I been able physically I might easily have made my escape, especially as it was fast approaching dusk. However I was in no condition to attempt it, so followed the crowd. I noticed that those Huns who were able to walk were standing in line outside a shed, above which a Red Cross flag was flying. By this time I was feeling so disconsolate that I did not care particularly what became of me. I was completely worn out, and was hungry and thirsty as well. Fortunately, I did not have long to wait before a Red Cross man came over and examined my tag.

"*Offizier?*" he inquired.

When I answered "Yes," he motioned me to come with him. He helped me into a one-story rough, wooden building, divided into two rooms. As we entered through the door at one end I noticed a sign over it, "*Für Offizieren.*" Inside were half a dozen iron cots, all empty, to one of which he conducted me. Without a word he left me there and started toward the door.

"*Wasser?*" I called after him. "*Etwas zu trinken und essen?*"

He nodded encouragingly and went on out, to return shortly with a bottle, and a dish of bread.

The thick slice of bread had a delicious looking coat of butter on it. I took a large bite, expectantly. Ugh! What vile stuff! Sour and soggy and tasting as if it were months old. I don't know when I have felt any keener disappointment than I knew at that moment. I couldn't bring myself to eat the mess. The butter was good, though, so finally with a bit of the crust I scraped it all off and made my meal of it. I saved the bread, although I never did eat it, but it began to dawn upon me that the sumptuous repast was to be henceforth but a haunting, tantalizing memory of bygone better days, and there might soon come a time when a cruel relentless hunger would force me to stomach any bits of food I might be fortunate enough to lay hands upon.

The bottle contained a charged mineral water which tasted good. It was cool and refreshing, so I drank deeply from it. Dinner now over, I carefully raised my feet upon the bed, and just as I was, flying suit, heavy boots and all, stretched out on the straw mattress to seek repose.

Although I was tired to the point of exhaustion I was unable to sleep. My head ached and I tossed about feverishly, in a vain effort to find comfort. Voices of Huns in the next room irritated me. The everlasting gutteral growl was getting on my nerves.

At last I fell into a troubled sleep, full of wild dreams in which I was being chased about and tormented by little green devils in Hun hats and horns. I woke up many times during the night that was ages long. Finally I opened my eyes to greet the first faint streaks of daylight that filtered through the windows around the edges of the blankets.

It was about ten o'clock when I was ordered out to board the train which they said would take me to a regular hospital. With considerable difficulty I made my way outside, for I found my wounds just as stiff and sore as they had been the night before.

Numbers of Boches were standing about. Stretchers were being carried over to the track some hundred yards away where a string of box cars lay waiting. They were just ordinary freight cars that we are familiar with though perhaps a trifle smaller. Numerous stretchers lay about on the ground, their occupants waiting to be lifted aboard. I sat down on a bench to await my turn.

Gloomily I looked on while several of the cars were loaded. Nothing but green-gray uniforms with not a friendly face among the wearers. None but sullen, forbidding looks from any of them. How utterly alone I felt! Oh, how much it would mean right now just to feel the warm clasp of the hand of a pal!

Then I saw him, as two Huns carried the stretcher, bringing him over to the tracks near me. A dark blanket covered him all but his head and arms, and he was clad in the khaki jacket of a British officer.

The Germans came up opposite me, to set down the stretcher not ten yards away. And as they put him down he opened his eyes, to see, perhaps, where he might be. He saw me then as I sat in my uniform, for the day was warm and I had taken off the fur suit. He recognized in me a comrade in misery and his face brightened with an eager smile. Awkwardly, painfully — yet heeding no pain — I stumbled across the few yards to his side. Then a warmth of happiness melted the gloom of my loneliness as hand clasped hand and smile met smile in joyous, friendly greeting, while all about the Huns looked on.

After many weary hours of waiting, during which I was obliged to lie there on the excelsior-covered floor of the box car, packed in among filthy looking Boches with wounds of every description and listen to that disgusting gargle that they call a language, at last our train jolted into motion.

I breathed a sigh of relief as we picked up speed and a whiff of pure air struggled bravely in through the fetid atmosphere and reached my grateful nostrils. I thanked heaven that I was in the center of the car nearest the doors.

The monotony of the journey was relieved by a stop at Valenciennes. As we rolled into the long train-shed I looked out eagerly to discover the name of the station. The platforms were covered with German troops waiting for trains. As we came to the stop all of my companions began to open their mess cans as though preparing for a meal. Shortly after two men came down the platform carrying between them a large pail, out of which rose the long handle of a ladle enveloped by a cloud of white steam. They stopped at our door and those nearest to them crowded eagerly forward, handing out their cans to be filled.

In a remarkably short time everyone had been served but me, and the two Huns moved on to feed the next carload. Sounds of greedy enjoyment filled the car, as like so many swine they grunted and sucked up the soup from the steaming bowls. Disgusting though it was, the sight and smell of food made me ravenously hungry. But how was I to eat when I had nothing in which to hold any food. I was struggling to reconcile myself to the thought of starving when one of the men near me passed me his bowl, in which a few mouthfuls of soup mixed with much revolting solid material remained.

SOON a man appeared at our doorway with a bowl and another pot. This time he served a coffee substitute, which I learned later was made from acorns and burned barley. He filled the bowl to the brim and passed it to the nearest man, who drank his fill and passed it in turn to his neighbor. Thus the dish traveled from one to another, and occasionally it was returned to the door to be filled again until it came near me. I was extremely thirsty. I stretched out my hand to receive it, but with a scowl the Hun who held it passed it out of my reach to the one on my other side. So it was not until they had all been satisfied that I was permitted to drink.

When our whole train had been fed we once more started on our way. We traveled steadily for several hours, only stopping now and then for switching operations. During the remainder of the journey I slept, in spite of the continual bumping and swaying of the car. The sudden silence and peaceful quiet as we came to a station must have awakened me. I had been sleeping quite soundly, so it was difficult to adjust myself immediately to my surroundings. I opened my eyes to find a lantern blinking in my face, and towering above it I distinguished the uniform of a German officer. I became vaguely conscious of a general movement throughout the car. It was slowly broken upon me that the men were being unloaded. This officer was in charge of the operations.

A stretcher was carried past me out through the open door. In the gleam of the lantern I caught the welcome sight of the khaki uniforms of its bearers — British Tommies. Then the officer bent over me and inspected my tag. He called a Tommy to help me. Still half asleep, and supported by the Englishman, I made my way out to the platform. He led me across it, through the station, and out into the darkness of the street.

A misty rain was falling. Through it I caught the gleam from the lights of several motor ambulances waiting there. He helped me up to the front seat of the nearest of them.

"All right, sir?" he inquired. The words were the best sounding syllables I had heard in ages.

"Fine, thanks," I replied. "What time is it and where are we?"

I wondered how long I had slept. I was surprised to be told that it was midnight; that I was in Mons, Belgium, and would be taken to a prisoners-of-war hospital only a few blocks away.

[*More of this thrilling adventure next month.*]

Next Month: "The Eyes Have It," by Dana Gatlin

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